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JOSEPH AND HIS FRIEND.

CHAPTER XX.

JOSEPH had made half the distance between Oakland Station and his farm, walking leisurely, when a buggy, drawn by an aged and irreproachable gray horse, came towards him. The driver was the Reverend Mr. Chaffinch. He stopped as they met.

"Will you turn back, as far as that tree?" said the clergyman, after greetings had been exchanged. "I have a message to deliver."

"Now," he continued, reining up his horse in the shade, "we can talk without interruption. I will ask you to listen to me with the spiritual, not the carnal ear. I must not be false to my high calling, and the voice of my own conscience calls me to awaken yours."

Joseph said nothing, but the flush upon his face was that of anger, not of confusion, as Mr. Chaffinch innocently supposed.

"It is hard for a young man, especially one wise in his own conceit, to see how the snares of the Adversary are closing around him. We cannot

plead ignorance, however, when the Light is there, and we wilfully turn our eyes from it. You are walking on a road, Joseph Astén, it may seem smooth and fair to you, but do you know where it leads? I will tell you: to Death and Hell!"

Still Joseph was silent.

"It is not too late! Your fault, I fear, is that you attach merit to works, as if works could save you! You look to a cold, barren morality for support, and imagine that to do what is called 'right' is enough for God! You shut your eyes to the blackness of your own sinful heart, and are too proud to acknowledge the vileness and depravity of man's nature; but without this acknowledgment your morality (as you call it) is corrupt, your good works (as you suppose them to be) will avail you naught. You are outside the pale of Grace, and while you continue there, knowing the door to be open, there is no Mercy for you!"

The flush on Joseph's face faded, and he became very pale, but he still waited. "I hope," Mr. Chaffinch continued, after a pause, "that your silence is the

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beginning of conviction. It only needs an awakening, an opening of the eyes in them that sleep. Do you not recognize your guilt, your miserable condition of sin?"

"No!"

Mr. Chaffinch started, and an ugly, menacing expression came into his face.

"Before you speak again," said Joseph, "tell me one thing! Am I indebted for this Catechism to the order — perhaps I should say, the request — of my wife?"

"I do not deny that she has expressed a Christian concern for your state; but I do not wait for a request when I see a soul in peril. If I care for the sheep that willingly obey the shepherd, how much more am I commanded to look after them which stray, and which the wolves and bears are greedy to devour!"

"Have you ever considered, Mr. Chaffinch," Joseph rejoined, lifting his head and speaking with measured clearness, "that an intelligent man may possibly be aware that he has an immortal soul, — that the health and purity and growth of that soul may possibly be his first concern in life, — that no other man can know, as he does, its imperfections, its needs, its aspirations which rise directly towards God; and that the attempt of a stranger to examine and criticise, and perhaps blacken, this most sacred part of his nature, may possibly be a pious impertinence?"

"Ah, the natural depravity of the heart!" Mr. Chaffinch groaned.

"It is not the depravity, it is the only pure quality which the hucksters of doctrine, the money-changers in God's temple of Man, cannot touch! Shall I render a reckoning to *you* on the day when souls are judged? Are *you* the infallible agent of the Divine Mercy? What blasphemy!"

Mr. Chaffinch shuddered. "I wash my hands of you!" he cried. "I have had to deal with many sinners in my day, but I have found no sin which came so directly from the Devil as the pride of the mind. If you were rotten

in all your members from the sins of the flesh, I might have a little hope. Verily, it shall go easier with the murderer and the adulterer on that day, than with such as ye!"

He gave the horse a more than saintly stroke, and the vehicle rattled away. Joseph could not see the predominance of routine in all that Mr. Chaffinch had said. He was too excited to remember that certain phrases are transmitted, and used without a thought of their tremendous character; he applied every word personally, and felt it as an outrage in all the sensitive fibres of his soul. And who had invoked the outrage? His wife: Mr. Chaffinch had confessed it. What representations had she made? — he could only measure them by the character of the clergyman's charges. He sat down on the bank, sick at heart; it was impossible to go home and meet her in his present frame of mind.

Presently he started up, crying aloud: "I will go to Philip! He cannot help me, I know, but I must have a word of love from a friend, or I shall go mad!"

He retraced his steps, took the road up the valley, and walked rapidly towards the Forge. The tumult in his blood gradually expended its force, but it had carried him along more swiftly than he was aware. When he reached the point where, looking across the valley, now narrowed to a glen, he could see the smoke of the Forge near at hand, and even catch a glimpse of the cottage on the knoll, he stopped. Up to this moment he had felt, not reflected; and a secret instinct told him that he should not submit his trouble to Philip's riper manhood, until it was made clear and coherent in his own mind. He must keep Philip's love, at all hazards; and to keep it he must not seem simply a creature of moods and sentiments, whom his friend might pity, but could not respect.

He left the road, crossed a sloping field on the left, and presently found himself on a bank overhanging the stream. Under the wood of oaks and

hemlocks the laurel grew in rich, shining clumps; the current, at this point deep, full, and silent, glimmered through the leaves, twenty feet below; the opposite shore was level, and green with an herbage which no summer could wither. He leaned against a hemlock bole, and tried to think, but it was not easy to review the past while his future life overhung him like a descending burden which he had not the strength to lift. Love betrayed, trust violated, aspiration misinterpreted, were the spiritual aspects; a divided household, entangling obligations, a probability of serious loss, were the material evils which accompanied them. He was so unprepared for the change that he could only rebel, not measure, analyze, and cast about for ways of relief.

It was a miserable strait in which he found himself; and the more he thought—or, rather, seemed to think—the less was he able to foresee any other than an unfortunate solution. What were his better impulses, if men persisted in finding them evil? What was life, yoked to such treachery and selfishness? Life had been to him a hope, an inspiration, a sound, enduring joy; now it might never be so again! Then what a release were death!

He walked forward to the edge of the rock. A few pebbles, dislodged by his feet, slid from the brink, and plunged with a bubble and a musical tinkle into the dark, sliding waters. One more step, and the release which seemed so fair might be attained. He felt a morbid sense of delight in playing with the thought. Gathering a handful of broken stones he let them fall, one by one, thinking, "So I hold my fate in my hand." He leaned over and saw a shifting, quivering image of himself projected against the reflected sky, and a fancy, almost as clear as a voice, said: "This is your present self: what will you do with it beyond the gulf where only the soul, superior to circumstances here, receives a nobler destiny?"

He was still gazing down at the

flickering figure, when a step came upon the dead leaves. He turned and saw Philip, moving stealthily towards him, pale, with outstretched hand. They looked at each other for a moment, without speaking.

"I guess your thought, Philip," Joseph then said. "But the things easiest to do are sometimes the most impossible."

"The bravest man may allow a fancy to pass through his mind, Joseph, which only the coward will carry into effect."

"I am not a coward!" Joseph exclaimed.

Philip took his hand, drew him nearer, and flinging his arms around him, held him to his heart.

Then they sat down, side by side.

"I was up the stream, on the other side, trolling for trout," said Philip, "when I saw you in the road. I was welcoming your coming, in my heart: then you stopped, stood still, and at last turned away. Something in your movements gave me a sudden, terrible feeling of anxiety: I threw down my rod, came around by the bridge at the Forge, and followed you here. Do not blame me for my foolish dread."

"Dear, dear friend," Joseph cried, "I did not mean to come to you until I seemed stronger and more rational in my own eyes. If that were a vanity, it is gone now: I confess my weakness and ignorance. Tell me, if you can, why this has come upon me! Tell me why nothing that I have been taught, why no atom of the faith which I still must cling to, explains, consoles, or remedies any wrong of my life!"

"Faiths, I suspect," Philip answered, "are, like laws, adapted to the average character of the human race. You, in the confiding purity of your nature, are not an average man: you are very much above the class, and if virtue were its own reward, you would be most exceptionally happy. Then the puzzle is, what's the particular use of virtue?"

"I don't know, Philip, but I don't

like to hear you ask the question. I find myself so often on the point of doubting all that was my Truth a little while ago; and yet, why should my misfortunes, as an individual, make the truth a lie? I am only one man among millions who *must* have faith in the efficacy of virtue. Philip, if I believed the faith to be false, I think I should still say, 'Let it be preached!'

Joseph related to Philip the whole of his miserable story, not sparing himself, nor concealing the weakness which allowed him to be entangled to such an extent. Philip's brow grew dark as he listened, but at the close of the recital his face was calm, though stern.

"Now," said he,—"now put this aside for a little while, and give your ear (and your heart too, Joseph) to *my* story. Do not compare my fortune with yours, but let us apply to both the laws which seem to govern life, and see whether justice is possible."

Joseph had dismissed his wife's suspicion, after the dinner at Hopeton's, so immediately from his memory, that he had really forgotten it; and he was not only startled, but also a little shocked, by Philip's confession. Still, he saw that it was only the reverse form of his own experience, not more strange, perhaps not more to be condemned, yet equally inevitable.

"Is there no way out of this labyrinth of wrong?" Philip exclaimed. "Two natures, as far apart as Truth and Falsehood, monstrously held together in the most intimate, the holiest of bonds,—two natures destined for each other monstrously kept apart by the same bonds! Is life to be so sacrificed to habit and prejudice? I said that Faith, like Law, was fashioned for the average man: then there must be a loftier faith, a juster law, for the men—and the women—who cannot shape themselves according to the commonplace pattern of society, who were born with instincts, needs, knowledge, and rights—ay, *rights*!—of their own!"

"But, Philip," said Joseph, "we were both to blame: you through too lit-

tle trust, I through too much. We have both been rash and impatient: I cannot forget that; and how are we to know that the punishment, terrible as it seems, is disproportioned to the offence?"

"We know this, Joseph,—and who can know it and be patient?—that the power which controls our lives is pitiless, unrelenting! There is the same punishment for an innocent mistake as for a conscious crime. A certain Nemesis follows ignorance, regardless how good and pure may be the individual nature. Had you even guessed your wife's true character just before marriage, your very integrity, your conscience, and the conscience of the world, would have compelled the union, and Nature would not have mitigated her selfishness to reward you with a tolerable life. O no! You would still have suffered as now. Shall a man with a heart feel this horrible injustice, and not rebel? Grant that I am rightly punished for my impatience, my pride, my jealousy, how have *you* been rewarded for your stainless youth, your innocent trust, your almost miraculous goodness? Had you known the world better, even though a part of your knowledge might have been evil, you would have escaped this fatal marriage. Nothing can be more certain; and will you simply groan and bear? What compensating fortune have you, or can you ever expect to find?"

Joseph was silent, at first; but Philip could see, from the trembling of his hands, and his quick breathing, that he was profoundly agitated. "There is something within me," he said, at last, "which accepts everything you say; and yet, it alarms me. I feel a mighty temptation in your words: they could lead me to snap my chains, break violently away from my past and present life, and surrender myself to will and appetite. O Philip, if we could make our lives wholly our own! If we could find a spot—"

"I know such a spot!" Philip cried, interrupting him,—"a great valley, bounded by a hundred miles of snowy peaks; lakes in its bed; enormous

hillsides, dotted with groves of ilex and pine; orchards of orange and olive; a perfect climate, where it is bliss enough just to breathe, and freedom from the distorted laws of men, for none are near enough to enforce them! If there is no legal way of escape for you, here, at least, there is no force which can drag you back, once you are there: I will go with you, and perhaps — perhaps —”

Philip's face glowed, and the vague alarm in Joseph's heart took a definite form. He guessed what words had been left unspoken.

“If we could be sure!” he said.

“Sure of what? Have I exaggerated the wrong, in your case? Say we should be outlaws there, in our freedom! — here we are fettered outlaws.”

“I have been trying, Philip, to discover a law superior to that under which we suffer, and I think I have found it. If it be true that ignorance is equally punished with guilt; if causes and consequences, in which there is neither pity nor justice, govern our lives, — then what keeps our souls from despair but the infinite pity and perfect justice of God? Yes! here is the difference between human and divine law! This makes obedience safer than rebellion. If you and I, Philip, stand above the level of common natures, feeling higher needs and claiming other rights, let us shape them according to the law which is above, not that which is below us!”

Philip grew pale. “Then you mean to endure in patience, and expect me to do the same?” he asked.

“If I can. The old foundations upon which my life rested are broken up, and I am too bewildered to venture on a random path. Give me time; nay, let us both strive to wait a little. I see nothing clearly but this: there is a Divine government, on which I lean now as never before. Yes, I say again, the very wrong that has come upon us makes God necessary!”

It was Philip's turn to be agitated. There was a simple, solemn conviction

in Joseph's voice which struck to his heart. He had spoken from the heat of his passion, it is true, but he had the courage to disregard the judgment of men, and make his protest a reality. Both natures shared the desire, and were enticed by the daring of his dream; but out of Joseph's deeper conscience came a whisper, against which the cry of passion was powerless.

“Yes, we will wait,” said Philip, after a long pause. “You came to me, Joseph, as you said, in weakness and confusion: I have been talking of your innocence and ignorance. Let us not measure ourselves in this way. It is not experience alone which creates manhood. What will become of us I cannot say, but I will not, I dare not, say you are wrong!”

They took each other's hands. The day was fading, the landscape was silent, and only the twitter of nesting birds was heard in the boughs above them. Each gave way to the impulse of his manly love, rarer, alas! but as tender and true as the love of woman, and they drew nearer and kissed each other. As they walked back, and parted on the highway, each felt that life was not wholly unkind, and that happiness was not yet impossible.

CHAPTER XXI.

JOSEPH said nothing that evening concerning the result of his trip to the city, and Julia, who instantly detected the signs which a powerful excitement had left upon his face, thought it prudent to ask no immediate questions. She was purposely demonstrative in little arrangements for his comfort, but spared him her caresses; she did not intend to be again mistaken in choosing the time and occasion of bestowing them.

The next morning, when he felt that he could speak calmly, Joseph told her what he had done, carefully avoiding any word that might seem to express disappointment, or even doubt.

"I hope you are satisfied that pa will make it easy for you?" she ventured to say.

"He thinks so." Then Joseph could not help adding: "He depends, I imagine, upon your sister Clementina marrying a Mr. Spelter, — 'a man of immense wealth, but, I regret to say, no refinement.'"

Julia bit her lip, and her eyes assumed that hard, flinty look which her husband knew so well. "If Clementina marries immense wealth," she exclaimed, with a half-concealed sneer, "she will become simply insufferable! But what difference can that make in pa's business affairs?"

The answer tingled on Joseph's tongue: "Probably he expects Mr. Spelter to indorse a promissory note"; but he held it back. "What I have resolved to do is this," he said. "In a day or two — as soon as I can arrange to leave — I shall make a journey to the oil region, and satisfy myself where and what the Amaranth is. Your own practical instincts will tell you, Julia, that this intention of mine must be kept secret, even from your father."

She leaned her head upon her hand, and appeared to reflect. When she looked up her face had a cheerful, confident expression.

"I think you are right," she then said. "If — if things should not happen to be *quite* as they are represented, you can secure yourself against any risk — and pa, too — before the others know of it. You will have the inside track; that is, if there is one. On the other hand, if all is right, pa can easily manage, if some of the others are shaky in their faith, to get their stock at a bargain. I am sure he would have gone out there himself, if his official services were not so important to the government."

It was a hard task for Joseph to keep his feelings to himself.

"And now," she continued, — "now I know you will agree to a plan of mine, which I was going to propose. Lucy Henderson's school closes this week, and Mrs. Hopeton tells me she is a

little overworked and ailing. It would hardly help her much to go home, where she could not properly rest, as her father is a hard, avaricious man, who can't endure idleness, except, I suppose, in a corpse (so these people seem to me). I want to ask Lucy to come here. I think you always liked her" (here Julia shot a swift, stealthy glance at Joseph), "and so she will be an agreeable guest for both of us. She shall just rest and grow strong. While you are absent, I shall not seem quite so lonely. You may be gone a week or more, and I shall find the separation very hard to bear even with her company."

"Why has Mrs. Hopeton not invited her?" Joseph asked.

"The Hopetons are going to the sea-shore in a few days. She would take Lucy as a guest, but there is one difficulty in the way. She thinks Lucy would accept the trip and the stay there as an act of hospitality, but that she cannot (or thinks she cannot) afford the dresses that would enable her to appear in Mrs. Hopeton's circle. But it is just as well: I am sure Lucy would feel more at home *here*."

"Then by all means ask her!" said Joseph. "Lucy Henderson is a noble girl, for she has forced a true-hearted man to love her, without return."

"Ind-e-e-d!"

Julia's drawl denoted surprise and curiosity, but Joseph felt that once more he had spoken too quickly. He endeavored to cover his mistake by a hearty acquiescence in the plan, which was speedily arranged between them, in all its details, Lucy's consent being taken for granted.

It required, however, the extreme of Julia's powers of disguise, aided by Joseph's frank and hearty words and Mrs. Hopeton's influence, to induce Lucy to accept the invitation. Unable to explain wholly to herself, much less mention to any other, the instinct which held her back, she found herself, finally, placed in a false position, and then resolved to blindly trust that she was doing right, inasmuch as she could not

make it clear that she was doing wrong. Her decision once taken, she forcibly banished all misgivings, and determined to find nothing but a cheerful and restful holiday before her.

And, indeed, the first day or two of her residence at the farm, before Joseph's departure, brought her a more agreeable experience than she had imagined. Both host and hostess were busy, the latter in the household and the former in the fields, and when they met at meals or in the evening, her presence was an element which compelled an appearance of harmony. She was surprised to find so quiet and ordered a life in two persons whom she had imagined to be miserably unfitted for each other, and began to suspect that she had been seriously mistaken.

After Joseph left, the two women were much together. Julia insisted that she should do nothing, and amiably protested at first against Lucy giving her so much of her society; but, little by little, the companionship was extended and became more frank and intimate. Lucy was in a charitable mood, and found it very easy to fancy that Julia's character had been favorably affected by the graver duties which had come with her marriage. Indeed, Julia found many indirect ways of hinting as much: she feared she had seemed flighty (perhaps a little shallow); looking back upon her past life she could see that such a charge would not be unjust. Her education had been so superficial; all city education of young women was false; they were taught to consider external appearances, and if they felt a void in their nature which these would not fill, whither could they turn for counsel or knowledge?

Her face was sad and thoughtful while she so spoke; but when, shaking her dark curls with a pretty impatience, she would lift her head and ask, with a smile: "But it is not too late, in my case, is it? I'm really an older child, you know,"—Lucy could only answer: "Since you know what you need, it can never be too late. The

very fact that you *do* know, proves that it will be easy for you."

Then Julia would shake her head again, and say: "O, you are too kind, Lucy; you judge my nature by your own."

When the friendly relation between them had developed a little further, Julia became—though still with a modest reticence—more confiding in relation to Joseph.

"He is so good, so very, very true and good," she said, one day, "that it grieves me, more than I can tell, to be the cause of a little present anxiety of his. As it is only a business matter, some exaggerated report of which you have probably heard (for I know there have been foolish stories afloat in the neighborhood), I have no hesitation about confiding it to you. Perhaps you can advise me how to atone for my error; for, if it was an error, I fear it cannot be remedied now; if not, it will be a relief to me to confess it."

Thereupon she gave a minute history of the Amaranth speculation, omitting the energy of her persuasion with Joseph, and presenting very strongly her father's view of a sure and splendid success soon to follow. "It was for Joseph's sake," she concluded, "rather than my own, that I advised the investment; though, knowing his perfect unselfishness, I fear he complied, only for mine. He had guessed already, it seems to me now, that we women like beauty as well as comfort about our lives; otherwise, he would hardly have undertaken these expensive improvements of our home. But, Lucy, it terrifies me to think that pa and Joseph and I may have been deceived! The more I shut my mind against the idea, the more it returns to torment me. I, who brought so little to him, to be the instrument of such a loss! O, if you were not here, how could I endure the anxiety and the absence?"

She buried her face in her handkerchief, and sobbed.

"I know Joseph to be good and true," said Lucy, "and I believe that he will bear the loss cheerfully, if it should

come. But it is never good to 'borrow trouble,' as we say in the country. Neither the worst nor the best things which we imagine ever come upon us."

"You are wrong!" cried Julia, starting up and laughing gleefully; "I *have* the best thing, in my husband! And yet, you are right, too: no worst thing can come to me, while I keep him!"

Lucy wished to visit the Hopetons before their departure for the sea-shore, and Julia was quite ready to accompany her. Only, with the wilfulness common to all selfish natures, she determined to arrange the matter in her own way. She drove away alone the next morning to the post-office, with a letter for Joseph, but never drew rein until she had reached Coventry Forge. Philip being absent, she confided to Madeline Held her wish (and Lucy's) that they should all spend an afternoon together, on the banks of the stream, — a free society in the open air instead of a formal one within doors. Madeline entered into the plan with joyous readiness, accepting both for herself and for Philip. They all met together too rarely, she said: a lunch or a tea under the trees would be delightful: there was a little skiff which might be borrowed, and they might even catch and cook their own fish, as the most respectable people did in the Adirondacks.

Julia then drove to the Hopetons in high spirits. Mr. Hopeton found the proposed party very pleasant, and said at once to his wife: "We have still three days, my dear: we can easily spare to-morrow?"

"Mrs. Asten is very kind," she replied; "and her proposition is tempting: but I should not like to go without you, and I thought your business might —"

"O, there is nothing pressing," he interrupted. "I shall enjoy it exceedingly, especially the boat, and the chance of landing a few trout."

So it was settled. Lucy, it is true, felt a dissatisfaction which she could scarcely conceal, and possibly did not, to Julia's eyes; but it was not for her

own sake. She must seem grateful for a courtesy meant to favor both herself and her friend, and a little reflection reconciled her to the plan. Mrs. Hopeton dared not avoid Philip Held, and it might be well if she carried away with her to the sea-shore a later and less alarming memory of him. Lucy's own desire for a quiet talk with the woman in whom she felt such a loving interest was of no consequence, if this were the result.

They met in the afternoon, on the eastern side of the stream, just below the Forge, where a little bay of level shore, shaded by superb trees, was left between the rocky bluffs. Stumps and a long-fallen trunk furnished them with rough tables and seats; there was a natural fireplace among some huge, tumbled stones; a spring of icy crystal gushed out from the foot of the bluff; and the shimmering, murmuring water in front, with the meadows beyond burning like emerald flame in the sunshine, offered a constant delight to the senses.

All were enchanted with the spot, which Philip and Madeline claimed as their discovery. The gypsy spirit awoke in them, and, while they scattered here and there possessed with the influences of the place, and constantly stumbling upon some new charm or convenience, Lucy felt her heart grow light for her friend, and the trouble of her own life subside. For a time no one seemed to think of anything but the material arrangements. Mr. Hopeton's wine-flasks were laid in the spring to cool; Philip improvised a rustic table upon two neighboring stumps; rough seats were made comfortable, dry sticks collected for fire-wood, stores unpacked and placed in readiness, and every little preliminary of labor, insufferable in a kitchen, took on its usual fascination in that sylvan nook.

Then they rested from their work. Mr. Hopeton and Philip lighted cigars and sat to windward, while the four ladies kept their fingers busy with bunches of maiden-hair and faint wild-wood blossoms, as they talked. It

really seemed as if a peace and joy from beyond their lives had fallen upon them. Madeline believed so, and Lucy hoped so; let us hope so, too, and not lift at once the veil which was folded so closely over two restless hearts!

Mr. Hopeton threw away the stump of his cigar, adjusted his fishing-tackle, and said: "If we are to have a trout supper, I must begin to troll at once."

"May I go with you?" his wife asked.

"Yes," he answered, smiling, "if you will not be nervous. But I hardly need to make that stipulation with you, Emily."

Philip assisted her into the unsteady little craft, which was fastened to a tree. Mr. Hopeton seated himself carefully, took the two light, short oars, and held himself from the shore, while Philip loosened the rope.

"I shall row up stream," he said, "and then float back to you, trolling as I come. When I see you again, I hope I can ask you to have the coals ready."

Slowly, and not very skilfully, he worked his way against the current, and passed out of sight around a bend in the stream. Philip watched Mrs. Hopeton's slender figure as she sat in the stern, listlessly trailing one hand in the water. "Does she feel that my eyes, my thoughts, are following her?" he asked; but she did not once turn her head.

"Philip!" cried Madeline, "here are three forlorn maidens, and you the only Sir Isumbras, or whoever is the proper knight! Are you looking into the stream, expecting the 'damp woman' to arise? She only rises for fishermen: she will come up and drag Mr. Hopeton down. Let me invoke the real nymph of this stream!" She sang:—

"Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save!"

Madeline did not know what she was

doing. She could not remark Philip's paleness in the dim green light where they sat, but she was struck by the startled expression of his eyes.

"One would think you really expected Sabrina to come," she laughed. "Miss Henderson, too, looks as if I had frightened her. You and I, Mrs. Asten, are the only cool, unimaginative brains in the party. But perhaps it was all owing to my poor voice? Come now, confess it! I don't expect you to say,—

'Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment?'"

"I was trying to place the song," said Lucy; "I read it once."

"If any one could evoke a spirit, Madeline," Philip replied, "it would be you. But the spirit would be no nymph; it would have little horns and hoofs, and you would be glad to get rid of it again."

They all laughed at this, and presently, at Julia's suggestion, arranged the wood they had collected, and kindled a fire. It required a little time and patience to secure a strong blaze, and in the great interest which the task called forth the Hopetons were forgotten.

At last Philip stepped back, heated and half stifled, for a breath of fresher air, and, turning, saw the boat between the trees gliding down the stream. "There they are!" he cried; "now, to know our luck!"

The boat was in midstream, not far from a stony strip which rose above the water. Mrs. Hopeton sat musing with her hands in her lap, while her husband, resting on his knees and one hand, leaned over the bow, watching the fly which trailed at the end of his line. He seemed to be quite unconscious that an oar, which had slowly loosened itself from the lock, was floating away behind the boat.

"You are losing your oars!" Philip cried.

Mr. Hopeton started, as from a dream of trout, dropped his line and stretched forward suddenly to grasp the oar. The skiff was too light and unbalanced to support the motion. It rocked threat-

eningly ; Mrs. Hopeton, quite forgetting herself, started to her feet, and, instantly losing her equilibrium, was thrown headlong into the deeper water. The skiff whirled back, turned over, and before Mr. Hopeton was aware of what had happened, he plunged full length face downwards into the shallower current.

It was all over before Madeline and Lucy reached the bank, and Philip was already in the stream. A few strokes brought him to Mrs. Hopeton, who struggled with the current as she rose to the surface, but made no outcry. No sooner had she touched Philip than she seized and locked him in her arms, and he was dragged down again with her. It was only the physical clinging to life : if some feeble recognition at that moment told her whose was the form she held and made powerless, it could not have abated an atom of her frantic, instinctive force.

Philip felt that they had drifted into water beyond his depth. With great exertion he freed his right arm and sustained himself and her a moment at the surface. Mrs. Hopeton's head was on his shoulder ; her hair drifted against his face, and even the desperation of the struggle could not make him insensible to the warmth of her breast upon his own. A wild thought flashed upon and stung his brain : she was his at last, — his in death, if not in life !

His arm slackened, and they sank slowly together. Heart and brain were illuminated with blinding light, and the swift succession of his thoughts compressed an age into the fragment of a second. Yes, she was his now : clasping him as he clasped, their hearts beating against each other, with ever slower pulsations, until they should freeze into one. The world, with its wrongs and prejudices, lay behind them ; the past was past, and only a short and painless atonement intervened between the immortal possession of souls ! Better that it should end thus : he had not sought this solution, but he would not thrust it from him.

But, even as his mind accepted it, and with a sense of perfect peace, he heard Joseph's voice, saying, "We must shape our lives according to the law which is above, not that which is below us." Through the air and the water, on the very rock which now overhung his head, he again saw Joseph bending, and himself creeping towards him with outstretched hand. Ha ! who was the coward, now ? And again Joseph spake, and his words were : "The very wrong that has come upon us makes God necessary." God ? Then how would God in his wisdom fashion their future life ? Must they sweep eternally, locked in an unsevering embrace, like Paolo and Francesca, around some dreary circle of Hell ? Or must the manner of entering that life together be the act to separate them eternally ? Only the inevitable act dare ask for pardon ; but here, if not will or purpose, was at least submission without resistance ! Then it seemed to him that Madeline's voice came again to him, ringing like a trumpet through the waters, as she sang : —

" Listen for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lak
Listen and save ! "

He pressed his lips to Mrs. Hopeton's unconscious brow, his heart saying, "Never, never again !" released himself by a sudden, powerful effort, seized her safely, as a practised swimmer, shot into light and air, and made for the shallower side of the stream. The upturned skiff was now within reach, and all danger was over.

Who could guess that the crisis of a soul had been reached and passed in that breath of time under the surface ? Julia's long, shrill scream had scarcely come to an end ; Mr. Hopeton, bewildered by his fall, was trying to run towards them through water up to his waist, and Lucy and Madeline looked on, holding their breath in an agony of suspense. In another moment Philip touched bottom, and raising Mrs. Hopeton in his arms, carried her to the opposite bank.

She was faint and stunned, but not

unconscious. She passively allowed Philip to support her until Mr. Hopeton, struggling through the shallows, drew near with an expression of intense terror and concern on his broad face. Then, breaking from Philip, she half fell, half flung herself into his arms, laid her head upon his shoulder, and burst into a fit of hysterical weeping.

Tears began to run down the honest man's cheeks, and Philip, turning away, busied himself with righting the boat and recovering the oars.

"O my darling!" said Mr. Hopeton, "what should I do if I had lost you?"

"Hold me, keep me, love me!" she cried. "I must not leave you!"

He held her in his arms, he kissed her, he soothed her with endearing words. She grew calm, lifted her head, and looked in his eyes with a light which he had never yet seen in them. The man's nature was moved and stirred: his lips trembled and the tears still slowly trickled from his eyes.

"Let me set you over!" Philip called from the stream. "The boat is wet, but then, neither of us are dry. We have, fortunately, a good fire until the carriage can be brought for Mrs. Hopeton, and your wine will be needed at once."

They had no trout, nor indeed any refreshment, except the wine. Philip tried to rally the spirits of the party, but Julia was the only one who at all seconded his efforts: the others had been too profoundly agitated. Mr. and Mrs. Hopeton were grave; it seemed scarcely possible for them to speak, and yet, as Lucy remarked with amazement, the faces of both were bright and serene.

"I shall never invoke another water-nymph," said Madeline, as they were leaving the spot.

"Yes!" Philip cried, "always invoke Sabrina, and the daughter of Locrine will arise for you, as she arose to-day."

"That is, not at all?"

"No," said Philip, "she arose."

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN he set forth upon his journey, Joseph had enough of natural shrewdness to perceive that his own personal interest in the speculation were better kept secret. The position of the Amaranth property, inserted like a wedge between the Fluke and Chowder Companies, was all the geography he needed; and he determined to assume the character of a curious traveller, — at least for a day or two, — to keep his eyes and ears open, and learn as much as might be possible to one outside the concentric "rings" of oil operations.

He reached Corry without adventure, and took passage in the train to Oil City, intending to make the latter place the starting-point of his investigations. The car was crowded, and his companion on the seat was a keen, witty, red-faced man, with an astonishing diamond pin and a gold watch-chain heavy enough to lift an anchor. He was too restless, too full of "operative" energy, to travel in silence, as is the universal and most dismal American habit; and before they passed three stations he had extracted from Joseph the facts that he was a stranger, that he intended visiting the principal wells, and that he might possibly (Joseph allowing the latter point to be inferred) be tempted to invest something, if the aspects were propitious.

"You must be sure to take a look at *my* wells," said the stranger; "not that any of our stock is in the market, — it is never offered to the public, unless accidentally, — but they will give you an illustration of the magnitude of the business. All wells, you know, sink after a while to what some people call the normal flowing capacity (we oilers call it 'the everidge run'), and so it was reported of ourn. But since we've begun to torpedo them, it's almost equal to the first tapping, though I don't suppose it'll hold out so long."

"Are the torpedoes generally used?" Joseph asked, in some surprise.

"They're generally *tried*, anyhow."

The cute fellow who first hit upon the idea meant to keep it dark, but the oilers, you'll find, have got their teeth skinned, and what they can't find out is n't worth finding out! Lord! I torpedoed my wells at midnight, and it was n't a week before the Fluke was at it, bustin' and bustin' all their dry auger-holes!"

"The *what!*" Joseph exclaimed.

"Fluke. Queer name, is n't it? But that's nothing: we have the Crinoli, the Pipsissaway, the Mud-Lark, and the Sunburst, between us and Tide-oute."

"What is the name of your company, if I may ask?"

"About as queer as any of 'em, — the Chowder."

Joseph started, in spite of himself. "It seems to me I have heard of that company," he managed to say.

"O no doubt," replied the stranger. "'T is n't often quoted in the papers, but it's *known*. I'm rather proud of it, for I got it up. I was boring — boss, though — at three dollars a day, two years ago, and now I have my forty thousand a year, 'free of income tax,' as the Insurance Companies say. But then, where one is lucky like the Chowder, a hundred busts."

Joseph rapidly collected himself, while the man was speaking. "I should very much like to see your wells," he said. "Will you be there in a day or two from now? My name is Asten, — not that you have ever heard of it before."

"Shall be glad to hear it again, though, and to see you," said the man. "My name is Blenkinsop."

Again it was all that Joseph could do to restrain his astonishment.

"I suppose you are the President of the Chowder?" he ventured to say.

"Yes," Mr. Blenkinsop answered, "since it's a company. It was all mine at the start, but I wanted capital, and I had to work 'em."

"What other important companies are there near you?"

"None of any account, except the Fluke and the Depravity. *They* flow

tolerable now, after torpedoing. To be sure, there are kites and catches with all sorts o' names, — the Pennyroyal, the Ruby, the Wallholler (whatever *that* is), and the Amaranth, — ha, ha!"

"I think I have heard of the Amaranth," Joseph mildly remarked.

"Lord! are you *bit*, already?" Mr. Blenkinsop exclaimed, fixing his small, sharp eyes on Joseph's face.

"I — I really don't know what you mean."

"No offence: I thought it likely, that's all. The Amaranth is Kanuck's last dodge. He keeps mighty close, but if he don't feather his nest in a hurry, at somebody's expense, *I* ain't no judge o' men!"

Joseph did not dare to mention the Amaranth again. He parted with Mr. Blenkinsop at Tarr Farm, and went on to Oil City, where he spent a day in unprofitable wanderings, and then set out up the river, first to seek the Chowder wells, and afterwards to ascertain whether there was any perennial beauty in the Amaranth.

The first thing which he remarked was the peculiar topography of the region. The Chowder property was a sloping bottom, gradually rising from the river to a range of high hills a quarter of a mile in the rear. Just above this point the river made a sharp horseshoe bend, washing the foot of the hills for a considerable distance, and then curving back again, with a second tract of bottom-land beyond. On the latter, he was informed, the Fluke wells were located. The inference was therefore irresistible that the Amaranth Company must be the happy possessor of the lofty section of hills dividing the two.

"Do they get oil up there?" he asked of Blenkinsop's foreman, pointing to the ragged, barren heights.

"They may get skunk oil, or rattle-snake oil," the man answered. "Them 'll do to peddle, but you can't fill tanks with 'em. I hear they've got a company for that place, — th' Amaranth, they call it, — but any place 'll do for derved fools. Why, look 'ee here!

We've got seven hundred feet to bore: now, jest put twelve hundred more atop o' that, and guess whether they can even pump oil, with the Chowder and Fluke both sides of 'em! But it does for green 'uns, as well as any other place."

Joseph laughed, — a most feeble, unnatural, ridiculous laugh.

"I'll walk over, that way, to the Fluke," he said. "I should like to see how such things are managed."

"Then be a little on your guard with Kanuck, if you meet him," the man good-naturedly advised. "Don't ask him too many questions."

It was a hot, wearisome climb to the timber-skeletons on the summit (more like gibbets than anything else), which denoted shafts to the initiated as well as the ignorant eye. There were a dozen or more, but all were deserted.

Joseph wandered from one to the other, asking himself, as he inspected each, "Is this the splendid speculation?" What was there in that miserable, shabby, stony region, a hundred acres of which would hardly pasture a cow, whence wealth should come? Verily, as stony and as barren were the natures of the men, who on this wretched basis built their cheating schemes!

A little farther on he came to a deep ravine, cleaving the hills in twain. There was another skeleton in its bed, but several shabby individuals were gathered about it, — the first sign of life or business he had yet discovered.

He hastened down the steep declivity, the warning of the Chowder foreman recurring to his mind, yet it seemed so difficult to fix his policy in advance that he decided to leave everything to chance. As he approached he saw that the men were laborers, with the exception of a tall, lean individual, who looked like an unfortunate clergyman. He had a sallow face, lighted by small, restless, fiery eyes, which reminded Joseph, when they turned upon him, of those of a black snake. His greeting was cold and constrained, and his manner said plainly, "The sooner

you leave, the better I shall be satisfied."

"This is a rough country for walking," said Joseph; "how much farther is it to the Fluke wells?"

"Just a bit," said one of the workmen.

Joseph took a seat on a stone, with the air of one who needed rest. "This well, I suppose," he remarked, "belongs to the Amaranth?"

"Who told you so?" asked the lean, dark man.

"They said, below at the Chowder, that the Amaranth was up here."

"Did Blenkinsop send you this way?" the man asked again.

"Nobody sent me," Joseph replied. "I am a stranger, taking a look at the oil country. I have never before been in this part of the State."

"May I ask your name?"

"Asten," said Joseph, unthinkingly.

"Asten! I think I know where that name belongs. Let me see."

The man pulled out a large dirty envelope from his breast-pocket, ran over several papers, unfolded one, and presently asked, —

"Joseph Asten?"

"Yes." (Joseph set his teeth, and silently cursed his want of forethought.)

"Proprietor of ten thousand dollars' worth of stock in the Amaranth! Who sent you here?"

His tone, though meant to be calm, was fierce and menacing. Joseph rose, scanned the faces of the workmen, who listened with a malicious curiosity, and finally answered with a candor which seemed to impress, while it evidently disappointed the questioner: —

"No one sent me, and no one, beyond my own family, knows that I am here. I am a farmer, not a speculator. I was induced to take the stock from representations which have not been fulfilled, and which, I am now convinced, never will be fulfilled. My habit is, when I cannot get the truth from others, to ascertain it for myself. I presume you are Mr. Kanuck?"

The man did not answer immediately, but the quick, intelligent glance

of one of the workmen showed Joseph that his surmise was correct. Mr. Kanuck conversed apart with the men, apparently giving private orders, and then said, with a constrained civility:—

“If you are bound for the Fluke, Mr. Asten, I will join you. I am also going in that direction, and we can talk on the way.”

They toiled up the opposite side of the ravine in silence. When they had reached the top and taken breath, Mr. Kanuck commenced:—

“I must infer that you have little faith in anything being realized from the Amaranth. Any man, ignorant of the technicalities of boring, might be discouraged by the external appearance of things; and I shall therefore not endeavor to explain to you my grounds of hope, unless you will agree to join me for a month or two and become practically acquainted with the locality and the modes of labor.”

“That is unnecessary,” Joseph replied.

“You being a farmer, of course I could not expect it. On the other hand, I think I can appreciate your,—disappointment, if we must call it so,—and I should be willing, under certain conditions, to save you, not from positive loss, because I do not admit the possibility of that, but from what, at present, may seem loss to you. Do I make my meaning clear?”

“Entirely,” Joseph replied, “except as to the conditions.”

“We are dealing on the square, I take it?”

“Of course.”

“Then,” said Mr. Kanuck, “I need only intimate to you how important it is that I should develop our prospects. To do this, the faith of the principal stockholders must not be disturbed, otherwise the funds without which the prospects cannot be developed may fail me at the critical moment. Your hasty and unintelligent impressions, if expressed in a reckless manner, might do much to bring about such a catastrophe. I must therefore stipulate that you keep such impres-

sions to yourself. Let me speak to you, as man to man, and ask you if your expressions, not being founded on knowledge, would be honest? So far from it, you will be bound, in all fairness, in consideration of my releasing you and restoring you what you have ventured, to adopt and disseminate the views of an expert,—namely, mine.”

“Let me put it into fewer words,” said Joseph. “You will buy my stock, repaying me what I have disbursed, if, on my return, I say nothing of what I have seen, and express my perfect faith (adopting your views) in the success of the Amaranth?”

“You have stated the conditions a little barely, perhaps, but not incorrectly. I only ask for perfect fairness, as between man and man.”

“One question, first, Mr. Kanuck. Does Mr. Blessing know the *real* prospects of the Amaranth?”

“No man more thoroughly, I assure you, Mr. Asten. Indeed, without Mr. Blessing’s enthusiastic concurrence in the enterprise, I doubt whether we could have carried the work so far towards success. His own stock, I may say to you,—since we understand each other,—was earned by his efforts. If you know him intimately, you know also that he has no visible means of support. But he has what is much more important to us,—a thorough knowledge of men and their means.”

He rubbed his hands, and laughed softly. They had been walking rapidly during the conversation, and now came suddenly upon the farthest crest of the hills, where the ridge fell away to the bottom occupied by the Fluke wells. Both paused at this point.

“On the square, then!” said Mr. Kanuck, offering his hand. “Tell me where you will be to-morrow morning, and our business can be settled in five minutes. You will carry out your part of the bargain, as man to man, when you find that I carry out mine.”

“Do you take me for an infernal scoundrel?” cried Joseph, boiling over with disgust and rage.

Mr. Kanuck stepped back a pace or two. His sallow face became livid, and there was murder in his eyes. He put his hand into his breast, and Joseph, facing him, involuntarily did the same. Not until long afterwards, when other experiences had taught him the significance of the movement, did he remember what it then meant.

"So! that's your game, is it?" his antagonist said, hissing the words through his teeth. "A spy, after all! Or a detective, perhaps? I was a fool to trust a milk-and-water face: but one thing I tell you, — you may get away, but come back again if you dare!"

Joseph said nothing, but gazed steadily in the man's eyes, and did not move from his position so long as he was within sight. Then, breathing deeply, as if relieved from the dread of an unknown danger, he swiftly descended the hill.

That evening, as he sat in the bar-room of a horrible shanty (called a hotel), farther up the river, he noticed a pair of eyes fixed intently upon him: they belonged to one of the workmen in the Amaranth ravine. The man made an almost imperceptible signal, and left the room. Joseph followed him.

"Hush!" whispered the former. "Don't come back to the hill; and get away from here to-morrow morning, if you can!" with these words he darted off and disappeared in the darkness.

The counsel was unnecessary. Joseph, with all his inexperience of the world, saw plainly that his only alternatives were loss — or connivance. Nothing was to be gained by following the vile business any further. He took the earliest possible train, and by the afternoon of the following day found himself again in the city.

He was conscious of no desire to meet Mr. Blessing, yet the pressure of his recent experience seemed to drive him irresistibly in that direction. When he rang the bell, it was with the hope that he should find nobody at home. Mr. Blessing, however, answered the summons, and after the first expres-

sion of surprise ushered him into the parlor.

"I am quite alone," he said; "Mrs. Blessing is passing the evening with her sister, Mrs. Woollish, and Clementina is still at Long Branch. I believe it is as good as settled that we are to lose her; at least, she has written to inquire the extent of my available funds, which, in her case is tantamount to — very much more."

Joseph determined to avoid all digressions, and insist on the Amaranth speculation, once for all, being clearly discussed. He saw that his father-in-law became more uneasy and excited as he advanced in the story of his journey, and, when it was concluded, did not seem immediately prepared to reply. His suspicions, already aroused by Mr. Kanuck's expressions, were confirmed, and a hard, relentless feeling of hostility took possession of his heart.

"I — I really must look into this," Mr. Blessing stammered, at last. "It seems incredible: pardon me, but I would doubt the statements, did they come from other lips than yours. 'Tis as if I had nursed a dove in my bosom, and unexpectedly found it to be a — a basilisk!"

"It can be no serious loss to you," said Joseph, "since you received your stock in return for services."

"That is true: I was not thinking of myself. The real sting of the cockatrice is, that I have innocently misled you."

"Yet I understood you to say that you had ventured your all?"

"My All of hope — my All of expectation!" Mr. Blessing cried. "I dreamed I had overtaken the rainbow at last; but this — this is senna — quassia — aloes! My nature is so confiding that I accept the possibilities of the future as present realities, and build upon them as if they were Quincy granite. And yet, with all my experience, my acknowledged sagacity, my acquaintance with the hidden labyrinths of finance, it seems impossible that I can be so deceived! There

must be some hideous misunderstanding: I have calculated all the elements, prognosticated all the planetary aspects, so to speak, and have not found a whisper of failure!"

"You omitted one very important element," Joseph said.

"What is that? I might have employed a detective, it is true—"

"No!" Joseph replied. "Honesty!"

Mr. Blessing fell back in his chair, weeping bitterly.

"I deserve this!" he exclaimed. "I will not resent it. I forgive you in advance of the time when you shall rec-

ognize my sincere, my heartfelt wish to serve you! Go, go: let me not recriminate! I meant to be, and still mean to be, your friend: but spare my too confiding child!"

Without a word of good by, Joseph took his hat and hastened from the house. At every step the abyss of dishonesty seemed to open deeper before his feet. Spare the too confiding child! Father and daughter were alike: both mean, both treacherous, both unpardonably false to him.

With such feelings he left the city, next morning, and made his way homewards.

Bayard Taylor.

THE ENGLISH GOVERNESS AT THE SIAMESE COURT.

IV.

THE city of Bangkok is commonly supposed to have inherited the name of the ancient capital, Ayudia; but in the royal archives, to which I have had free access, it is given as Krung Thepha Maha-Nakhon Si-ayut-thia Maha-dilok-Racha-thani,—"The City of the Royal, Invincible, and Beautiful Archangel." It is ramparted with walls within and without, which divide it into an inner and an outer city, the inner wall being thirty feet high, and flanked with circular forts mounted with cannon, making a respectable show of defence. Centre of all, the heart of the citadel, is the grand palace, encompassed by a third wall, which encloses only the royal edifice, the harems, the temple of Watt Phra Kéou, and the Maha Phrasat.

The Maha Phrasat is an immense structure of quadrangular façades, surmounted by a tall spire of very chaste and harmonious design. It is consecrated; and here dead sovereigns of Siam lie in state, waiting twelve months for their cremation; here also their ashes are deposited in urns of gold,

after that fiery consummation. In the Maha Phrasat the supreme king is crowned and all court ceremonies performed. On certain high holidays and occasions of state, the high-priest administers here a sort of mass, at which the whole court attend, even the chief ladies of the harem, who, behind heavy curtains of silk and gold that hang from the ceiling to the floor, whisper and giggle and peep and chew betel, and have the wonted little raptures of their sex over furtive, piquant glimpses of the world; for despite the strict confinement and jealous surveillance to which they are subject, the outer life, with all its bustle, passion, and romance, will now and then steal, like a vagrant, curious ray of light, into the heart's darkness of these tabooed women, thrilling their childish minds with eager wonderment and formless longings.

Within these walls lurked lately fugitives of every class, profligates from all quarters of the city, to whom discovery was death; but here their "sanctuary" was impenetrable. Here were women

disguised as men, and men in the attire of women, hiding vice of every vileness and crime of every enormity, — at once the most disgusting, the most appalling, and the most unnatural, that the heart of man has conceived. It was death in life, a charnel-house of quick corruption; a place of gloom and solitude indeed, wherefrom happiness, hope, courage, liberty, truth, were forever excluded and only mother's love was left.

The king* was the disk of light and life round which these strange flies swarmed. Most of the women who composed his harem were of gentle blood, — the fairest of the daughters of Siamese nobles, and of princes of the adjacent tributary states; the late queen consort was his own half-sister. Beside many choice Chinese and Indian girls, purchased annually for the royal harem by agents stationed at Peking, Foo-chou, and different points in Bengal, enormous sums were offered, year after year, through "solicitors" at Bangkok and Singapore, for an Englishwoman of beauty and good parentage, to crown the collection; but when I took my leave of Bangkok, in 1868, the coveted specimen had not yet appeared in the market. The cunning *commissaires* contrived to keep their places and make a living by sending his Majesty, now and then, a piquant photograph of some British Nourmahal of the period, freshly caught, and duly shipped, in good order for the harem; but the goods never arrived.

Had the king's tastes been Gallic, his requisition might have been filled. I remember a score of genuine offers from French demoiselles, who enclosed their *cartes* in billets more surprising and enterprising than any other "proposals" it was my office to translate. But his whimsical Majesty entertained a lively horror of French intrigue, whether of priests, consuls, or *lionnes*; and stood in vigilant fear of being be-

guiled, through one of these adventurous sirens, into fathering the innovation of a Franco-Siamese heir to the throne of the celestial Phra-batts.

The king, as well as most of the principal members of his household, rose at five in the morning, and immediately partook of a slight repast, served by the ladies who had been in waiting through the night; after which, attended by them and his sisters and elder children, he descended and took his station on a long strip of matting, laid from one of the gates through all the avenues to another. On his Majesty's left were ranged, first, his children in the order of rank; then the princesses, his sisters; and lastly, his concubines, his maids of honor, and their slaves. Before each was placed a large silver tray containing offerings of boiled rice, fruit, cakes, and the seri leaf; some even had cigars.

A little after five, the Patoon Dharmina ("Gate of Merit," called by the populace "Patoon Boon") was thrown open and the Amazons of the guard drawn up on either side. Then the priests entered, always by that gate, — one hundred and ninety-nine of them, escorted on the right and left by men armed with swords and clubs, — and as they entered they chanted: "Take thy meat, but think it dust! Eat but to live, and but to know thyself, and what thou art below! And say withal unto thy heart, 'tis earth I eat, that to the earth I may new life impart."

Then the chief priest, who led the procession, advanced with downcast eyes and lowly mien, and very simply presented his bowl (slung from his neck by a cord, and until that moment quite hidden under the folds of his yellow robe) to the members of the royal household, who *offered* their fruit or cakes, or their spoons full of rice or sweetmeats. In like manner did all his brethren. If, by any chance, one before whom a tray was placed was not ready and waiting with an offering, no priest stopped, but all continued to advance slowly, taking only what was freely offered, without thanks or even

* All that is here written applies to Maha Mongkut, the supreme king, who died October, 1868; not to his successor (and my pupil), the present king.

a look of acknowledgment, until the end of the royal train was reached, when the procession retired, chanting as before, by the gate called Duin, or in the Court language Prithri, "Gate of Earth."

After this, the king and all his company repaired to his private temple, Watt Sasmiras Manda - thung,* so called because it was dedicated by his Majesty to the memory of his mother. This is an edifice of unique and charming beauty, decorated throughout by artists from Japan, who have represented on the walls, in designs as diverse and ingenious as they are costly, the numerous metempsychoses of Buddha.

Here his Majesty ascended alone the steps of the altar, rang a bell to announce the hour of devotion, lighted the consecrated tapers, and offered the white lotus and the roses. Then he spent an hour in prayer, and in reading texts from the Phrajana Paramita and the Phra-ti-Mok-sha.

This service over, he retired for another nap, attended by a fresh detail of women, — those who had waited the night before being dismissed, not to be recalled for a month, or at least a fortnight, save as a peculiar mark of preference or favor to some one who had had the good fortune to please or amuse him; but most of that party voluntarily waited upon him every afternoon.

At two o'clock he rose again, and with the aid of his women bathed and anointed his person. Then he descended to a breakfast-chamber, where he was served with the most substantial meal of the day. Here he chatted with his favorites among the wives and concubines, and caressed his children, taking them in his arms, embracing them, plying them with puzzling or funny questions, and making droll faces at the babies: the more agreeable the mother, the dearer the child. The love of children was the constant and hearty virtue of this forlorn despot. They appealed to him by their beauty and their trustfulness, they refreshed

* "Temple in Memory of Mother."

him with the bold innocence of their ways, so frolicsome, graceful, and quaint.

From this delusive scene of domestic condescension and kindness he passed to his hall of audience to consider official matters. Twice a week at sunset he appeared at one of the gates of the palace, to hear the complaints and petitions of the poorest of his subjects, who at no other time or place could reach his ear. It was most pitiful to see the helpless, awe-stricken wretches, prostrate and abject as toads, many too terrified to present the precious petition after all.

At nine he retired to his private apartments, whence issued immediately peculiar domestic bulletins, in which were named the women whose presence he particularly desired, in addition to those whose turn it was to "wait" that night.

And twice a week he held a secret council or court, at midnight. Of the proceedings of those dark and terrifying sittings I can, of course, give no exact account. I permit myself to speak only of those things which were but too plain to one who lived for six years in or near the palace.

In Siam the king — Maha Mongkut especially — is not merely enthroned, he is enshrined. To the nobility he is omnipotence, and to the rabble mystery. Since the occupation of the country by the Jesuits, many foreigners have fancied that the government is becoming more and more silent, insidious, secretive; and that this midnight council is but the expression of a "policy of stifling." It is an inquisition, — not overt, audacious, like that of Rome, but nocturnal, invisible, subtle, ubiquitous, like that of Spain; proceeding without witnesses or warning; kidnapping a subject, not arresting him, and then incarcerating, chaining, torturing him, to extort confession or denunciation. If any Siamese citizen utter one word against the "San Luang," the royal judges, and escape, forthwith his house is sacked and his wife and children kidnapped. Should

he be captured, he is brought to secret trial, to which no one is admitted who is not in the patronage and confidence of the royal judges. In themselves the laws are tolerable, but in their operation they are frustrated or circumvented by arbitrary and capricious power in the king, or craft or cruelty in the council. No one not initiated in the mystic *séances* of the San Luang can depend upon Siamese law for justice. No man will consent to appear there even as a true witness, save for large reward. The citizen who would enjoy, safe from legal plunder, his private income, must be careful to find a patron and protector in the king, the prime minister, or some other formidable friend at court. Spies in the employ of the San Luang penetrate into every family of wealth and influence. Every citizen suspects and fears always his neighbor, sometimes his wife. On more than one occasion when, vexed by some act of the king's, more than usually wanton and unjust, I instinctively gave expression to my feelings by word or look in the presence of certain officers and courtiers, I observed that they rapped, or tapped, in a peculiar and stealthy manner. This I afterward discovered was one of the secret signs of the San Luang; and the warning signal was addressed to me, because they imagined that I also was a member of the council.

En passant: a word as to the ordinary and familiar costumes of the palace. Men and women alike wear a sort of kilt, like the *pu'sho* of the Birman, with a short upper tunic, over which the women draw a broad silk scarf, which is closely bound round the chest and descends in long, waving folds almost to the feet. Neither sex wear any covering on the head. The uniform of the Amazons of the harem is green and gold, and that of the soldiers scarlet and purple.

There are usually four meals: breakfast about sunrise; a sort of tiffin at noon; a more substantial repast in the afternoon; and supper after the business of the day is over. Wine and tea

are drunk freely, and perfumed liquors are used by the wealthy. An indispensable preparation for polite repast is by bathing and anointing the body. When guests are invited, the sexes are never brought together; for Siamese women of rank very rarely appear in strange company; they are confined to remote and unapproachable halls and chambers, where nothing human, being male, may ever enter. The convivial entertainments of the Court are usually given on occasions of public devotion, and form a part of these.

The fact is remarkable, that though education in its higher degrees is popularly neglected in Siam, there is scarcely a man or woman in the empire who cannot read and write. Though a vain people, they are neither bigoted nor shallow; and I think the day is not far off when the enlightening influences applied to them, and accepted through their willingness, not only to receive instruction from Europeans, but even to adopt in a measure their customs and their habits of thought, will raise them to the rank of a superior nation.

The language of this people advances but slowly in the direction of grammatical perfection. Like many other Oriental tongues, it was at first purely monosyllabic; but as the Pali or Sanskrit has been liberally engrafted on it, polysyllabic words have been formed. Its pronouns and particles are peculiar, its idioms few and simple, its metaphors very obvious. It is copious to redundancy in terms expressive of royalty, rank, dignity; in fact, a distinct phraseology is required in addressing personages of exalted station. Repetitions of word and phrase are affected rather than shunned; sententious brevity and simplicity of expression belong to the pure spirit of the language, and when employed impart to it much dignity and beauty. But there is no standard of orthography, nor any grammar, and but few rules of universal application. Every Siamese writer spells to please himself, and the purism of

one is the slang or gibberish of another.

The Siamese write from left to right, the words running together in a line unbroken by spaces, points, or capitals; so that, as in ancient Sanskrit, an entire paragraph appears as one protracted word,

"That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along."

When not written with a reed on dark native paper, the characters are engraved with a stile (of brass or iron, one end sharp for writing, the other flat for erasing) on palm-leaves prepared for the purpose.

In all parts of the empire the boys are taught by priests to read, write, and cipher. Every monastery is provided with a library, more or less standard. The more elegant books are composed of tablets of ivory, or of palmyra leaves delicately prepared; the characters engraved on these are gilt, the margins and edges adorned with heavy gilding, or with flowers in bright colors.

The literature of the Siamese deals principally with religious topics. The "*Kammarakya*," or Buddhist Ritual, — a work for the priesthood only, and therefore, like others of the *Vinnâyâ*, little known, — contains the vital elements of the Buddhist Moral Code, and, *per se*, is perfect; on this point all writers, whether partial or captious, are of one mind. Spence Hardy, a Wesleyan missionary, speaking of that part of the work entitled "*Dhammâ-Padam*,"* which is freely taught in the schools attached to the monasteries, admits that a compilation might be made from its precepts, "which in the purity of its ethics could hardly be equalled from any other heathen author."

M. Laboulaye, one of the most distinguished members of the French Academy, remarks, in the *Débats* of April 4, 1853, on a work known by the title of "*Dharmna Maitree*," or "*Law of Charity*": —

"It is difficult to comprehend how men, not aided by revelation, could

* Properly *Dharmna*, — "*Footsteps of the Law*."

have soared so high and approached so near the truth. Besides the five great commandments, — not to kill, not to steal, not to commit adultery, not to lie, not to get drunk, — every shade of vice, hypocrisy, anger, pride, suspicion, greed, gossip, cruelty to animals, is guarded against by special precepts. Among the virtues commended we find, not only reverence for parents, care for children, submission to authority, gratitude, moderation in time of prosperity, resignation and fortitude in time of trial, equanimity at all times, but virtues unknown to any heathen system of morality, such as the duty of forgiving insults and of rewarding evil with good."

All virtues, we are told, spring from *maitrî*, and this *maitrî* can only be rendered by charity and love.

"I do not hesitate," says Burnouf, in his *Lotus de la Bonne Loi*, "to translate by 'charity' the word *maitrî*, which does not express friendship, or the feeling of particular affection which a man has for one or more of his fellow-creatures, but that universal feeling which inspires us with good-will toward all men and a constant willingness to help them."

I may here add the testimony of Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire. "I do not hesitate to add," he writes, "that, save Christ alone, there is not among the founders of religion a figure more pure, more touching, than that of Buddha. His life is without blemish; his constant heroism equals his conviction; and if the theory he extols is false, the personal examples he affords are irreproachable. He is the accomplished model of all the virtues he preaches; his abnegation, his charity, his unalterable sweetness, never belie themselves. At the age of twenty-nine he retires from the court of the king, his father, to become a devotee and a beggar. He silently prepares his doctrine by six years of seclusion and meditation. He propagates it, by the unaided power of speech and persuasion, for more than half a century; and when he dies in the arms of his disciples, it is with the

serenity of a sage who has practised goodness all his life, and knows that he has found Truth."

Another work, as sacred and more mystic, is the "*Parajikâ*," read in the temples with closed doors by the chief priests exclusively, and only to such devotees as have entered the monastic schools for life.

Then there are the "*P'ra-jana-Pârâ-mita*," the "*Accomplishment of Reason*," or "*Transcendental Wisdom*," and other works in abstruse philosophy. The "*Lalita Vistara*" contains the life of Buddha, and is esteemed the highest authority as to the more remarkable events in the career of the great reformer. The "*Saddharma-pundikara*" (or *pundariki* in Ceylon), "*The White Lotus of the True Religion*," presents the incidents of Buddha's life in the form of legend and fable.

The "*Ganda-Veyuha*," but little known, consists of remarkable and very beautiful forms of prayer and thanksgiving, with psalms of praise addressed to the Perfection of the Infinite and to the Invisible, by Sakya Muni, the Buddha. The "*Nirwana*" treats of the end of material existence, and is universally read and highly esteemed by Buddhists, as a treatise of rare merit.

But the most important parts of the theological study of the Siamese priesthood are found in a work revered under the titles of "*Tautras*" and "*Kala-Chakara*," that is, "*Circles of Time, Matter, Space*"; probably a translation of the Sanskrit symbolic word, *Om*, "*Circle*." There are twenty-two volumes, treating exclusively of mystics and mystical worship.

The libraries of the monasteries are rich in works on the theory and practice of medicine; but very poor in historical books, the few preserved dealing mainly with the lives and actions of Siamese rulers, oddly associated with the genii and heroes of the Hindoo mythology. Like the early historians of Greece and Rome, the writers are careful to furnish a particular account of all signs, omens, and predictions relating to the several events recorded.

They possess also a few translated works in Chinese history.

The late king was an authority on all questions of religion, law, and custom, and was familiar with the writings of Pythagoras and Aristotle.

The Siamese have an extravagant fondness for the drama, and for poetry of every kind. In all, the lyric form predominates, and their compositions are commonly adapted for instrumental accompaniment. Their dramatic entertainments are mainly musical, combining rudely the opera with the ballet, — monotonous singing and listless, mechanical dancing. Dialogues are occasionally introduced, the favorite subjects being passages from the Hindoo Avatars, the epic "*Ramayana*," and the "*Mahabharata*," or from legends, peculiar to Siam, of gods, heroes, and demons. Throughout their literature, mythology is the all-pervading element; history, science, arts, customs, conversation, opinion, doctrine, are alike colored and flavored with it.

With so brief and meagre a sketch of the literature of Siam, I would fain prepare the reader to appreciate the peculiarities of an English classical school in the Royal Palace at Bangkok. In Siam, all schools, literary societies, monasteries, even factories, all intellectual and progressive enterprises of whatever nature and intention, are opened and begun on Thursday, "*One P'ra Hatt*"; because that day is sacred to the goddess of Mind or Wisdom, probably the Hindoo Saraswati. On the Thursday appointed for the opening of my classes in the palace, one of the king's barges conveyed us across the Mènam. At the landing I was met by slave-girls, who conducted me to the palace through the gate called Patoe Sap, "*Gate of Knowledge*." Here I was received by some Amazons, who in turn gave notice to other slave-girls waiting to escort us to a pavilion, or more correctly temple, dedicated to the wives and daughters of Siam.* The profound solitude of this refuge, em-

* Watt Khoon Choom Manda Thai, — "*Temple of the Mothers of the Free*."

bowered in its twilight grove of orange and palm trees, was strangely tranquillizing. The religion of the place seemed to overcome us, as we waited among the tall, gilded pillars of the temple. On one side was an altar, enriched with some of the most curious and precious offerings of art to be found in the East. There was a gilded rostrum also, from which the priests daily officiated; and near by, on the summit of a curiously carved trunk of an old Bho-tree,* the goddess of Mind presided.

The floor of this beautiful temple was a somewhat gaudy mosaic, of variegated marble and precious stones; but the gilded pillars, the friezes that surmounted them, and the vaulted roof of gilded arabesque, seemed to tone down the whole to their own chaste harmony of design.

In the centre of the temple stood a long table, finely carved, and some gilt chairs. The king and most of the nobler ladies of the court were present, with a few of the chief priests, among whom I recognized for the first time his Lordship Chow Khoon Sâh.

His Majesty received me and my little boy most kindly. After an interval of silence he clapped his hands lightly, and instantly the lower hall was filled with female slaves. A word or two, dropped from his lips, bowed every head, and dispersed the attendants. But they presently returned laden, some with boxes containing books, slates, pens, pencils, and ink; others with lighted tapers, and vases filled with the white lotus, which they set down before the gilded chairs.

At a signal from the king, the priests chanted a hymn from the "P'ra-jana Paramita";† and then a burst of music announced the entrance of the princes and princesses, my future pupils. They advanced in the order of their ages. The Princess Ying You Wah-lacks ("First-born among Women") having precedence, approached and

prostrated herself before her royal father, the others following her example. I admired the beauty of her skin, the delicacy of her form, and the subdued lustre of her dreamy eyes. The king took her gently by the hand, and presented me to her, saying simply, "The English teacher." Her greeting was quiet and self-possessed. Taking both my hands, she bowed, and touched them with her forehead; then, at a word from the king, retired to her place on the right. One by one, in like manner, all the royal children were presented and saluted me; and the music ceased.

His Majesty then spoke briefly, to this effect: "Dear children, as this is to be an English school, you will have to learn and observe the English modes of salutation, address, conversation, and etiquette; and each and every one of you shall be at liberty to sit in my presence, unless it be your own pleasure not to do so." The children all bowed, and touched their foreheads with their folded hands, in acquiescence.

Then his Majesty departed with the priests; and the moment he was fairly out of sight the ladies of the court began, with much noise and confusion, to ask questions, turn over the leaves of books, and chatter and giggle together. Of course no teaching was possible in such a din; my young princes and princesses disappeared in the arms of their nurses and slaves; and I retired to my apartments in the Prime Minister's palace. But the serious business of my school began on the following Thursday.

On that day a crowd of half-naked children followed me and my Louis to the palace gates, where our guide gave us in charge to a consequential female slave, at whose request the ponderous portal was opened barely wide enough to admit one person at a time. On entering we were jealously scrutinized by the Amazonian guard, and a "high private" questioned the propriety of admitting my boy; whereat a general tittering, and we passed on. We advanced through the noiseless oval door,

* The sacred tree under which Guadama discoursed with his disciples.

† "Accomplishment of Reason," or "Transcendental Wisdom."

and entered the dim, cool pavilion, in the centre of which the tables were arranged for school. Away flew several venerable dames who had awaited our arrival, and in about an hour returned, bringing with them twenty-one scions of Siamese royalty, to be initiated in the mysteries of reading, writing, and arithmetic, after the European, and especially the English manner.

It was not long before my scholars were ranged in chairs around the long table, with Webster's far-famed spelling-books before them, repeating audibly after me the letters of the alphabet. While I stood at one end of the table, my little Louis at the other, mounted on a chair, the better to command his division, mimicked me with a fidelity of tone and manner very quaint and charming. Patiently his small finger pointed out to his class the characters so strange to them, and not yet perfectly familiar to himself.

About noon, a number of young women were brought to me, to be taught like the rest. I received them sympathetically, at the same time making a memorandum of their names in a book of my own. This created a general and lively alarm, which it was not in my power immediately to allay, my knowledge of their language being confined to a few simple sentences; but when at last their courage and confidence were restored, they began to take observations and an inventory of me that were by no means agreeable. They fingered my hair and dress, my collar, belt, and rings. One donned my hat and cloak, and made a promenade of the pavilion; another pounced upon my gloves and veil, and disguised herself in them, to the great delight of the little ones, who laughed boisterously. A grim duenna, who had heard the noise, bustled wrathfully into the pavilion. Instantly hat, cloak, veil, gloves, were flung right and left, and the young women dropped on the floor, repeating shrilly, like truant urchins caught in the act, their "ba, be, bi, bo."

One who seemed the infant phenomenon of the Royal harem, so juvenile

and artless were her looks and ways, despising a performance so rudimentary as the a, b, c, demanded to be steered at once into the mid-ocean of the book; but when I left her without pilot in an archipelago of hard words, she soon showed signals of distress.

At the farther end of the table, bending over a little prince, her eyes riveted on the letters my boy was naming to her, stood a pale young woman, whose aspect was dejected and forlorn. She had entered unannounced and unnoticed, as one who had no interest in common with the others; and now she stood apart and alone, intent only on mastering the alphabet, with the help of her small teacher. When we were about to dismiss the school, she repeated her lesson to my wise lad, who listened with imposing gravity, pronounced her a "very good child," and said she might go now. But when she perceived that I observed her curiously, she crouched almost under the table, as though owning she had no right to be there, and was worthy to pick only the crumbs of knowledge that might fall from it. She was neither very young nor pretty, save that her dark eyes were profound and expressive, and now the more interesting by their touching sadness. Esteeming it the part of prudence as well as of kindness to appear unconscious of her presence, and so encourage her to come again, I left the palace without accosting her, before his Majesty had awakened from his forenoon nap. This crushed creature had fallen under the displeasure of the king, and the after chapters of her story, which shall be related in their proper connection, were romantic and mournful.

Among my pupils was a little girl about eight or nine years old, of delicate frame, and with the low voice and subdued manner of one who had already had experience of sorrow. She was not among those presented to me at the opening of the school. Waine Ratām Kania was her name ("Sweet promise of my hopes"), and very engaging and persuasive was she in her patient,

timid loveliness. Her mother, the Lady Khoon Chom Kioa, who had once found favor with the king, had, at the time of my coming to the palace, fallen into disgrace by reason of her gambling, in which she had squandered all the patrimony of the little princess. This fact, instead of inspiring the royal father with pity for his child, seemed to attract to her all that was most cruel in his insane temper. The offence of the mother had made the daughter offensive in his sight; and it was not until long after the term of imprisonment of the degraded favorite had expired that Waine ventured to appear at a royal *levée*. The moment the king caught sight of the little form, so piteously prostrated there, he drove her rudely from his presence, taunting her with the delinquencies of her mother, with a coarseness that would have been cruel enough if she had been responsible for them and a gainer by them; but against one of her tender years, innocent toward both, and injured by both, it was inconceivably atrocious.

In her first appearance at school she was so timid and wistful that I felt constrained to notice and encourage her more than those whom I had already with me. But I found this no easy part to play; for very soon one of the court ladies, in the confidence of the king, took me quietly aside and warned me to be less demonstrative in favor of the little princess, saying: "Surely you would not bring trouble upon that wounded lamb."

It was a sore trial to me to witness the oppression of one so unoffending and so helpless. Yet our Waine was neither thin nor pale. There was a freshness in her childish beauty, and a bloom in the transparent olive of her cheek, that were at times bewitching. She loved her father, and in her visions of baby faith beheld him almost as a god. It was true joy to her to fold her hands and bow before the chamber where he slept. With that steadfast hopefulness of childhood, which can be deceived without being discouraged,

she would say, "How glad *he* will be when I can read!" and yet she had known nothing but despair.

Her memory was extraordinary; she delighted in all that was remarkable, and with careful wisdom gathered up facts and precepts and saved them for future use. She seemed to have built around her an invisible temple of her own design, and to have illuminated it with the rushlight of her childish love. Among the books she read to me, rendering it from English into Siamese, was one called "Spring-time." On translating the line, "Whom He loveth He chasteneth," she looked up in my face, and asked anxiously: "Does thy God do that? Ah! lady, are *all* the gods angry and cruel? Has he no pity, even for those who love him? He must be like my father; *he* loves us, so he has to be *rye* (cruel) that we may fear evil and avoid it."

Meanwhile little Waine learned to spell, read, translate, almost intuitively; for there were novelty and hope to help the Buddhist child, and love to help the English woman. The sad look left her face, her life had found an interest; and very often, on *fête* days, she was my only pupil; when suddenly an ominous cloud obscured the sky of her transient gladness.

Waine was poor; and her gifts to me were of the riches of poverty,—fruits and flowers. But she owned some female slaves; and one among them, a woman of twenty-five perhaps (who had already made a place for herself in my regard), seemed devotedly attached to her youthful mistress, and not only attended her to the school day after day, but shared her scholarly enthusiasm,—even studied with her, sitting at her feet by the table. Steadily the slave kept pace with the princess. All that Waine learned at school in the day was lovingly taught to Mai Noie in the nursery at night; and it was not long before I found to my astonishment that the slave read and translated as correctly as her mistress.

Very delightful were the demonstra-

tions of attachment interchanged between these two. Mai Noie bore the child in her arms to and from the school, fed her, humored her every whim, fanned her naps, bathed and perfumed her every night, and then rocked her to sleep on her careful bosom, as tenderly as she would have done for her own baby. And then it was charming to watch the child's face kindle with love and comfort as the sound of her friend's step approached.

Suddenly a change: the little princess came to school as usual, but a strange woman attended her; and I saw no more of Mai Noie there. The child grew so listless and wretched that I was forced to ask the cause of her darling's absence; she burst into a passion of tears, but replied not a word. Then I inquired of the stranger, and she answered in two syllables: "*My ru*" (I know not).

Shortly afterward, as I entered the school-room one day, I perceived that something unusual was happening. I turned toward the princes' door, and stood still, fairly holding my breath. There was the king, furious, striding up and down. All the female judges of the palace were present, and a crowd of mothers and royal children. On all the steps around innumerable slave-women, old and young, crouched and hid their faces.

But the object most conspicuous was little Waine's mother, manacled, and prostrate on the polished marble pavement. There, too, was my poor little princess, her hands clasped helplessly, her eyes tearless but downcast, palpitating, trembling, shivering. Sorrow and horror had transformed the child.

As well as I could understand, where no one dared explain, the wretched woman had been gambling again, and had even staked and lost her daughter's slaves. At last I understood Waine's silence when I asked her where Mai Noie was. By some means — spies probably — the whole matter had come to the king's ears, and his rage was wild, not because he loved the child, but that he hated the mother.

Promptly the order was given to lash the woman; and two Amazons advanced to execute it. The first stripe was delivered with savage skill; but before the thong could descend again the child sprang forward and flung herself across the bare and quivering back of her mother.

"Tu cham Tha Moom! * Poothô tu cham Tha Moom!" "Strike *me*, my father! Pray strike me, O my father!"

The pause of fear that followed was only broken by my boy, who, with a convulsive cry, buried his face desperately in the folds of my skirt.

There indeed was a case for prayer, *any* prayer! the prostrate woman, the hesitating lash, the tearless anguish of the Siamese child, the heart-rending cry of the English child, all those mothers with grovelling brows, but hearts uplifted among the stars, on the wings of the angel of prayer. Who could behold so many women crouching, shuddering, stupefied, dismayed, in silence and darkness, animated, enlightened, only by the deep whispering heart of maternity, and not be moved with mournful yearning?

The child's prayer was vain. As demons tremble in the presence of a god, so the king comprehended that he had now to deal with a power of weakness, pity, beauty, courage, and eloquence. "Strike *me*, O my father!" His quick, clear sagacity measured instantly all the danger in that challenge; and though his voice was thick and agitated (for, monster as he was at that moment, he could not but shrink from striking at every mother's heart at his feet), he nervously gave the word to remove the child, and bind her. The united strength of several women was not more than enough to loose the clasp of those loving arms from the neck of an unworthy mother. The tender hands and feet were bound, and the tender heart was broken. The lash descended then, unforbidden by any cry.

* Tha Mom or Moom, used by children in addressing a royal father.

To be free to make a stunning din is a Siamese woman's idea of perfect enjoyment. In the Prime Minister's palace the hubbub of the harem, in the absence of the prince, sometimes lost its quality of interest, and degenerated into nuisance. Hardly were we installed in our apartments there, when with a pell-mell rush and screams of laughter his Excellency's ladies reconnoitred us in force, crowding in through the half-open door. They scrambled for me, with eager curiosity, all trying at once to embrace me boisterously, and promiscuously chattering in shrill Siamese,—a bedlam of parrots; while I endeavored to make myself impartially agreeable in the language of signs and glances. Nearly all were young; and in symmetry of form, delicacy of feature, and fairness of complexion, decidedly superior to the Malay women I had been accustomed to. Most of them would have been positively attractive, but for their ingeniously ugly mode of cutting the hair and blackening the teeth.

The youngest were mere children, hardly more than fourteen years old. All were arrayed in rich materials, though the costume did not differ from that of their slaves, numbers of whom were prostrate in the rooms and passages. My apartment was ablaze with their crimson, blue, orange, and purple, their ornaments of gold, their rings and brilliants, and their jewelled boxes. Two or three of the younger girls satisfied my Western ideas of beauty, with their clear, mellow olive complexions, and their almond-shaped eyes, so dark yet glowing. Those among them who were really old were simply hideous and repulsive. One wretched crone shuffled through the noisy throng with an air of authority, and pointing to Louis lying in my lap, cried, "Moolay, Moolay!"* The familiar Malay word fell pleasantly on my ear, and I was delighted to find some one through whom I might possibly control the disorderly bevy around me. I addressed her in Malay. Instantly my visitors

* "Beautiful, beautiful!"

were silent and waited in attitudes of eager attention.

She told me she was one of the many custodians of the harem. She was a native of Quedah; and "some sixty years ago" she and her sister, together with other young Malay girls, were captured while working in the fields by a party of Siamese adventurers. They were brought to Siam and sold as slaves. At first she mourned miserably for her home and parents. But while she was yet young and attractive, she became a favorite of the late Somdetch Ong Yai, father of her present lord, and bore him two sons, just as moolay, moolay as my own darling. But they were dead, (Here, with the end of her soiled silk scarf she furtively wiped a tear from her face, no longer ugly.) And her gracious lord was dead also; it was he who gave her this beautiful gold betel-box.

"But how is it that you are still a slave?" I asked.

"I am old and ugly and childless: and therefore to be trusted by my dead lord's son, the beneficent prince, upon whose head be blessings,"—clasping her withered hands, and turning toward that part of the palace where no doubt he was enjoying a "beneficent" nap.

"And now it is my privilege to watch and guard these favored ones, that they see no man but their lord."

The repulsive deformity of this woman had been wrought by oppression out of that which must have been beautiful once; for the spirit of beauty came back to her for a moment, with the passing memories that brought her long-lost treasures with them. In the brutal tragedy of a slave's experience,—a female slave in the harem of an Asian despot,—the native angel in her had been bruised, mutilated, defaced, deformed, but not quite obliterated.

Her story ended, the younger women, to whom her language had been strange, could no longer suppress their merriment, nor preserve the decorum due to her age and authority. Again

they swarmed about me like bees, plying me pertinaciously with questions as to my age, husband, children, country, customs, possessions; and presently crowned the inquisitorial performance by asking, in all seriousness, if I should not like to be the wife of the prince, their lord, rather than of the terrible Chow-che-witt.*

Here was a monstrous suggestion that struck me dumb. Without replying, I rose and shook them off, retiring with my boy into the inner chamber. But they pursued me without compunction, repeating the extraordinary question, and dragging the Malay duenna along with them to interpret my answer. The intrusion provoked me; but, considering their beggarly poverty of true life and liberty, of hopes and joys, and loves and memories, and holy fears and sorrows, with which a full and true response might have twitted them, I was ashamed to be vexed.

Seeing it impossible to rid myself of them, I promised to answer their question, on condition that they would leave me for that day. Immediately all eyes were fixed upon me.

"The prince, your lord, and the king, your Chow-che-witt, are pagans,"

* Chow-che-witt, — "Prince of life," — the supreme king.

I said. "An English, that is, a Christian, woman would rather be put to the torture, chained and dungeoned for life, or suffer a death the slowest and most painful you Siamese know, than be the wife of either."

They remained silent in astonishment, seemingly withheld from speaking by an instinctive sentiment of respect; until one, more volatile than the rest, cried, "What! not if he gave you all these jewelled rings and boxes, and these golden things?"

When the old woman, fearing to offend, whispered this test question in Malay to me, I laughed at the earnest eyes around, and said: "No, not even then. I am only here to teach the royal family. I am not like you. You have nothing to do but to play and sing and dance for your master; but I have to work for my children; and one little one is now on the great ocean, and I am very sad."

Shades of sympathy, more or less deep, flitted across the faces of my audience, and for a moment they regarded me as something they could neither convince nor comfort nor understand. Then softly repeating Poot-thoo! Poot-thoo!* they quietly left me. A minute more, and I heard them laughing and shouting in the halls.

* "Dear God! dear God!"

THE BURDEN OF THE DAY.

I.

WHO shall rise and cast away,
First, the Burden of the Day?
Who assert his place, and teach
Lighter labor, nobler speech,
Standing firm, erect, and strong,
Proud as Freedom, free as Song?

II.

Lo! we groan beneath the weight
Our own weaknesses create;
Crook the knee and shut the lip,
All for tamer fellowship;

Load our slack, compliant clay
With the Burden of the Day!

III.

Higher paths there are to tread;
Fresher fields around us spread;
Other flames of sun and star
Flash at hand and lure afar;
Larger manhood might we share,
Surer fortune, — did we dare!

IV.

In our mills of common thought
By the pattern all is wrought:
In our school of life, the man
Drills to suit the public plan,
And through labor, love, and play,
Shifts the Burden of the Day.

V.

Power of all is right of none!
Right hath each beneath the sun
To the breadth and liberal space
Of the independent race, —
To the chariot and the steed,
To the will, desire, and deed!

VI.

Ah, the gods of wood and stone
Can a single saint dethrone,
But the people who shall aid
'Gainst the puppets they have made?
First they teach and then obey:
'Tis the Burden of the Day.

VII.

Thunder shall we never hear
In this ordered atmosphere?
Never this monotony feel
Shattered by a trumpet's peal?
Never airs that burst and blow
From eternal summits, know?

VIII.

Though no man resent his wrong,
Still is free the poet's song:
Still, a stag, his thought may leap
O'er the herded swine and sheep,
And in pastures far away
Lose the Burden of the Day!

Bayard Taylor.

OLDTOWN FIRESIDE STORIES.

"MIS' ELDERKIN'S PITCHER."

"YE see, boys," said Sam Lawson, as we were gathering young wintergreen on a sunny hillside in June, — "ye see, folks don't allers know what their marcies is when they sees 'em. Folks is kind o' blinded, and when a providence comes along, they don't seem to know how to take it, and they growl and grumble about what turns out the best things that ever happened to 'em in their lives. It's like Mis' Elderkin's pitcher."

"What about Mis' Elderkin's pitcher?" said both of us in one breath.

"Did n't I never tell ye now?" said Sam; "why, I wanter know?"

No, we were sure he never had told us, and Sam, as usual, began clearing the ground by a thorough introduction, with statistical expositions.

"Wal, ye see Mis' Elderkin, she lives now over to Sherburne in about the handsomest house in Sherburne, — a high white house with green blinds and white pillars in front, — and she rides out in her own kerridge, and Mr. Elderkin, he's a deacon in the church and a colonel in the malitia, and a s'lectman, and pretty much atop everything there is goin' in Sherburne, and it all come of that are pitcher."

"What pitcher?" we shouted in chorus.

"Lordy massy! that are's jest what I'm a goin' to tell ye about; but ye see a feller's jest got to make a beginnin' to all things.

"Mis' Elderkin she thinks she's a gret lady nowadays, I s'pose, but I 'member when she was Miry Brown over here 'n Oldtown, and I used to be waitin' on her to singing-school.

"Miry and I was putty good friends along in them days, — we was putty consid'able kind o' intimate. Fact is, boys, there was times in them days when I thought whether or no I would

n't *take* Miry myself," said Sam, his face growing luminous with the pleasing idea of his former masculine attractions and privileges. "Yis," he continued, "there was a time when folks said I could a had Miry ef I'd asked her, and I putty much think so myself, but I did n't say nothin'; marriage is allers kind o' venturesome; an' Miry had such up-and-down kind o' ways, I was sort o' fraid on 't.

"But Lordy massy, boys, you must n't never tell Hepsy I said so, 'cause she'd be mad enough to bite a shingle-nail in two. Not that she sets so very gret by me neither, but then women's backs is allers up ef they think anybody else could a had you, whether they want you themselves or not.

"Ye see, Miry she was old Black Hoss John Brown's da'ter, and lived up there in that are big brown house by the meetin'-house that hes the red hollyhock in the front yard. Miry was about the handsomest gal that went into the singers' seat a Sunday.

"I tell you she wa'n't none o' your milk-and-sugar gals neither, — she was 'mazin' strong built. She was the strongest gal in her arms that I ever see. Why, I've seen Miry take up a barrel o' flour and lift it right into the kitchen, and it would jest make the pink come into her cheeks like two roses, but she never seemed to mind it a grain. She had a good strong back of her own, and she was straight as a poplar, with snapping black eyes, and I tell you there was a snap to her tongue, too. Nobody never got ahead o' Miry; she'd give every fellow as good as he sent, but for all that she was a gret favorite.

"Miry was one o' your briery, scratchy gals, that seems to catch fellers in thorns. She allers fit and flouted her beaux, and the more she fit and flouted

'em the more they'd be arter her. There wa'n't a gal in all Oldtown that led such a string o' fellers arter her, 'cause you see she'd now and then throw 'em a good word over her shoulder, and then they'd all fight who should get it, and she'd jest laugh to see 'em do it.

"Why, there was Tom Sawin, he was one o' her beaux, and Jim Moss, and Ike Bacon; and there was a Boston boy, Tom Beacon, he come up from Cambridge to rusticate with Parson Lothrop, he thought he must have his say with Miry, but he got pretty well come up with. You see he thought 'cause he was Boston born that he was kind o' aristocracy, and had a right jest to pick and choose 'mong country gals, but the way he got come up with by Miry was too funny for anything."

"Do tell us about it," we said, as Sam made an artful pause, designed to draw forth solicitation.

"Wal, ye see, Tom Beacon he told Ike Bacon about it, and Ike he told me. 'T was this way. Ye see, there was a quiltin' up to Mis' Cap'n Broad's, and Tom Beacon he was there, and come to goin' home with the gals, Tom he cut Ike out, and got Miry all to himself, and 't was a putty long piece of a walk from Mis' Cap'n Broad's up past the swamp and the stone pastur' clear up to old Black Hoss John's.

"Wal, Tom he was in high feather 'cause Miry took him, so that he did n't reelly know how to behave; and so as they was walkin' along past Parson Lothrop's apple orchard, Tom thought he'd try bein' familiar, and he undertook to put his arm round Miry. Well, if she did n't jest take that little fellow by his two shoulders and whirl him over the fence into the orchard quicker 'n no time. 'Why,' says Tom, 'the fust I knew I was lyin' on my back under the apple-trees lookin' up at the stars.' Miry, she jest walked off home and said nothin' to nobody, — it wa'n't her way to talk much about things, — and if it had n't ben for Tom Beacon himself nobody need 'a' known nothin' about it. Tom was a little fellow, you

see, and 'mazin' good-natured, and one of the sort that could n't keep nothin' to himself, and so he let the cat out o' the bag himself. Wal, there did n't nobody think the worse o' Miry. When fellers find a gal won't take saace from no man, they kind o' respect her, and then fellers allers thinks ef it had ben *them*, now, things 'd 'a' been different. That's jest what Jim Moss and Ike Bacon said; they said, why Tom Beacon was a fool not to know better how to get along with Miry, — *they* never had no trouble. The fun of it was that Tom Beacon himself was more crazy after her than he was afore, and they say he made Miry a right up-and-down offer, and Miry she jest would n't have him.

"Wal, you see that went agin old Black Hoss John's idees, — old Black Hoss was about as close as a nut and as contrairy as a pippage-tree. You ought to 'a' seen him. Why his face was all a perfect crisscross o' wrinkles. There wa'n't a spot where you could put a pin down that there wa'n't a wrinkle, and they used to say that he held on to every cent that went through his fingers till he 'd pinched it into two. You could n't say that his god was his belly, for he had n't none, no more 'n an old file; folks said that he 'd starved himself till the moon 'd shine through him.

"Old Black Hoss was awfully grouty about Miry's refusin' Tom Beacon, 'cause there was his houses and lots o' land in Boston. A drefful worldly old crittur Black Hoss John was; he was like the rich fool in the Gospel. Wal, he's dead and gone now, poor crittur, and what good has it all done him? It's as the Scriptur' says, 'He heap-eth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.'

"Miry had a pretty hard row to hoe with old Black Hoss John. She was up early and down late, and kep' everything a goin'. She made the cheese and made the butter, and between spells she braided herself handsome straw hats and fixed up her clothes; and somehow she worked it so when she

sold her butter and cheese that there was somethin' for ribbins and flowers; you know the Scriptur' says, 'Can a maid forget her ornaments?' Wal, Miry did n't. I 'member I used to lead the singin' in them days, and Miry she used to sing counter, so we sot putty near together in the singers' seats; and I used to think Sunday mornin's when she come to meetin' in her white dress and her red cheeks and her bonnet all tipped off with laylock, that 't was for all the world jest like a June sunrise to have her come into the singers' seats. Them was the days that I did n't improve my privileges, boys," said Sam, sighing deeply. "There was times that ef I'd a spoke, there's no knowin' what might n't 'a' happened, 'cause you see, boys, I was better lookin' in them days than I be now. Now you mind, boys, when you grow up, ef you get to waitin' on a nice gal, and you're 'most a mind to speak up to her, don't you go and put it off, 'cause ef you do, you may live to repent it.

"Wal, you see from the time that Bill Elderkin come and took the academy, I could see plain enough that it was time for me to hang up my fiddle. Bill he used to set in the singers' seats, too, and he would have it that he sung tenor. He no more sung tenor than a skunk blackbird, but he made b'lieve he did, jest to git next to Miry in the singers' seats, and then they used to be a writin' backward and forward to each other till they tore out all the leaves of the hymn-books, and the singin'-books besides. Wal, I never thought that the house o' the Lord was jest the place to be courtin' in, and I used to get consid'able shocked at the way things went on atween 'em. Why, they'd be a writin' all sermon-time; and I've seen him a lookin' at her all through the long prayer in a way that wa' n't right, considerin' they was both professors of religion. But, then the fact was, old Black Hoss John was to blame for it, 'cause he never let 'em have no chance to home. Ye see old Black Hoss he was sot ag'in Elderkin 'cause he was poor. You see his moth-

er, the old Widdah Elderkin, she was jest about the poorest, peakedest old body over to Sherburne, and went out to days' works, and Bill Elderkin he was all for books and larnin', and old Black Hoss John he thought it was just shiftlessness; but Miry she thought he was a genius, and she got it sot in her mind that he was goin' to be President o' the United States, or some sich.

"Wal, old Black Hoss he wa' n't none too polite to Miry's beaux in general, but when Elderkin used to come to see her he was snarlier than a saw; he had n't a good word for him no ways; and he'd rake up the fire right before his face and eyes, and rattle about fastening up the windows, and tramp up to bed and call down the chamber-stairs to Miry to go to bed, and was sort o' aggravatin' every way.

"Wal, ef folks wants to get a gal set on havin' a man, that are's the way to go to work. Miry had a consid'able stiff will of her own, and ef she did n't care about Tom Beacon before, she hated him now; and if she liked Bill Elderkin before, she was clean gone over to him now; and so she took to goin' to the Wednesday-evening lecture, and the Friday-evening prayer-meetin', and the singing-school, jest as regular as a clock, and so did he; and afterwards they allers walked home the longest way. Fathers may jest as well let their gals be courted in the house, peaceable, 'cause if they can't be courted there, they'll find places where they can be: it's jest human natur'.

"Wal, come fall Elderkin he went to college up to Brunswick; and then I used to see the letters as regular up to the store every week, comin' in from Brunswick, and old Black Hoss John he see 'em too, and got a way of droppin' on 'em in his coat-pocket when he come up to the store, and folks used to say that the letters that went into his coat-pocket did n't get to Miry. Anyhow, Miry she says to me one day, says she, 'Sam, you're up round the post-office a good deal,' says she. 'I wish if you see any letters for me, you'd jest bring 'em along.' I see right into it,

and I told her to be sure I would; and so I used to have the carryin' of great thick letters every week. Wal, I was waitin' on Hepsy along about them times, and so Miry and I kind o' sympathized. Hepsy was a pretty gal, and I thought it was all best as 't was; any way, I knew I could n't get Miry, and I could get Hepsy, and that made all the difference in the world.

"Wal, that next winter old Black Hoss was took down with rheumatism, and I tell you if Miry did n't have a time on 't! He wa' n't noways sweet tempered when he was well; but come to be crooked up with the rheumatis and kep' awake nights, it seemed as if he was determined there should n't nobody have no peace so long as he could n't.

"He'd get Miry up and down with him night after night a makin' her heat flannels and vinegar, and then he'd jaw and scold so that she was eeny-most beat out. He would n't have nobody set up with him, though there was offers made. No, he said Miry was his daughter, and 't was her bisness to take care on him.

"Miry was clear worked down; folks kind o' pitied her. She was a strong gal, but there's things that wears out the strongest. The worst on 't was it hung on so. Old Black Hoss had a most amazin' sight o' constitution. He'd go all down to death's door, and seem hardly to have the breath o' life in him, and then up he'd come ag'in! These 'ere old folks that nobody wants to have live allers hev such a sight o' wear in 'em, they jest last and last; and it really did seem as if he'd wear Miry out and get her into the grave fust, for she got a cough with bein' up so much in the cold, and grew thin as a shadder. 'Member one time I went up there to offer to watch jest in the spring o' the year, when the laylocks was jest a buddin' out, and Miry she come and talked with me over the fence, and the poor gal she fairly broke down and sobbed as if her heart would break a tellin' me her trouble.

"Wal, it reelly affected me more to have Miry give up so than most gals, 'cause she'd allers held her head up, and had sich a sight o' grit and resolution, but she told me all about it.

"It seems old Black Hoss he wa' n't content with worryin' on her, and gettin' on her up nights, but he kep' a hectorin' her about Bill Elderkin, and wantin' on her to promise that she would n't hev Bill when he was dead and gone, and Miry she would n't promise, and then the old man said she should n't have a cent from him if she did n't, and so they had it back and forth. Everybody in town was sayin' what a shame 't was that he should sarve her so; for though he hed other children, they was married and gone, and there wa' n't none of them to do for him but jist Miry.

"Wal, he hung on till jest as the pyns in the front yard was beginnin' to blow out, and then he began to feel he was a goin', and he sent for Parson Lothrop to know what was to be done about his soul.

"'Wal,' says Parson Lothrop, 'you must settle up all your worldly affairs; you must be in peace and love with all mankind, and if you 've wronged anybody you must make it good to 'em.'

"Old Black Hoss he bounced right over in his bed with his back to the minister.

"'The Devil!' says he, 't will take all I've got.' And he never spoke another word, though Parson Lothrop he prayed with him, and did what he could for him.

"Wal, that night I sot up with him, and he went off 'tween two and three in the mornin', and I laid him out regular. Of all the racks o' bone I ever see, I never see a human crittur so poor as he was. 'T wa' n't nothin' but his awful will kep' his soul in his body so long as it was.

"We had the funeral in the meetin'-house a Sunday, and Parson Lothrop he preached a sarmon on contentment on the text, We brought nothin' into the world, and it's sartin we can carry

nothin' out, and having food and raiment, let us be therewith content. Parson Lothrop he got round the subject about as handsome as he could; he did n't say what a skinflint old Black Hoss was, but he talked in a gineral way about the vanity o' worryin' an' scrapin' to heap up riches. Ye see Parson Lothrop he could say it all putty easy, too, 'cause since he married a rich wife he never had no occasion to worry about temporal matters, and folks allers preaches better on the vanity o' riches when they's in tolerable easy circumstances. Ye see when folks is pestered and worried to pay their bills and don't know where the next dollar's to come from, it's a great temptation to be kind o' valoooin' riches, and mebbe envyin' those that's got 'em; whereas when one's accounts all pays themselves, and the money comes jest when its wanted regular, a body feels sort o' composed like, and able to take the right view o' things, like Parson Lothrop.

"Wal, after 'sermon the relations all went over to the old house to hear the will read, and as I was kind o' friend with the family I jest slipped in along with the rest.

"Squire Jones he had the will, and so when they all got sot round all solemn, he broke the seals and unfolded it, cracklin' it a good while afore he begun, and it was so still you might a heard a pin drop when he begun to read. Fust, there was the farm and stock, he left to his son John Brown over in Sherburne. Then there was the household stuff and all them things, spoons and dishes, and beds and kiverlids and so on, to his da'ter Polly Blanchard. And then, last of all, he says,

he left to his da'ter Miry *the pitcher that was on the top o' the shelf in his bedroom closet.*

"That are was an old cracked pitcher that Miry allers had hated the sight of, and spring and fall she used to beg her father to let her throw it away; but no, he would n't let her touch it, and so it stood gatherin' dust.

"Some on 'em run and handed it down, and it seemed jest full o' scourin'-sand and nothin' else, and they handed it to Miry.

"Wal, Miry she was wrathly then. She did n't so much mind bein' left out in the will, 'cause she expected that, but to have that are old pitcher poked at her so sort o' scornful was more 'n she could bear.

"She took it and gin it a throw across the room with all her might, and it hit ag'in the wall and broke into a thousand bits, when out rolled hundreds o' gold pieces; great gold eagles and guineas flew round the kitchen jest as thick as dandelions. I tell you, she scabbled 'em up pretty quick and we all helped her.

"Come to count 'em over, Miry had the best fortin of the whole, as 't was right and proper she should. Miry she was a sensible gal, and she invested her money well; and so, when Bill Elderkin got through his law studies he found a wife that could make a nice beginning with him. And that's the way, you see, they came to be doin' as well as they be.

"So, boys, you jest mind and remember an' allers see what there is in a providence afore you quarrel with it, 'cause there's a good many things in this world turns out like Mis' Elderkin's pitcher."

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

A VIRGINIAN IN NEW ENGLAND THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE author of the journal, the printing of which will begin in the next number of the Atlantic, was Mr. Lucian Minor, a gentleman of Virginia. I use the word *gentleman* rather than *native*, because his private papers, which have been confided to me, have left on my mind so strong an impression of sweetness, constancy, good sense, and that liberality of sentiment which comes of unselfish aims and generous culture. These papers came to me in a condition which touched my heart strangely in more ways than one. The records of a singularly peaceful life, and of a character gentle and affectionate beyond the common mark, they show here and there rude traces of the war in which Virginia bore so tragic a part. Leaves have been roughly torn out, and on a blank one there is scrawled in a coarse hand: "To-day heard the Yankees were in three or four miles of the city." Some of the papers show marks of exposure to the weather, and all are fragmentary, except the journal, which will mainly concern us. The loss most to be regretted is perhaps an autobiography, of which only the first eight pages remain. The documents intrusted to me consist mainly of diaries containing minute notes of journeys, extracts and abstracts of books read, anecdotes of remarkable people from original sources, statistics, and historical memoranda bearing mainly upon the science of government. Mr. Minor's reading was of wholesome variety. I find him alternately beguiling the weariness of a voyage down the Ohio with a volume of Gil Blas and a History of Banking. He had a pleasant, old-fashioned liking for Virgil and Horace, some critical knowledge of Greek, could speak French, and probably read Italian. But what strikes one most is a certain humanity in him,—

an unflagging interest in men and their doings, — which made acquaintance easy and intercourse instructive. He seems to me also to have been endowed in rare measure with that Boswellian genius for observation, which knows what to observe and record, — a gift second only in value to the creative faculty itself. He had, if not humor, at least a keen sense of the comic. He was kindly, simple, and natural, the latter quality all the more remarkable in one who seems to have been somewhat morbidly given to self-examination. He had a high and constant sense of duty, whether private or public. I find it hard to express, without seeming to exaggerate, the pervading sentiment of *engagingness*, of affectionate sympathy, awakened in me by this tattered record of a useful, honorable, and yet, in the ordinary sense, obscure life. Mr. Minor's brother* writes of him: "Of the character of my brother perhaps it is scarce fitting that I should speak. Indeed, I fear to trust myself, although I should only reiterate the expressions of esteem and veneration which accompany his name whenever it is mentioned in the wide circle by whom in his lifetime he was known and loved. During the larger part of his life he was not a believer in the religion of Christ, his faith having been early sapped by the insidious sophistries of Gibbon and Hume; but to human observation his conduct towards his fellow-men was so pure and yet so unostentatious that even calumny itself was shamed into silence, if not approval. An active and prominent member of an active profession, and taking an earnest and leading part in most of the movements for the amelioration of society amongst us, I know not that his conduct or motives were in any single instance assailed or sus-

* John B. Minor, Esq., Professor of Law in the University of Virginia.

pected. This stainless purity of outward morality was in his latter days crowned with a rejoicing faith in the Saviour whom once he neglected, and he died in the 'comfort of a reasonable, holy, and religious hope' of a glorious immortality."

Mr. Minor was born on the 24th of April, 1802, in the county of Louisa, the fifth of nine children, four daughters, and five sons. His family was of Dutch origin. Of his boyhood he is himself the best historian in the fragment of autobiography before mentioned. It is, I think, like his journals, of real value as affording authentic glimpses of modes of life almost as deeply lost in the dark background of time as those of the *Odyssey*.

"OUTLINE OF MY LIFE.

"Our parents were severe disciplinarians, using the rod much too often, with all except the youngest child. Most of us, if not all, had learned to read at four years old, our father's heart being set upon seeing us forward in books, and himself teaching us that far. Nay, he taught most of us also writing, geography, and arithmetic, though he was liberal in sending us to school. His own knowledge had been mainly self-acquired, and was not extensive or thorough. But he was diligent, regular, and most exact in his teachings. His usage was to assemble those who were of the learning age in his dining-room (which was also parlor), every morning immediately after rising from bed. They were to appear properly washed and combed, and to say two lessons before breakfast, under pain of eating no butter at that meal, but only bread and milk. This penalty was greatly dreaded, and doubtless contributed much to make us most inordinate lovers of butter. Besides this, any great shortcoming in a lesson, whether through indolence or stupidity, was visited with hard blows; and then, if the delinquent cried, whimpered, or pouted, a whipping was inevitable. Great errors, I humbly think; though, in spite of them, regularity and

steadiness in the teachings made the system very successful. Our father was an excellent reader, and an excellent teacher both of reading and spelling. His little domestic school went on as unfailingly as the sun, no matter what company he had; and his hospitality was on the freest Virginia scale, — only there was no dissipation.

"From four to nearly six I was an irregular pupil of one Carr M'G., a brutal tyrant employed as a teacher in the neighborhood for three years. Nothing that I ever heard or read of in schools kept by Englishmen exceeded the barbarities of this wretch towards the boys and girls placed under his care. The terror he inspired often neutralized the effect of his instructions, and made children pass for dunces who afterwards proved themselves to have good minds. I was little subject to him, and suffered nothing from his cruelty; indeed, used great license of tongue towards him. How his scholars once exulted at a feat of mine! He condescended to a game of snow-balling with them; and I, enclosing a thick piece of ice in a little snow, threw it with all my childish strength at his face. It struck him in a tender part of the neck, and gave him great pain.

"In the years of M'G.'s school our father still kept up his own system at home, — those lessons before breakfast; and some boarders there, as well as his own children, shared them. He continued this in after years, so long as any of his children were of a fit age to learn from him. The boys who were large enough to feed hogs, sheep, etc., had that to do in winter before beginning their two lessons.

"Our grandmother (Mrs. Elizabeth Minor) lived with her maiden daughter Elizabeth, at her deceased husband's old seat, Topping Castle, on the North Anna, in Caroline, — having a plantation of some hundreds of acres, cultivated by ten or fifteen slaves, thirty miles from us. She had no overseer but a faithful old mulatto named Jack Overton, who (by her husband's will)

was to be free at her death if he should behave well. Our father used to ride down regularly once a month to see her, and to see that things went right on her farm, commonly staying at least a day; and this duty he steadily kept up till her death, in November, 1811, — a small sample of his energy and activity, though rheumatism had made him a cripple from boyhood in the left leg and hand, which were shrunk and bent so as to be nearly useless.

"My first great grief was parting with my elder brother, William, whom, late in 1807, our father sent to Kentucky with the Rev. John Todd, an emigrating Presbyterian clergyman of much piety but little good sense, to remain five years for education. The boy was aged but ten or eleven. The step proved to be a grievous mistake. Immediately after, my father placed me behind him on horseback and carried me to Topping Castle, where I stayed near two months under care of his mother and sister, — Aunt Betsy, as we all called her. The latter was, I am nearly tempted to say, the wisest woman I ever knew. She came little short, in practical good sense, of Miss Edgeworth's theoretical. Indeed, when Miss E. afterwards became known to me through her works, her chief merit was that she perpetually reminded me of my aunt. During that visit the latter told me stories of Miss E.'s, and from 'Sandford and Merton,' impressing their morals upon me as could not else have been done. Many most valuable lessons are owing to those two months. She was at once kind, gentle, rational, and firm, in happier combination than any other person ever known to me. The visit and the lessons were shared by my cousin, Betty Goodwin (now wife of Dr. Joseph W. Pendleton), one or two years older than I. Our families long remembered many diverting quarrels between us.

"'Uncle Jack' (so the old head man was called by us young fry) used to come to the door of his old mistress's apartment about daybreak every morning, — while her fire was making by

another negro man, — to report what had been done the day before on the farm, and to get her directions and give his counsel about what should be done on that day. I usually slept in her room; and I retain a distinct remembrance of the respectful tone and manner with which, standing in the doorway, he uncovered his gray locks and half-bald crown, and said, 'Mistis, here I am, madam.' Sometimes it was 'Mistis, I'm come to insult you' (consult you).

"On returning home in March, 1808, I had begun to write joining-hand. A practice then commenced made me ever after note and remember the current years, so that I know the year of any event at all momentous in my own life. At the foot of every page in my copy-book I was taught by my father and elder sisters to *write the day of the month and the year*. Methinks it has also much aided my study of historical chronology.

"Two years were now spent at home, in learning further to read and write, with geography and light farm-work. My brothers and I were brought up to labor a good deal, though not very regularly, with our father's negroes, who were fifteen or twenty in number, men, women, and children. My work was such as planting corn, thinning it, hay-making, picking up and *shocking* wheat in harvest, treading out wheat,* picking out cotton from the bolls, shucking corn, burning brush when new ground was cleared, etc., etc. I was also frequently sent on errands (riding or walking) about the neighborhood, and at seven or eight years old, often 'went to mill,' i. e. rode on a bag holding two and a half or three bushels of corn thrown across a horse, to a mill five miles off, and returned with the meal in like manner. The 'mill boys' assembled at the mill used to have rare and rich sports, while waiting for their

* "Threshing-machines were then almost unknown. Wheat was trodden out by horses. It was laid in a circular bed around the hard barn-yard, and boys were made to ride one horse and lead one or two others over it, round and round, for six or eight hours."

'turns' of corn to be ground. About the same time I was made feeder of my father's sheep, numbering twenty-one or twenty-two. My business was, every morning and evening to find and count them in the pasture, to pen them under shelter in bad weather, and to feed them with fodder or corn.

"It is said that shepherds of large flocks know every sheep by its features, though there be hundreds. This is credible to me, for I knew every one of my little flock. The ram gave me special cause to know *him*; he twice butted me over, when he was pleased to think me too slow in feeding.

"Farmer Minor's sons were thrown much into association with negroes in their various employments. It was so in a somewhat similar, though not often equal degree, with the sons of other farmers in that neighborhood who were equally wealthy. He was rather noted for the hardihood in which he brought up his sons. Running races, wrestling, and fighting with negro boys of our own size, were frequent practices. One Sunday I had a severe fight with Adam, a boy of my father's rather older than I. My face received scratches, which striped it for several days. My father was absent. My dread of his knowing what had happened was extreme; but he passed it over in silence. Adam and I had other encounters which left the mastery doubtful.

"Such a life may well be supposed to have given bodily hardihood, and some forms of mental strength, especially when intermingled with reading books like Sandford and Merton. It gave adroitness in shifting for ourselves amid difficulties, — a low sort of *savoir faire*. And, by sending us much into the fields and woods, it made us observant of nature in some respects. Before eight years of age I knew all the trees common in our woods. A little instruction might have informed me of the names and connections of most plants. Many of the names I did know.

"In January, 1810, an Englishman

(Phillips) was employed to teach a school in our neighborhood; but soon becoming dissatisfied, he absconded in a few weeks. The school-house was of pine logs, covered with riven slabs of pine, having a chimney made with billets of wood piled upon each other and daubed with clay, a dirt floor, and *no glass window!*

"About March a worthy Scotchman, Martin Robertson, who had married and long lived in the neighborhood, was employed to teach in the same house. He was one of the best teachers I ever had, — improving me in geography, writing, some arithmetical tables, the use of the dictionary, and habits of thought, more than any schoolmaster ever did. His only instrument of correction was a leather strap an inch wide and two feet long, slit into several fingers at one end. With this he struck the extended palm of an offender once, twice, or more; seldom above twice. Yet, efficient and liked as he was as a teacher, we once formed a conspiracy and *turned him out*; that is, taking advantage of his going to dinner half a mile off, we nailed boards across the door so as to bar it effectually. But his first decided summons made the hearts of our leaders quail, and they tore down the bars as manfully as they had put them up. What we designed to extort was holiday for a few days. He taught only six months.

"The next year (1811) my teacher was Mr. John B. Duke of Hanover. Father's mistaken ambition set me to learn Latin, though not nine years old. He promised to give me a copy of Plutarch's Lives, if I would get through Cæsar that year. The course was Rudiman's Grammar, Cordery's Colloquies, Erasmus's ditto, Cornelius Nepos, and Cæsar. I got through, and obtained Plutarch, of whom I had read a volume the previous year, in lessons at home, with vast pleasure. Mr. Duke made us parse every word in Cordery and Erasmus, and held us bound to parse any in the other books which he might call on us to parse. Though we

called it going *through* the books, we did not read half of any. For example, we read but four books of Caesar's Gallic War. My classmate was Andrew Winston, several years older than I, and of a far better memory, in other faculties not superior. Never can I forget the utter mystification that overcame me when we began to parse. I had learned the grammar pretty well, and Cordery was put into my hands."

Here, unhappily, the narrative abruptly ends, its remaining pages having been, perhaps, fired into space as cartridge-paper by some Virginia volunteer. There is enough, however, to give us the notion of a wholesome kind of training, in which study is oxygenated with a fair mixture of fresh air from wood and field. From the journal of a Western tour in 1836 I glean an allusion to another of Mr. Minor's teachers, the more gladly as it illustrates the sweetness of the author's character. The date is

"LOUISVILLE, 8th December, 1836.

"As we sat, a carriage was heard at the door, and then a knock. A gentleman entered who told Dr. C. that, in looking over the register of guests at the Galt House, he had seen the name of Mr. Minor of Virginia, and, learning that he was here, had taken a hack and come to see him. The gentleman said he was an early acquaintance of mine, and had often seen me at his grandfather's, old Mr. Morton's, when we were children, and he had come to see me for 'auld lang syne,' though his place was taken in the stage by which he was to proceed that night to his home near Frankfort. Name, William Robinson. I soon recollected him as the son of wellnigh my earliest instructor, Martin R., a good Scotchman whose teachings of twenty-six years ago I still remember with pleasure and gratitude. The twenty-five minutes which my old acquaintance could stay were spent in a crowd of inquiries after our common friends, and he then took his leave with a cordial invitation to

me to visit him. Such an instance of kind remembrance in one whom I knew very slightly, and had not seen since my eleventh year, was of course very gratifying, and Dr. C. said it 'was extra-or-di-na-ry, such,' added he, 'as only a Kentuckian would practise.'"

Mr. Minor never received any collegiate education, but "completed his law studies in 1823 at the Law School of the College of William and Mary, then under the charge of the late Judge Semple." He soon afterwards removed to Mooresville in Northern Alabama. From a journal kept on the road thither for his mother I select a few passages illustrative of manners. The journey was of course made on horseback.

"BUCKINGHAM, 20th November, 1823.

"The house where I am resting tonight is twenty-nine miles from Cartersville, and forty-two from Dr. Kean's, whence you know I came this morning. *Buck N*— (as he is styled by his familiars), the owner of this shabby and ill-furnished mansion, is gone to a wedding not far off. I am entertained by his wife and three ragged, boisterous, ill-taught boys. Much has been said of the wealth of Buckingham; but my road (except a few miles along Willis's River) has lain through a region of poverty that would scandalize Louisa, if not Fluvanna. Willis's River (or creek, a stream much smaller than the South Anna) presents some traces of commercial enterprise; a dismantled lock intended to aid navigation is to be seen. . . . I am very gracious with two drunken clowns here; one of whom says he has a brother (a Major —) in Nashville, a lawyer of high standing and quite a great man. He offers me a letter of introduction, but is too tipsy now to write it, even if the house afforded the means, which, I suspect, it does not. The other tippler is a genuine specimen of the tavern soaker and bully, looking so mean that I really have some scruples about sleeping in the same room with him, which, however, is to be the arrangement for the

night. At Cartersville I bought an umbrella and a very cheap (though coarse) plaid cloak, giving for the former three dollars and for the latter eight dollars."

"23d November.

"The house where I have now stopped (to breakfast) is kept by a worthy Dutchman, whose wife has just been waiting on me at table. She is a tidy, sociable, communicative dame. A Dutch almanac is by me; on asking her if any of the family can read it, she tells me her husband can, as fluently as English. He is, however, the sole member of the household that does understand that tongue. He teaches it to none of his children, nor to his wife. One instance this of the general fact that these industrious and thriving people are letting fall the peculiarities which distinguish them from the mass of our population, and merging fast in the characteristics of those among whose settlements they are embosomed. We may hope that, while they acquire the alert spirits and brisk intelligence of their British-sprung neighbors, they will impart to these latter a portion of the sturdy and thrifful virtues which make their own characters."

"DR. JOHNSON'S, NEAR SALEM, BOTETOURT CO.,
Same day, night.

"Unlooked for, my dear mother! I have a philosopher, a man of some sense and very considerable information, for my landlord. I have all the way been wishing for somebody in whom I might find a congenial spark of scholarship, and was attracted hither chiefly by the title prefixed to the name of my present host. But I expected little more than a dry, technical pedant, with whom I could discuss the Greek derivations of some of the terms in his own science, talk of the treatises and opinions of Dr. Rush upon education, politics, crimes, and punishments, or deliberate on the comparative merits of the Baltimore and Philadelphia universities. Now, instead of all this,—instead of a mind cramped within the nutshell limits of his single profession,

—Dr. J. has shown a fund of general and practical knowledge, which he dispenses so as to convey both pleasure and advantage. He has travelled much; seems to know a great deal of the world from experience; and is perfect master of all the little rules and means, relating both to moral conduct and bodily shifting or management, by which a traveller should act in the various emergencies of his tour. The accommodations of his house are more completely comfortable than any I have ever seen; and his supper is so good,* that I am determined to adopt his advice (interested, perhaps), and stay to breakfast in the morning. Hitherto the sun has never risen without finding me on horseback: I must infringe the custom for once.

"It is now half past ten at night; yet 'sleep, gentle sleep, has not weighed my eyelids down,' so pleasant has the colloquy with mine host been. . . . He has shown me a book (and I have read almost half through it) called 'Inside out,' written by a *lawyer* who was confined in the Penitentiary at Auburn, New York! It is a strong and sensible production, pointing out with infinite justness and force the inefficacy of penitentiary discipline (as it is usually settled) for all the ends of punishment; nay, its positive mischievousness, by answering no other end than to give raw and inexperienced culprits opportunities of improving themselves under the lessons of hardened veterans in crime. His remedy is *solitary confinement*; and a total prohibition of all intercourse between the convicts when labor or meals necessarily bring them together."

"24th November.

"Most of my ride, yesterday and to-day, was through the great valley. The Dutch inhabiting it are said to have crept down gradually from their settlement, in Pennsylvania; and the land, though generally rich, being too far from market to offer seducing attractions to any but the children of sober

"* I cannot be always Cornaro, you see."

industry, these plain and steady people had few competitors for the spots that best suited their interests and their peculiar taste. It is curious to see how uniformly they choose for the site of their dwellings the very lowest part of the valley; usually but a few feet above the creeping brook or the rushing torrent, to which their meadows serve as margin. Their habitations are surpassingly neat in outward appearance; the greater part, even of the two-storied buildings, are of logs, chinked with stones, then crammed smoothly, and the mortar whitewashed. Such is the house where I now am. It is larger and more roomy than our house.

"My landlord is a Mr. Havens (recommended to me by Dr. Johnson), a most ingenious, and even scientific mechanic. He has shown me an improved loom, for which he has a patent; and a corn-shelling machine, which has circulated extensively in Virginia, able to shell one hundred ears in a minute. I am much taken with a very simple machine for paring apples, by which fifty may be pared in a minute. I could make one, methinks, with a little more skill in handling the needful tools.

"There are two uncommonly interesting lodgers with me here: a poor man who has lost both eyes, by an explosion of gunpowder in blasting rock; and his niece, a girl about twelve or thirteen years old, who guides him wherever he goes. The eyeballs are either lost entirely from the sockets, or hidden by the closing of the lids, which are spread as smoothly over the seats of vision as if no balls had ever been there. The sufferer seems cheerful, and has manifested in several instances to me that increased acuteness of other senses (his feeling and hearing) generally consequent upon the loss of the principal one. There is a caravan of wild beasts exhibiting through this part of the country. The blind man heard me speak of them, and with great apparent solicitude inquired if I had seen the bear? My host informed me that the bear had been once in the poor fellow's custody, and that a very strong mutual attachment

had subsisted between them. No absent brother could have been asked after with more earnest tokens of affection than Bruin by his quondam keeper. The poor fellow seems to have taken a sort of liking to me; from something, perhaps, in the tone of my voice, which may have betrayed to his nice ear what I certainly felt, — no small compassion for his misfortunes. He gave a singular and somewhat embarrassing token of this partiality at supper (which we partook of along with our host's family, six or eight in number) by begging that I would put his food into his plate for him. As you may suppose, I sat by him, and was assiduous enough in my attentions; flattered by such a confidence, which preferred me, a total stranger, even to the niece, whose fidelity and affection to him seemed great as any daughter could have shown."

"25th November.

"On reaching this (Mr. Trigg's) tavern, two gentlemen were talking politics in the bar-room; their immediate topic, the Presidential election. One of them is a rather short, thickly set person, in a gray cloth coat and corduroy *inexpressibles*, with a hat (which, traveller-like, he wears in the house) cased in a green silk oilcloth, — a Baltimore merchant going on some speculative tour to the Southwest. I cannot tell plainly who is his favorite candidate, but it *seems* to be General Jackson. The other was zealous for Crawford, whose pretensions he advocated with great fluency, if not force.

"General Jackson went from here to-day; and I met him, but without knowing him. He has gone on to Washington to take his seat as Senator from Tennessee, — a post assigned him by his devoted countrymen, with a view, as is supposed, of forwarding his chance for the Presidency, by putting him in a prominent and central point before the nation's eyes. He is accompanied by several gentlemen; among them, Major Eaton, who, from what I hear, is a sort of toad-eater — humble companion — to *Old Hickory*.

"Hitherto I have travelled alone, and at first I preferred doing so. The 'feast of feeling' which one enjoys sometimes in rich exuberance among the wild scenes of nature is liable to be marred by having to share it, to talk of it, to analyze it, to a companion. He may not sympathize, he may not taste the banquet so relishingly as you do; and then he is sure to think you an enthusiastic raver, while you are just as sure to despise *him* as a senseless dolt. And these are unkind feelings which at once take largely from the purity of your enjoyment. But I am now sated with a solitary admiration of sylvan and montane beauties, and for a day or two have longed for converse with some one on subjects not directly before my eyes. I have a prospect of being gratified. The Baltimorean is bound for Nashville; our routes lie for three hundred miles together; and Mr. Crawford (who has ascertained these particulars) has negotiated between us a treaty of amity and companionship. By the by, he knows not, any more than I do, the name of my new comrade; but he has got it settled between us that we shall set out together early in the morning, and go fourteen miles to breakfast."

"SEVEN MILE FORD, WASHINGTON CO.,
(SCOTT'S TAVERN,) November 26th.

"I like my new acquaintance right smartly. The main objection to him is that his horse has been slightly foun-dered, so that he cannot quite keep pace with my 'bay mare, Meg, — a better never lifted leg.' However, we have come thirty-four miles to-day. He stayed at Dr. Johnson's a night or two before I did. We have been comparing notes on the doctor's character, conversation, and fare. The last we agree is unrivalled; but as to his conversation, it turns out that he travelled over exactly the same ground with both of us, — led us along the same paths, — and studiously visited every border, from which with premeditated cleverness he plucked only the flowers that he had by habit familiar-

ized to his hand. To drop metaphor, the honest doctor, it appears, has a fixed set of themes of discourse, which he introduces to two (and therefore, by a natural inference, to many) different guests, entertaining them with the same routine of confabulation, as with the same succession of dishes. If our surmise be right, he much resembles Ephraim Jenkinson, who had but one scrap of learning for all comers; and when he had done with Manetho and Berosus and cosmogony, his stock was exhausted. I wish yet it may be otherwise with my friend the doctor.

"This morning was a very cold, frosty one, suitable to the season. A mile or two from our starting-place we came to a large creek, its banks edged with ice. Just at the same time there came to the opposite side an old woman (of sixty, at least, to appearance), leading a mean *tackey*, on which was strapped a large bundle of wearing-apparel and other luggage, too large to leave any room for her to ride. She halted at the water's edge and was going, though with some hesitation, to wade through the ford where it was more than knee-deep. I called to her to wait; and whipping over to her, proffered to lead her horse over, and pointed up the stream to a hammock, where I thought she could cross dry-shod. She gave me her horse, which I led over and secured upon the other side: then, looking for her, I beheld her, with clothes raised up to her knees, wading the creek just above the ford. The water reached more than half-way to her knees, was rapid and cold; yet she strode through it as unflinchingly as I would have done in midsummer. Her brawny legs looked red as a Bermuda potato: they were seemingly of the hardest muscle and sinews, and fully as large in the calf as mine; which (if you know it not) are no spindles, madam, I assure you. My travelling companion waited till my service to the old lady was rendered; and then complimented me upon my gallantry, with a very diverting mixture of banter and gravity in his countenance."

"GAINES'S, SULLIVAN CO., TENN.,
November 28th, Night.

"We are now within five miles of the Boatyard (called also Kingsport and Rossville, from David Ross, its founder), at the head of navigation on Holston River. Even that high, the passage of boats is very precarious, limited almost entirely to the downward course, and for this they are obliged to wait for a flood in the river. It has been now six months or more since there was a sufficient tide to carry them over the numerous shoals, rocks, and obstacles of various kinds, that present themselves between the Boat-Yard and the Muscle Shoals,—a distance of five hundred miles. These boats are an important, almost the staple, production of this fertile but rugged and sequestered region. They are flat-bottomed, of huge dimensions, capable of carrying 300 or 400 bales of cotton (which weigh 300 pounds each), and covered over for at least half their length with plank. This top is shaped, not like the roof of a house, but rather like that of a carriage. This ark is of very rude structure; and when finished, is loaded with flour, apples, onions, bacon, corn, plank, and scantling, and started down the river under the conduct of but three boatmen (a steersman and two rowers). At Ditto's Landing (opposite Huntsville), Triana (where S. Ragland lives), Mooresville, Cottonport, and other settlements along the river, the cargo is sold off on the best terms practicable, and then the boat itself is disposed of to a planter for \$60 or \$70, to be freighted with cotton for New Orleans; or else the same hands hire it and themselves to run down to that city by the February or March flood,—the load varying from 300 to 400 bales. At New Orleans, when emptied of its last cargo, the boat is sold as firewood and lumber, being never intended or able to go up the stream again; for its clumsiness makes it little better than a log in the water.

"Here, to-night, is a man whose trade it is to build these boats; from him I have gathered my chief knowl-

edge of them. He has been down the river sundry times; even to Mooresville, where he has seen my brother William. He interests me, too, by another circumstance. A few weeks ago my two cousins, R. Tompkins and George Temple, stopped at the Boat-Yard where he was working, their money out, and they a good deal jaded, you may suppose, with their long walk. R. could find no employment in his line,—teaching school,—but G. at once obtained work from my informant; and well did he work, till he made money enough to enable them both to prosecute their journey. R. rendered himself so acceptable by his good sense and modesty, that his board cost him nothing hereabouts. The man hits off G.'s character to a 4, by saying that "as for George, he was neither ashamed nor afraid to say anything to anybody,"—a character the most fascinating of all to the rowdy population of this country. And he was accordingly, as I could plainly see, a prodigious favorite.

"We have encountered immense droves of hogs, going into your part of Virginia. At Squire or Captain Goodson's, where we breakfasted this morning (by the by, it was our last stopping-place in my native State), were two droves of 700 or 800 each; and yesterday we met two others as numerous. For a week past I have met two or perhaps three of these hordes daily. We have a band of hog-drivers from Kentucky for our messmates to-night, bound eastwardly with I don't know how many hundreds. Yet these apparently overflowing supplies are, as the people on the road say, much smaller than usual! You certainly cannot suffer by a scarcity of bacon. One of the drivers here is a hulking, bully-like fellow, but merrily disposed, with whom I am all of a sudden very intimate. He swears I am a d—d—, but it will look like vanity if I repeat his compliments.

"Our entertainer to-night is Captain Gaines, a cousin of General Edmund P. Gaines. He is a favorable specimen of the Tennessee men, tall and com-

manding in his mien, frank, manly, and dignified in his sentiments. I hardly know how to treat him as an innkeeper. That calling, however, has no manner of discredit in the estimation of these Western people, whether Virginians or Tennesseans. The Congressman from the Campbell (Virginia) district is, at home, a simple Boniface; and (God willing) we shall to-morrow break our fast at the house of Joseph McMinn, late Governor of Tennessee, now keeper of a plain but reputable 'hostelry' ten miles hence. Our regular breakfasting distance is fifteen miles; but as a man who, after filling with credit and popularity the supreme magistracy of a sovereign State, has retired into one of the humblest walks of private life, is really worth contemplating, we have determined to anticipate our usual halting-time, in order to gratify our curiosity."

"ROGERSVILLE, TENN., November 29th.

"We stopped at the worthy Ex-Governor's, and found him altogether pleasing. He is a little old man, with large, yet sunken eyes that seem to have undergone a good deal of service,—though his Excellency's brain is not very much stored with bookish treasures. He is affable, kind, and communicative. He entered very freely into political discussion; indeed, with more freedom and promptitude than intelligence. . . . Besides filling the chief magistracy of this State, Governor McM. has served it also in other capacities. He was a member of the convention which passed the State Constitution, and has been a representative in Congress. He is now agent or resident envoy with the Cherokee Indians south of Holston and French Broad Rivers. It is a singular spectacle to see a man, who has occupied such high and varied stations, bustling about a tavern at once as landlord, barkeeper, and head waiter, administering entertainment to guests of every degree. My companion desired the 'Governor' to give him a basin of water and a towel, asking me slyly, while the honest gentleman was obeying the order, *if that was*

not sublime? . . . This is indeed a country where the democratic spirit of liberty and equality prevails to the utmost extent. I already see, or think I see, a bolder, loftier carriage in ordinary men. Every one seems to feel himself an efficient member of the body politic. No free male citizen being excluded from a vote in the choice of lawgivers and governors, every one takes an interest in the acts of those public servants; and you hear proceedings of the Legislature and other political matters canvassed by men whose appearance would, amongst us, bespeak them both unknowing and careless of the most important public concerns. It would surprise you to see the warm and active feelings of these people in regard to the Presidential election. Of the Louisa people, I believe not a tenth part, even of the freeholders, have yet bestowed a thought or experienced a wish upon the subject. In Tennessee, every heart is roused, every tongue is busy; old and young, male and female,—all look anxiously forward to the result; all wish, and would fight for (if need be) the success of Jackson. Never, surely, were a people so nearly unanimous. The citizens of Sevier County met the other day to express sentiments and adopt resolutions in favor of their hero. The votes were taken, when there were for Clay 3, for Crawford 2, for Adams 1, for Calhoun *none*, for Jackson between 600 and 700! So hot are they on this point that to deny J.'s superior claims to the post in dispute seems to be considered a sort of treason; and even to say he will not succeed is looked on as a high misdemeanor; either offence, however, luckily being deemed more worthy of pity than of punishment, by reason of the absurdity it is supposed to involve.

"The further westward I go, the more indubitable appears J.'s election. The people are daily receiving accounts of his increasing popularity to the North and East,—accounts furnished by newspapers favorable to him in those quarters. They possibly speak

as much from what they wish as from what they know to be the case."

"November 30th.

"To-day we passed Bean's Station, or Oresville, a noted point where the great leading road to Kentucky, over Cumberland and Clinch Mountains, turns off to the right. The name *Oresville* is derived from one Ore, a countyman of ours, who used to live there (keeping a petty tavern) thirty or forty years ago, when houses of any kind were scarce as hen's teeth on the road, and when the almost unbroken forest swarmed with Indians. Ore had a bad name in Louisa; he was prosecuted, or threatened with prosecution, for some theft or robbery, and fled. Here he did not greatly amend his life. His house was in very ill repute. There is a story (it was told me by Mr. John Garth, when we came out to Kentucky in 1815) of two travellers putting up at his house to stay all night. They placed their baggage, including loaded pistols, in the bar, as is now usual. Next morning, on mounting, they found their horses lame, and stopped at a blacksmith's shop a little way along the road to have the shoes and hoofs examined and put to rights. The smith (who was an honest man) found a horse-hair so fixed in a hoof of each horse as to produce the lameness, and evidently with design. He warned the travellers that danger awaited them, and advised them to examine their pistols. Putting in the ramrods, they found, as they thought, the charges in; so was the priming. 'Draw the loads,' said the blacksmith, 'and make sure.' They screwed out the supposed loads, and found them to be wads of cotton which had been rammed down to fill the place of powder and ball. They now saw that some mischief was intended; they carefully reloaded the pistols, and, their horses being relieved, wended on their way. In a deep, shady bottom one or two miles from Ore's house, two black men, armed with rifles, suddenly sprung out before their horses and commanded them to deliver

their money. The travellers drew out their pistols, and admonished the robbers to desist. They swore they valued not the pistols a curse; the travellers might shoot and be d—d. The latter took them at their word, fired, killed one dead, and wounded the other, who retreated into the thicket, and then rode back to Ore's house to make known what had happened. The old lady (Mrs. Ore) instantly lifted up her hands, and exclaimed that *her son was killed!* And sure enough, on examining the corpse closely, it was found to be their late landlord's son, who had blackened his face, intending to pass for a negro. What became of Ore or the travellers afterwards tradition does not say. Now, there are one or two handsome houses (one of them a respectable inn) at the place; and the whole vicinage wears the aspect of peace, abundance, and civilization.

"KNOXVILLE, December 1st.

"We have adopted a new plan of travelling; taking breakfast before we set out in the morning, and riding all day without another halt. The mode answers well enough for the short winter days. From Myers's hither is but thirty-three miles. All the way from the Boat-Yard our route has been along the north side of the Holston, or Tennessee River, sometimes within eight, sometimes a mile or several miles from it. Here we shall leave it, striking more directly west, while its course is rather southwest. This is an awkward, ill-built town, the largest in East Tennessee, though containing, I believe, not over two thousand inhabitants. Mr. Jackson, our landlord, is just removing himself and his effects into a new house, entertaining us in the old, which is, consequently, in bad order for the comfortable reception of guests.

"There is a good deal of very fertile land between the Boat-Yard and Knoxville, but the want of a ready vent for its produce (it can be no other radical cause) has generated a system of miserable husbandry, more wasteful and injudicious even than that prevalent in

old Virginia, and 'that's a bold word.' For example, the tops are not cut from the corn. The blade fodder only is pulled, and that not always. A great deal of corn is yet ungathered in the fields, and as to cutting down the stalks it is never thought of. Nor is manuring for any field-crop ever, or more than by one farmer in a hundred, practised. . . . The road abounds with houses of entertainment, that look neat and even genteel; most of them are said to be as comfortable as need be. The cheapness of their bills is wonderful. For supper, lodging, breakfast, and just as much corn or oats and hay and fodder as our horses can destroy (usually half a bushel of grain and a rackful of long food), we are charged 5/3 apiece! To me, indeed, who am travelling on Tennessee money bought at twenty per cent discount, it is about sixty-nine cents! And this is my whole daily expense, except gratuities to hostlers. In the latter part of October twelvemonth, when I was going on foot (as you remember) from Old Point Comfort to Williamsburg, I paid 7/8 (specie) at the Half-way House, between Hampton and York, for supper, lodging, and breakfast.

"December 2d.

"Stopped for the night at Eskridge's, — Squire Eskridge our host is called; and far and wide is that name known; and loudly do all extol, who have ever tasted the goodness of his cheer. He has a jovial fulness of visage (with most rubicund cheeks variegated by very white teeth and sparkling black eyes) and a portly rotundity of person, that plainly betoken all the excellence of entertainment for which he is so celebrated. His stables, grain, forage, hostlers, and all, so far, are of the first order. Yet the house is a plain wooden house, not painted; nor furnished with anything like splendor. But its charm is the neatness that reigns everywhere; the goodness of the bread, butter, tea, milk, and meats; and the alertness of the host, wholly free all the while from the smallest tinge of servility. In all

my journeys here along, though I have to ride five miles over, or stop ten miles short of my regular distance, it shall go hard but I'll spend a night at Squire Eskridge's.

"The Squire is a justice of the peace. (They and lawyers are called *Squires* in this free and equal land.) He is an especial admirer of General Jackson, whom he knew almost immediately after his migration hither from South Carolina, and his commencement of the law practice. He tells us two stories of J.'s concern in civil broils. One was of a notorious bully's offering him some gross insult, presuming upon his raw, youthful look, and slender make. But Jackson soon got hold of a pistol, and, stepping up to the bully, threatened him with instant death unless he recalled the insult and apologized for it. His manner was so fiery and determined, that there was no mistaking his purpose to be death or atonement; and the fellow (whose courage was altogether of the fisticuff and gouging sort) humbly begged the young lawyer's pardon. . . . The other anecdote related to a quarrel between Jackson, after he became a militia general, and Governor Sevier. They once met, armed with pistols, on horseback, and attended each by several friends, with the avowed design of adjusting the dispute amicably; but high words arose; both parties seem to have been shy (especially the Governor, as Squire Eskridge thinks, though reputed a man of courage); and they parted without either fighting or making friends.

"Most of our road to-day has lain through a savage and barren-looking country; and more hilly than for the three preceding days.

"KIMMER'S TAVERN, December 4th.

"After paying our bill* at Mr. Clarke's, — a bill so low (*considering* what its *consideration* was) that, added

* "I arrived about eleven in the morning, took dinner, supper, breakfast, lodging, and had several pieces of linen washed; my horse all the while having just as much as he could eat. The charge was one dollar and twenty-five cents!"

to other inducements, it will almost infallibly draw me to Mr. C.'s on my return, — we ferried over Clinch River; and, twelve miles afterwards, began the ascent of Cumberland Mountain.

"About midway over the mountain is our present resting-place. The accommodations are none of the best, and, by contrast with those of Clarke, Eskridge, and Myers, seem execrable. The hostler is a white man, — a gawky, tall, long-legged gilly, whom we cannot get to rub our horses in half the style they are accustomed to. My comrade scolded at him so freely when we were in the stable on that business, that I really felt afraid the fellow would resent it with his huge fists that swing upon such long arms; but he took it all in a sort of sullen patience, not getting angry, yet not doing a whit the better for it. He can't be a thorough Tennessean, or Virginian either, or he would have given my friend hard words if nothing more.

"We have fallen in here with a member of the Tennessee Legislature (which has recently adjourned), on his way home to Sullivan County, — the one next to Virginia. He gives us several incidents of the late session. One most curious one is that the Governor of the State (General Carroll) was imprisoned for debt in Nashville, whence the Legislature had him brought, by writ of *habeas corpus*, to Murfreesborough, the seat of government, in order that he might take his constitutional share in legislation. A novel and singular instance this of the way we Americans have of making the highest bend with the lowest to the laws. The same thing might happen in Virginia. Governor McMinn told us of this same circumstance; but I waited for confirmation of it before I would enter it here.

"SPARTA, December 5th.

"Descended from the mountain some twelve or fifteen miles back. We have stopped for the night in this village, a small one, but of tolerably flourishing appearance. It has a newspaper,

as, indeed, almost every town in the West has that contains five hundred people, — a good sign, certainly, of intelligence, and a harbinger of far more rapid advancement in mind and morals than our old Virginia population can hope for, of whom not one in thirty (of the freeholders even) ever reads a newspaper.

"December 6th.

"I have come on four miles farther, to General Smart's. My host is a dry, uninteresting personage. He served with Jackson in some of his campaigns, and they say was a brave soldier. Indeed, it cannot easily happen that any one who is not brave can get high military position here, when there has been an opportunity of trying what stuff he is made of.

"PURDOM'S, December 7th.

"Setting out late, i. e. not till sunrise or a little after, from General Smart's (owing to the laziness of his servants, who could not be got to feed and dress my horse in time), I nevertheless came to Purdom's (thirteen miles) to breakfast. The condition of my beast requiring rest, I have concluded to stay all night here, the more willingly as the day is rainy. Purdom is a round, merry fellow, greatly like Dr. Morris in face and shape, though intellectually as unlike him as possible. The day has passed off heavily, notwithstanding mine host's perfect freedom from the foible of *silence*. He has given me his whole history as minutely as if he were furnishing me with materials to write his life. However, amidst the multitude of nothings he has uttered, I have gleaned some things that I would rather not have missed, as one may always do, from even the most ignorant.

"8th December.

"The landlord has made me acquainted, too, with one Mr. Rutledge, a young gentleman not yet fully licensed to practise law. His conversation is forcible and almost sparkling; his knowledge not scanty; his mind alto-

gether much above mediocrity. He has, withal, a very respectful opinion of his own powers; not such as amounts to egregious vanity, but enough to stimulate exertion and embolden him always to make the most of his mental resources. I consider just this much of self-esteem as a fortunate possession. Indeed, without it, genius wants half its due energy, and fails of more than half its proper achievements. I augur success and distinction also to this Mr. Rutledge, if no unlooked-for gust drive his bark from her course, and no unseen rock shatter or insidious whirlpool engulf him.

"MILLER'S, MADISON CO., ALABAMA,
December 9th.

"A ride of but twenty miles to-day has brought me within twenty-five miles of Huntsville. The land has been growing richer and richer as I have proceeded for the last two days, and here it is exceedingly fertile; yet still, as they tell me, less so than in the central and more southerly parts of this county and in Limestone County. Since I left Purdom's the cotton crops have been assuming quite a different character. Theretofore they existed only in *patches*, such as we cultivate in old Virginia, where each family does well to make enough for its own clothing. But as I journeyed since yesterday morning, those patches have been gradually increasing into *fields*; and I have now seen some cotton-fields of fifty, sixty, or seventy acres, perhaps even of one hundred or more. What seems odd to me; these fields are still white with cotton, which frequently remains unpicked till March or even April, when the ground is wanted to plant the next crop. I have passed some timber to-day of gigantic growth, mostly chestnut and poplar. A tree of the latter kind was so large that I am persuaded I could have rode into its hollow, if my mare had not pointedly refused to enter.

"This place is called the 'Hickory Flat,' a name somewhat descriptive of its posture and prevailing wood-growth.

It is a shabby travellers' rest. The landlord has been a representative in the State Legislature, but his absence now deprives me of the opportunity of seeing how worthy he is of that distinction. His 'woman-kind' (as Jonathan Oldbuck would call them) are my only entertainers; and they savor but little of intelligent male society.

"December 10th.

"I am now at the house of H. M., or, to give him the title here his due, *Judge Minor*.

"Setting off about sunrise from Miller's, I came to the Greenbottom Inn, kept by one Connelly or Codley, — twenty miles, — to breakfast, with such an appetite as a ride of twenty miles and the hour of noon were calculated to give. There, too, some ladies were my entertainers, who seemed to have a highly respectable degree of refinement in their appearance, manners, and *small-talk*. Their dresses I should call elegant.

"Some two hours before sunset I entered Huntsville. It is a pretty village of sixteen hundred inhabitants, with some handsome houses in and around it, though very many are merely of hewn logs, chinked with stone, and *pointed* with lime mortar, after the fashion of the *Cokees*.* In the centre of the town is the public square, measuring in each direction about one hundred and fifty yards, and having the Court House in its centre. On three of its sides this square is faced by tolerably compact rows or blocks of brick houses, occupied by merchants, mechanics, lawyers, doctors, and tavern-keepers. Without alighting, I rode nearly around it before I could find any one to tell me precisely the road to 'Judge M.'s' house; at last a gentleman gave me a very minute direction, telling me at the same time that Mrs. M. and her sister (Mrs. T.) were then in town on a visit to a Mr. Cruise. I nevertheless proceeded to my place of destination, about two miles west of the town,

* So called from their use of the archaic *Quod he.* — ED.

where I found only some of the children at home. Henry (who was my pupil a year or two since) knew me; and he was the first person I had seen since leaving Wythe Court House, that I had ever seen before. In half an hour the ladies came home and gave me a greeting so cordially polite as to refresh in no small degree my spirits, wearied by sympathy with a wearied body, and perturbed by the embarrassment anticipated from entering upon a scene so new to me. The Judge's house is built of logs in the manner above described. But the furniture is much more elegant than is commonly seen in two-story framed houses with us. Nothing is more usual here than to see a log-cabin dwelling with a splendid carriage standing under the shed of an out-house near it; and on going in, you behold a mahogany sideboard, tables, and beaufets, with superb services of china and plate, imported carpeting, etc., etc."

"FINIS.

"My travelling expenses from	
Cartersville to Huntsville . .	\$ 26.92
Deduct fees to hostlers . . .	2.25
	\$ 24.67

"Distance from our house to Huntsville, according to the reputed distances between the different stands, about six hundred and thirty miles."

A passage in a letter from Mooresville, written a year later, shows him still waiting for his books. "I will get you, if you can spare them, to have Tom Paine's works put up in the box. His Rights of Man, Civis, and Common Sense stand high in this democratic country, as indeed they must do all over the Union, and I may have a use for them if ever I scribble for the newspapers, or am elected to the Legislature, or have to make a Fourth of July speech." To his grandmother he regrets that "no opportunity has occurred of sending her some reed pipe-stems,"—from which it would ap-

pear that she was a smoker. He also mentions (what seems oddly incongruous with the region as he describes it) that "to-night the students of Green Academy perform *Julius Caesar*."

Mr. Minor remained only a year in Alabama and then returned to Virginia. He established himself as a lawyer in his native county. His evenings were given to literature, and I find him a constant contributor to the "Southern Literary Messenger," sending now a careful review of some new book, now a translation from Anacreon, and now a tale or an essay. The latter turn chiefly on some point of the minor or conventional ethics, and in their grandfatherly style, their fondness for the allegorical form, and the stately movement of their rhetoric, revive not unpleasantly confused memories of the British classics, ere literature had condescended from the grave decorums of the minuet to the whirl of the polka. They are excellent examples of what may be called domestic authorship; useful, edifying, agreeable even, only not brilliant; fit to beguile long winter evenings in the country, and to win the safe and sweet applauses of a fireside audience. Many of them seem to have been written for such household ends, and all are pleasing by their lowness of tone and the entire absence of all exaggeration or undue emphasis. Indeed, a constant reasonableness and good taste, the fine breeding of letters, characterize whatever Mr. Minor wrote, whether for his own or the general eye.

Mr. Minor, though his tastes were those of seclusion and scholarship, was led by a genial humanity of temperament to take an active share in all movements for public benefit. He took an earnest interest in education, the reform of prison discipline, of the law, of politics. He led the forlorn hope of temperance in his native county, riding often thirty miles in summer heat or winter storm to make addresses in behalf of an unpopular good. In May, 1835, I find him teaching Elisha, a

slave of his father, to read and write, though thereby incurring public blame. "Told of animadversion which is excited by my undertaking to teach E. One wiseacre roundly says, Mr. Q. and I are guilty of a penitentiary offence. And the still more sapient wiseacre for whom E. has been working says he does not wish to have anything to do with a negro who is so taught." He mentions a fact or two that may be of interest to the student of language. "*Sh* still puzzles him somewhat. *Sheaf* he called *leaf*. The hard sound of *c* in *cloak* did not occur to him, he called it *sloak*. *Frisk* he could spell and pronounce very well, but the addition of an *s* made it tangle his tongue, and it was only after eight or ten efforts, following as many repetitions of the word by me, that he could say *frisks*. It was *frixt*, *fricks*, *frisk*."

In the same manuscript book which contains his "journal of Elisha's learning," and the record of his temperance labors, are some anecdotes of Jackson which seem worth preserving. One leaf has unhappily been torn out.

"During Burr's trial, General Jackson was in Richmond, staying at the Globe Tavern, which stood where the ——— now does. He then attracted universal notice by his loud blustering, cursing, and swearing. The great object of his maledictions was General Wilkinson, who was shortly expected there as a witness from Louisiana. Him General J. denounced as a traitor, a coward, and a perjured villain; prefixing to every epithet the most energetic d . . . d's, and G . d d . . . d's. Nothing could equal the vigor and variety of his oaths and imprecations. 'May I be eternally and hellfiredly G . d d . . . d,' was one frequent formula with him, which tradition has preserved. I know several most respectable men who saw and heard him upon that occasion, and who declare that he was regarded by everybody as the very prince of bullies and blackguards. It is said that when Wilkinson came, J. was entirely quiet, and very soon took occasion to quit Richmond: but I *suspect*

the truth of the insinuation implied in this statement, for his courage never could be justly called in question.

"Since he became President, General J. has not hesitated on various occasions, and in the presence of persons whose presence might have been expected somewhat to restrain his ebullitions, to vent his feelings in the freest and most undignified manner. His war upon the Senate, which has resulted in the almost entire prostration of that body (seconded, as his assaults were, by its own most unscrupling factiousness), is well known. 'Damn them!' said he, lately, to a gentleman from Virginia, speaking of some offensive act of the Senate, — 'damn them! They need not think to fool with me!' at the same time clenching his teeth, and striking with his cane upon the ground.

"He has, on numberless occasions, indeed almost whenever it was mentioned in conversation for the last two or three years, *damned* the Senate as a pack of scoundrels.

"I forget what distinguished foreigner it was — a French nobleman, I think — who said to the President that an army of his (the nobleman's) country would soon take Washington, if war should occur between the two nations. '*Take Hell!*' replied Old Hickory, with a tone of the deepest scorn. And that was all the reply he deigned.

"It belongs to history, that when some of his Secretaries (Messrs. Ingham, Branch, and Berrien) communicated to him their determination not to let Mrs. Eaton associate with their families (her reputation being rather the worse for wear), the hero 'roared like a lion.' These were the words of Colonel Richard M. Johnson, who had undertaken to mediate between him and the contumacious heads of departments.

"Most people yet remember the mingled surprise and contempt with which General J.'s first nomination for the Presidency was received, except in Tennessee and Pennsylvania. He himself regarded it as absurd, and his

election as a chimera. He said to Judge Breckenridge (who was then his intimate friend, aide-de-camp, and member of his household), "Do you think I am such a d . . . d fool as to expect to be elected?"

"These anecdotes are all or most of them undoubtedly true; and a thousand similar ones might be added, all tending to confirm and illustrate the character which these fix upon this 'greatest and best of men.' But still, there is no comparison between him and Poindexter. The latter has all of J.'s vulgar turbulence, without a spark of his generous feeling or his integrity or his courage. The true equals — the real *par nobile fratrum* — are Poindexter and Benton.

"But let us see — us, or the generations who shall come after us — whether the blasphemous comparison of *Jackson* to WASHINGTON will have acceptance among future ages. For my part, I never will believe it, until my already somewhat staggered faith in human virtue and in the self-sustaining purity and vigor of popular institutions shall have crumbled into hopelessness; and until Washington's countrymen, demonstrated to be unworthy of that name, shall have crouched beneath the merited chain and sceptre of some iron despot, who will scourge them, if not into wisdom, at least into shame, remorse, and anguish for their folly and wickedness."

In the journal of a tour to the West in 1836 he describes picturesquely enough one of the border ruffians of what may be called the first period: "Among the new-comers was General Felix Houston, now of Texas, — a dull, heavy, pugnacious-looking man, with broad shoulders and arms that seem able to wield a bowie-knife with tremendous effect. *One visible under his waistcoat.*" And here is a capital story which will justify what I have said of Mr. Minor's eye for character and sense of the comic: —

"A fine, stout old gentleman of eighty-two walked so steadily across the heaving deck, that I congratulated

him on his good sea-legs. He said he had once served in a privateer, in 1781, witnessed a severe battle between the English and French fleets in the Chesapeake, and been chased by a British frigate. Presently he manifested a pious turn, and inquired if I thought there were many on board who 'loved our Lord.' I did not know. 'Have you got a hope, — are you a servant of his?' I was not a member of any church, not a professor of religion. 'Ah, well,' he said, 'there are many that have it who are not in any church.' He then pulled out some tracts, which he asked me to take. I took only 'The Swearer's Prayer.' . . .

"This morning (it was Tuesday, October 1st) the old man of yestreen and I had much more conversation. He told me further that he was at the storming of Stony Point, and told some particulars of Wayne's orders and conduct on that occasion that were new to me. Wayne not only made his men take the flints out of their guns, that they might rely exclusively on the bayonet, but ordered the officers to run any man through the body who should fire; and, moreover, ordered them to treat in like manner any who should retreat, or show a wish to do so, and strictly enjoined *upon the soldiers to run their bayonets through any officer* who should behave in a cowardly manner. For the expedition he had picked his men, and some or all of them were volunteers for it. But about four miles from the fort, when they did not yet know what service of peril they were upon, he halted them, and in a brief address warned all who felt at all fearful to go back. A few went back. My old new friend was but sixteen, and felt afraid, very much afraid; but could not get his own consent to back out. Then it was that Wayne gave the orders above mentioned. Upon getting nearer the fort, he made each put a sheet of white paper in his cap, as a mark for recognition, and gave the watchword, or rather battle-cry, to be uttered when they should be fairly within the fort, 'The fort's our own!' They advanced

in two columns, leaped or ran through an abatis in front of the fort, captured or bayoneted the picket guards, who stood also in front, and then rushed on up the steep hill on which stood the fort. The pickets had fired and alarmed the garrison, who immediately came out on the ramparts, and fired volley after volley towards the assailants, but over their heads, not knowing how near they were. Our men were mostly right under the garrison, whose fire was directed several hundred yards off, only striking a few of the rearmost in the advancing columns. My old friend's captain showed manifest cowardice. He advanced, stooping very low, before his men, scared at the whistling balls of the British. My old friend's right-hand man, a dare-devil sort of a fellow, kicked the acting captain behind, oversetting him on his head forwards, with many curses as a damned coward, a good-for-nothing scoundrel, etc. The captain durst not resent it. Their orders were, when they reached the wall, that the man on the extreme right of the front rank should be thrown or pushed upon it by his left-hand man, he by *his* left, and so on. But by the time the main body arrived there, the gate had been opened for them by the forlorn hope, almost every man of whom was cut to pieces. In they rushed, and shouted the war-cry prescribed, 'The fort's our own!' '*Not by a damned sight!*' replied the British. And at it they went with the bayonet! The strife was soon over. My old friend says he scarcely aimed at all, at thrusting his bayonet into any one. It was a little bloody; but he chiefly employed himself in parrying the enemy's thrusts at him. His name is *Hill*. He had not told me all these particulars, when an elderly,

gray-haired man came to the table where we sat, and, hearing the name of Stony Point, said: 'That was considerable of a battle, was it 'not?' I pointed to the old man and said he was at it. 'Was he, indeed?' said the gray-haired gentleman. 'My father was also there; he was a captain there.' 'Was he?' said Hill; 'what captain was he?' 'Captain C.,' said the gray-haired gentleman. 'Captain C., why he was my captain! And you are a son of Captain C., my captain at Stony Point!' A warm hand-shake, and they were sworn friends in a moment. Mr. C. said he felt as if he had found a brother; and the old man's delight through the day and for the rest of our voyage was extreme."

There is much else in these books which tempts me, but I have already given enough to enable my readers to divine for themselves something of the character of the author. It is seldom that I have grown so intimate with a man I have never seen, seldom that I have had experience of so sweet, so equitable, or so well-balanced a nature as this. In reading these fading memorials; I have found myself sadly thinking: "And this was one of the class whom we have heard called barbarians by men who are proud to owe their culture to slaveholding Athens and Rome! This is one of the very persons whom our short-sighted statesmanship would exclude from all share in politics!"

Of Mr. Minor's life nothing remains to be told, but that it was useful, honorable, and, if any ever was, a happy illustration of the Ovidian theory, *bene qui latuit bene vixit*. He died in 1858, having been for several years Professor of Law in the College of William and Mary.

James Russell Lowell.

THE FRENCH CLAIMS.

MORE than two thirds of a century — a long lifetime — have elapsed since 1800, when the claims for French spoliations were assumed by our government under a convention with France. During this long period resolutions in favor of them by thirteen States have been filed at Washington, and more than three thousand memorials from claimants residing in twenty-five different States have been presented to Congress. No less than forty-two committees of the House or Senate have reported on these memorials, and all but three in favor of them. Envoys, jurists, and statesmen have indorsed them. Federalists, Democrats, and Republicans have conceded their validity. They have been kept back by the pressure of the Revolution, by Revolutionary debts, embargoes, and wars; yet five times has a bill providing for their payment passed the Senate, and twice have both branches of Congress sanctioned the payment; but the measure failed under the vetoes of Polk and Pierce, when the South was in power.

Under a change of administration it would have become a law, but with Lincoln came our great struggle and its expenses. These have thus far engrossed the time of Congress, and now, with a full treasury and ample means, the measure is once more before the Senate. Again has the Committee on Foreign Relations reported a grant of five million dollars to liquidate this debt of the Revolution so long deferred.

The claimants are not confined to a few States. Less than half of their memorials are addressed to the Senate; and of these three hundred and fifteen are from Maryland, three hundred and nine from Massachusetts, two hundred and fifteen from Pennsylvania, one hundred and ninety-three from New York, one hundred and fifty-five from South Carolina, one hundred and twen-

ty-one from Virginia, one hundred and thirteen from Maine, one hundred and nine from Connecticut, sixty-nine from New Hampshire, fifty-two from North Carolina, and one hundred and forty-three from New Jersey, Rhode Island, Alabama, Louisiana, Delaware, Ohio, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Mississippi, Vermont, Arkansas, Missouri, Texas, and the District of Columbia. The memorials bear the signatures of the merchants of the first decade of our Republic and of their lineal descendants; they have rarely parted with their claims, for these depend on protests and invoices, and are not easily negotiable like bonds or certificates of debt. The passage of the bill will gladden the hearts of many impoverished families whose means have been appropriated by the state, which cannot under its constitution thus appropriate without giving full compensation.

It is not creditable to the government that for two thirds of a century it has withheld payment of claims recognized by its legislators and chief judicial officers, — claims founded on the immutable principles of justice, — claims based on ample equivalents, — claims used to cancel obligations whose neglect would have involved war or the loss of national honor.

These claims, in the language of Senator Sumner, have become historic, and their history is well set forth in the masterly reports of Everett, Crittenden, and Sumner, now standard books of reference, arsenals well stored with weapons for this discussion. Let us glance at the origin of these claims in our Revolutionary treaties.

Our treaties of alliance and commerce with France were concluded in the darkest hours of the Revolution, under the sage counsel of Franklin. Without income or military stores, with a declining credit, we had struggled manfully against superior force, we had fought

with varying success, we had recovered Boston, but we had lost New York. By the gallantry of Stark, Gates, and Morgan, and our Eastern militia, we had arrested the march of Burgoyne, who would have severed the States and left New England out in the cold; but in the dreary winter that followed our army faded to a shadow, marched bare-foot through the snow, and nearly perished with hunger. Nevertheless, the capture of a British army on its march from Canada had aroused France, and the welcome news reached us in the spring that our envoys had concluded treaties of alliance and commerce with the most powerful nation of Europe.

What were those treaties? They were reciprocal, although between an unfledged republic and an established nation. On the one side France, by the treaty of alliance, guaranteed the freedom and independence of the United States; and on the other the thirteen States, as an equivalent, guaranteed to France forever all possessions in America she then held or should acquire in case of any rupture between France and any European nation. By the treaty of commerce, we also agreed to give shelter in our ports to her ships of war and prizes, and authorized her consuls to hold courts in those ships in our ports, and further agreed to deny shelter to the ships of her foes, unless driven in by stress of weather. It was also stipulated that free ships should make free goods.

On the one side, the contract of France promised us effectual aid in ships, troops, and treasure; and faithfully was that aid given, down to the surrender of Cornwallis to the combined armies of France and America. The war of the Revolution was, indeed, more costly to France than to us, for the debt she contracted in this war, \$280,000,000, exceeded our own, and bore heavily on her resources, contributing to the revolution that followed. The French government had gallantly performed its part of the contract under the treaty of alliance. Our great object was effected. The independence

of the United States was recognized. The debt incurred by France exceeded the whole value of our property. The first valuation of Massachusetts, including Maine, was but \$20,000,000, and these last held one eighth of the property of the Union.

In guaranteeing the American possessions of France forever, we had on our side assumed a heavy liability for the future; for France then held San Domingo, Guadeloupe, Martinique, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, Tobago, Granada, St. Pierre, Marie Galante, Miquelon, and Cayenne. By stipulating to admit the war-ships of France and their prizes and to allow their condemnation in our ports, and by agreeing to exclude her foes, we had exposed ourselves to the hostility of all her enemies. We had virtually concluded with her a treaty against the world, subject to the volition or misfortunes of our ally. We had made, and for good considerations, one of those "entangling alliances" to which Washington refers in his farewell message.

The war was over; the United States resumed its commerce, adopted the Constitution of 1788, and launched its barks on the deep, funded its debts, and commenced its career; while France soon plunged into the vortex of a revolution, dethroned her king, sent her nobles to the scaffold, enfranchised her peasantry, endowed them with lands, and, converting a monarchy into a republic, incurred the hostility of all the kings of Europe. England formed a general alliance, and led a crusade against France, and, within ten years after the close of our Revolution, the fleets of England subdued most of the possessions in America.

France could now call upon us for the fulfilment of our treaties. The change of government had not absolved us. America ever recognizes the government *de facto*. It was not for a republic to object to a republic. The war was defensive on the part of France, but our guaranty did not apply to defensive wars alone. It applied to wars arising from "any rupture." We

were bound by our treaty to a nation that had given us full and adequate considerations for the duties we assumed. France, however, did not for months require the absolute fulfilment of the treaty. She was aware that we had no navy, although relying wholly upon exports and commerce. She required supplies, and was disposed to respect for a time the neutrality of America. We desired also to preserve a neutral policy, as we were fast becoming the carrier of nations, while our coast was defenceless; and in April, 1793, General Washington issued his proclamation of neutrality.

In the course of 1793 England fulminated her decrees against all neutral vessels bound to French ports with provisions, and greatly increased the list of contraband. Many seizures of American vessels were made under these decrees, and France soon responded with similar decrees, notifying, however, all neutrals that she would give them indemnity.

In the fall of 1793 some of the colonies of France called upon the United States for aid. None was accorded, but in the ensuing spring, April 3, 1794, Jefferson, in a letter to Madison, remarks "that our guaranty is binding, and that we ought at a proper time, to interfere and declare, both to England and France, that the islands are to rest with France, and that we will make common cause with the latter for this object." James Monroe, who was our Minister to France in 1794, states, in his correspondence with our Secretary of State, that he was asked by the French government if he insisted on the fulfilment of our treaty of commerce, but that he declined to insist, because he thought France would, in such case, demand of us the immediate fulfilment of our treaty of guaranty. December 2, 1794, he writes that France does not ask its immediate fulfilment, and yields, to our remonstrance against seizure, the point that "free ships shall make free goods."

February 2, 1795, President Washington, in a message to Congress, says,

"It affords me the highest pleasure to inform Congress that perfect harmony reigns between the two Republics," and that the claims are in train of being discussed with caution, and amicably adjusted, although Genet, the Minister of France, had informally suggested the fulfilment of the guaranty.

Each nation thus endeavored to preserve the peace; each was willing to defer or delay the full performance of the treaties. But during the year 1795 events occurred to disturb the harmony of the new Republics. Chief Justice Jay had been sent to England to obtain the restoration of our ports on the frontier, and indemnity for British captures. A treaty was concluded by which we effected both objects. We did so by giving British ships of war and prizes access to our ports, and forbidding other nations to fit out privateers and sell their prizes in our harbors. We also enlarged the list of contraband goods; and, although the rights of France were reserved in one of the articles, her government complained that she had been sacrificed to England, by stipulations in favor of her enemy inconsistent with those we had made with her; that we had enlarged the list of contraband articles, and had even admitted that provisions might be contraband, at a time when her foes were endeavoring to subdue her by famine. These complaints were urged with the more energy, as we excluded not only the prizes of French privateers equipped in our ports, but all other French prizes.

Soon after this treaty the French agents at San Domingo reported to their government "that, having found no resources, or finance, and knowing that the Americans were unfriendly to our country in its distress, they had armed for cruising, and already eighty-seven cruisers were at sea, and that for three months the administration had subsisted, and individuals been enriched by prizes." The exclusion of French prizes from our ports, and the reception of those of British ships of war, was a serious deprivation to

France, as the French colonies had generally fallen into the possession of England. Adet was now sent as Minister from France to the United States. He failed to obtain satisfaction, and, after a negotiation in which he complained of the British treaty, our government made counter-claims for one hundred and thirty vessels captured or detained, and for supplies to the West Indies, and for recent seizures on the Caribbean Sea.

Adet, on the 15th of November, 1796, announced the order of his government to suspend his functions in the United States, and made a final claim for the guaranty as follows : —

“The undersigned, Minister Plenipotentiary of the French Republic, now fulfils to the Secretary of State of the United States a painful, but sacred duty.

“He claims, in the name of American honor, in the name of the faith of treaties, the execution of that contract which assured to the United States their existence, and which France regarded as the pledge of the most sacred union between two people, the most free on the earth.”

In the same year the Directory of France decreed “that the flag of the French Republic will treat all neutrals, either as to confiscation, seizures, or capture, in the same manner as they shall suffer the English to treat the French”; and soon after notified us that they regarded their stipulations under the treaty of 1778 as altered or suspended by Jay’s treaty with Great Britain.

After the recall of Adet, March 2, 1797, the French Directory issued further decrees enlarging the list of contraband articles, authorizing the capture of all vessels unprovided with a document called “the roll of equipage,” which was not carried by American vessels; and, a few months later, all vessels transporting the products of England and her colonies were declared good prizes. These decrees, with others of like character, were promptly executed, and before July, 1798, nearly

two thousand sail of American vessels had been captured. A large proportion of our shipping had been swept from the ocean.

France declined to receive Pinckney as the successor of Monroe, and subsequently she refused to receive our envoys extraordinary, Pinckney, Marshall, and Gerry; and early in 1798 we passed successive acts authorizing the capture of all armed ships committing depredations on our commerce, another suspending intercourse with France, another to resist searches, and finally, after nearly all our claims for spoliation had accrued, we passed the act of July 7, 1798, purporting to repeal the treaties of alliance and commerce. Congress also authorized an army and levied taxes, and commenced under John Adams the construction of a navy.

These last acts induced more moderate counsels on the part of France, advances were made through our Minister at the Hague, and a second mission, composed of Chief Justice Ellsworth and Messrs. Davy and Murray, in March, 1800, resumed negotiations which terminated in the convention of September 30th in the same year.

The previous mission, which had proved a failure, and of which Chief Justice Marshall was a member, before it left France had an interview with Talleyrand, who met our claims for seizures and confiscations with the counter-claims of France.

The new envoys also were met with the same counter-claims under the treaties. They had been charged in the instructions from Timothy Pickering, our Secretary of State, to base any new treaty upon the express condition that reparation should be made for all losses sustained by illegal captures and confiscations, and in the same instructions these are ascribed “to the feelings engendered by Jay’s treaty.” “That treaty,” say the instructions, “has been made the chief pretence for those unjust and cruel depredations on American commerce, which have brought distress on multitudes, and incurred a total loss of property to the

United States of probably more than twenty millions of dollars." "The conduct of the French Republic *would well have justified an immediate declaration of war* on the part of the United States, but, desirous of maintaining peace, and still willing to leave open the door of reconciliation with France, the United States contented themselves with preparing for defence, and measures calculated to defend their commerce"; they "did not even authorize reprisals on merchantmen, but were restricted solely to the giving safety to their own."

France also took the ground in the negotiations that *there was no war* between the two Republics, as appears by the letter of Talleyrand to M. Pichon, the French Minister at the Hague, dated August 28, 1798, which led to the mission. "France," says Talleyrand, "has a double interest, as a nation and as a republic, not to expose to any hazard the present existence of the United States; therefore it never thought of making war against them, and *any contrary supposition is an insult to common sense.*"

There had been no war between the two Republics. Thus wrote the French Ministers to our envoys, August 20, 1800. Thus wrote Chief Justice Marshall to our Minister at London, September 20, 1800. Thus dictated Napoleon at St. Helena to Gourgaud for his Memoir, Vol. II. p. 129. And such is the official record of the French government in the *Code Diplomatique* for 1800. There had been misunderstandings, captures, and reprisals, but no war. Neither party had declared war. Our Congress alone could have declared it for us. War could be terminated by a treaty only, but our differences were ended by a convention. This is conclusive evidence. By war France might have lost its claims under its treaties. By war America might have lost the claims of its citizens, but had not thus lost them. The two Republics kept each other in countenance, and by both was war studiously avoided.

Joseph Bonaparte, the brother of the

First Consul, was placed at the head of the French commission to receive our envoys and conduct the negotiation. Thus in time of peace, but on the verge of war, the two nations by their representatives met to adjust their differences.

America presented two classes of claims for her citizens; nearly a fifth for demands liquidated in the shape of contracts, awards, and judgments, the residue for more than two thousand vessels seized, captured, and condemned, in violation of the law of nations, amounting in the aggregate to twenty millions of dollars.

France had no claims for her citizens. America had studiously forbore to touch the merchantmen of France. The claims of the latter were national under her two treaties of alliance and commerce. They were for the loss of her colonies guaranteed to her forever by America, for the exclusion of her prizes from the Western hemisphere, for the admission of the ships of her enemy, for vast attendant losses. If the claims of the first party were large, those of the second party were larger and more immeasurable. When our envoys pressed the one, the French commission insisted on the other. France had recognized the justice of our claims, and on this occasion conceded it. She distinctly offered to have their amount ascertained by a commission and assumed by our government as an advance to France, and then to liquidate them by a fair offset of her national claims against the United States; but this our envoys declined. They proposed to extinguish the treaties and the claims of France under them by a definite sum, and successively offered a million and then two millions of dollars for a relinquishment of the guaranty, and six hundred thousand dollars for the abandonment of the right to shelter; but although France was in need of money, these offers were refused. She declined also a war subsidy of two hundred thousand dollars a year which was tendered by our envoys. And finally, by the

convention of September 30, 1800, it was agreed that friendship should be restored, and that debts due from citizens of one country to those of another should be paid or prosecuted, but that this provision should not embrace indemnities for captures or confiscations. By the second article also it was stipulated that, as the two nations could not agree as to the treaties of alliance and commerce, nor on the American claims as to the indemnities due or claimed, they would negotiate further on these subjects, and that their operation should be suspended for eight years. In this form the convention was signed; but before its final ratification the second article was omitted, and a clause annexed to the effect that, by the retrenchment of the second article, all claims or pretences under it were by the two states renounced. In this shape it received the assent of the First Consul, the assent of our Senate and President, and was promulgated December 21, 1801; and thus, to escape the obligations of the treaties, the just claims of our citizens against France, for seizures, captures, and confiscation, rated in the negotiations at little less than twenty millions, were forever renounced and the obligation to meet them was assumed by the nation.

The trustee who appropriates the money of his wards for his own benefit is responsible to his wards. The government of the nation, in its capacity of guardian and trustee, appropriated the claims and property of its subjects for the benefit of the nation, to relieve it from the sacred debt of the Revolution, and from claims which were the price of its freedom. It entitled them to a full equivalent, or at least to all the benefits it derived from a relief from one and possibly two costly wars, and from reparation for the loss of the French colonies, many of them of great value. If the claims of our citizens had been reserved, they would doubtless long since have been recognized and paid as similar claims under like seizures against France, Naples, Spain, Great Britain, and Mexico have been

recognized and liquidated. They were founded on the laws of nations, on the immutable principles of justice, and this has been admitted by John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Madison, Clay, Webster, and Livingston, and other contemporary statesmen, in their printed letters and speeches, as well as by Napoleon at St. Helena.

Timothy Pickering, the Secretary of State, under whose instructions the envoys acted, in his letter of November 19, 1824, to James H. Causten, Esq., of Washington, says: "Thus the government bartered the just claims of our merchants on France to obtain a relinquishment of the French claims for a restoration of the old treaties, especially the burdensome treaty of alliance by which we were bound to guarantee the French territories in America. And on this view of the case it would seem that the merchants have an equitable claim for indemnities from the United States."

But the treaties were never abrogated until the convention; one party alone could not repeal them. And Chief Justice Marshall himself, our envoy, and so long the light of our judiciary, with the best opportunities for forming a judgment, has given an opinion still more decisive than that of Pickering, recorded by the Hon. William C. Preston, in his letter to Mr. Causten of January 29, 1844. He states in this letter, that, after investigating these claims, he was convinced of their justice; "and while they were under discussion in the Senate, they happened to be the subject of conversation between Mr. Leigh, Mr. Calhoun, and myself one evening in our mess-room, when Judge Marshall stepped in, and, having overheard or been informed of the subject of conversation, asked to share in it, saying, 'that having been connected with the events of that period and conversant with the circumstances under which the claims arose, he was from his own knowledge satisfied that there was the strongest obligation on the government to compensate the sufferers by

the French spoliations.' He gave a succinct statement of the leading facts, and the principles of law applicable to them, in so precise and lucid a way, that it seemed to me a termination of the argument by a judicial decision. It was apparent from his manner that he felt an interest in the circulation of his opinion, arising from deep conviction of its truth."

Such a decision on the French claims, from such a source, is conclusive as to their validity.

What is their amount? The bill now pending appropriates \$5,000,000, or one fourth of the amount of the original claims; but they have been gradually reduced from claims for 2,279 vessels to claims for 898, valued at \$12,676,380, by failures of proof, and awards under our treaties with other nations for French seizures in their ports. At simple interest, the sum \$2,600,000, offered to France by our envoys for a relinquishment of her claims under the treaties of the Revolution, would exceed \$13,500,000. The sum appropriated will probably cover half the face of the remaining claims, without interest. It cannot be urged that the claimants have lost their claims by delay. They began to file their memorials six weeks after the convention was promulgated, and have a venerable advocate at Washington, J. H. Causten, Esq., who has for forty-six years pressed their payment with indomitable courage and perseverance, and still feels confident of success, still predicts their early payment.

What are the objections to this? The chief difficulty in the way of the claimants has been the reluctance of the country, often in seasons of difficulty and especially when the claims exceeded our revenue, to part with large sums of money. The objections urged are poor and untenable, and founded on misconception. It has been urged that the United States had terminated the treaties of the Revolution by the act of July 7, 1798, and that France had no claims to cede in September, 1800, as an equivalent for the assumption. But

it requires either war or the action of both parties to treaties to end their obligations. The debtor cannot, either by evasion or a resolve not to pay, exonerate himself from his debt, and more especially can he not do it upon the pretence that he has been annoyed by the efforts made to collect it. There has been neither war nor release of the claimants to invalidate their demands, there has been no omission to assert them, and the statute of limitation does not refer to such claims against the nation. Its Committee on Revolutionary Claims is still in being and regularly appointed.

But there have been Presidential vetoes. Yes, and they do no honor to the intelligence of those who thereby delayed the steps of justice. Let us glance at the veto of James K. Polk of August 8, 1846. The reasons he assigns for his veto are in substance these: That the bill passed late in the session; that he has had little time to examine it; that the sum is large and the nation in debt; that the claims have been long before Congress, and if just would have been paid before. (Upon this theory the slave would never have obtained his freedom.) But he adds, that he *doubts* the justice of the claims. Should not his doubts have yielded to the deliberate action of the House and Senate? His chief objection seems to be that but half of the debt is to be paid, and that in scrip. This he considers injustice to the debtor, and decides to deprive him of the half because he cannot get the whole. Is not half the loaf better than nothing? The citizen of the United States who finds in our history such a protest of the chief magistrate against the payment of just debts, recognized by our first jurists and statesmen and by both branches of Congress, must blush for his President.

Then comes the veto of Franklin Pierce, dated February 17, 1855, nine years later. And what says this Northern Democrat? First, he devotes three pages to a lame defence of his right to veto for inexpediency. He then suggests that the passage of the bill

will inculpate those who have failed for fifty years to pass it. He thus backs up his exemplar, Mr. Polk; but did he forget that five times it had passed the Senate? and which are right, five senates and two houses, or Messrs. Polk and Pierce? Then he urges that France, under the pressure of England, disregarded the rights of neutrals; that we, after making every effort to obtain redress, became involved in the war and extinguished our claims. Had Pierce forgotten or never read the letter of Talleyrand, in which he urges that France was interested to preserve her treaties and the young Republic, "that she never designed war, and the contrary supposition" (the supposition of Pierce) "was an insult to common sense"? Let us defer to Talleyrand, the great diplomatist. Pierce further urges that, as the treaties were abrogated by one party, neither party had claims to release under them; but were they abrogated by both? and if they were, still our claims did not rest on the treaties only, but were founded on the law of nations, and the claims of both accrued before the abrogation. Then he takes the position that the claims reserved under the convention which were confined to liquidated claims, which excluded captures and confiscations, did include all our claims. This assumption is untenable against the clear terms of the convention. No claims for "torts," which were the claims presented and discussed, were reserved under the convention, and this is clearly shown by actual adjustments, for all such claims were rejected under the treaty of Louisiana, three years later. But Pierce says that, after the convention, Jefferson still called on France for payment; and well he might, for she did not pay the liquidated debts she did recognize under the convention, until she realized the amount from the subsequent treaty of Louisiana. The whole protest of Pierce is an illogical argument, founded on a striking misapprehension of the facts of the case.

But we have done with these puerile

essays, these weak state papers, so much in contrast with the plain common sense which characterizes the messages of our Republican Presidents.

It must be obvious to our readers, from this brief review of facts, that the nation has assumed these claims, that they are continuous, and that most of them spring from reprisals made by France or Frenchmen for our delays in fulfilling the stipulations of our treaties.

The last of the sufferers by the French spoliations have gone to their narrow homes unrequited. Let us listen to the voice which comes to us from their graves.

APPEAL TO THE NATION.

Hearken to us, the founders of your navy and of your commerce. In the dark hours of the Revolution, when you had neither ships nor treasure, we launched our barks on the deep, fashioned our cannon from the guns we took at Saratoga,* and assailed the English on every sea. At the close of the war we held the British Channel against the best ships of England, raised the rate of insurance for crossing it to twenty per cent, and contributed largely to your freedom.

When the war was over, we converted our letters-of-marque into merchantmen; opened your trade with the Baltic and the Mediterranean, with India and China; and we discovered the Columbia River, which gave you the Pacific. During the war you entered into treaties of alliance and commerce with your generous ally, France. She guaranteed your freedom; you guaranteed her possessions, you promised to give her free access to your ports, and to deny it to her foes.

When war came and England seized those possessions and captured your ships, you run up the neutral flag, and to regain your ships gave English prizes free access to your ports, and excluded the French prizes. France,

* When the captain of a Salem letter-of-marque taken by the English was asked where he got his cannon, he replied, "We cast them from patterns we found at Saratoga."

incensed by these acts, made reprisals on us.

You forbid us to arm and take letters-of-marque and defend our rights as we did in the Revolution, and offered to do again; you gave us no convoy and no protection against the ally you had offended. Our ships were swept from the deep; and when we appealed to you for redress, and France called on you to fulfil your treaties, the price of your freedom, instead of launching a fleet and recovering her islands, you "bartered our claims for hers," and thus appropriated our property for the state.

For seventy years have we called on you for justice. Five times has your

Senate approved our bill, twice has Congress allowed our claim. Twice have the poor steersmen you placed at the helm refused to take us into port, and now that our stormy voyage is over, we call upon you from the ground to do something for the widows and orphans and grandchildren whose heritage you detain.

You have clothed them with the rights of your ancient ally; they still hold the bills you have dishonored.

If you will grant them neither principal nor interest, grant them at least a moiety of their claims.

If you have other debts, this is your oldest, the sacred debt of the Revolution, and should first be paid.

E. H. Derby.

DOROTHY IN THE GARRET.

IN the low-raftered garret, stooping
Carefully over the creaking boards,
Old Maid Dorothy goes a-groping
Among its dusty and cobwebbed hoards;
Seeking some bundle of patches, hid
Far under the eaves, or bunch of sage,
Or satchel hung on its nail, amid
The heirlooms of a bygone age.

There is the ancient family chest,
There the ancestral cards and hatchel;
Dorothy, sighing, sinks down to rest,
Forgetful of patches, sage, and satchel.
Ghosts of faces peer from the gloom
Of the chimney, where, with swifts and reel,
And the long-disused, dismantled loom,
Stands the old-fashioned spinning-wheel.

She sees it back in the clean-swept kitchen,
A part of her girlhood's little world;
Her mother is there by the window, stitching;
Spindle buzzes, and reel is whirled
With many a click: on her little stool
She sits, a child, by the open door,
Watching, and dabbling her feet in the pool
Of sunshine spilled on the gilded floor.

Her sisters are spinning all day long;
To her wakening sense, the first sweet warning

Of daylight come, is the cheerful song
To the hum of the wheel, in the early morning.
Benjie, the gentle, red-cheeked boy,
On his way to school, peeps in at the gate ;
In neat, white pinafore, pleased and coy,
She reaches a hand to her bashful mate ;

And under the elms, a prattling pair,
Together they go, through glimmer and gloom : —
It all comes back to her, dreaming there
In the low-raftered garret-room ;
The hum of the wheel, and the summer weather,
The heart's first trouble, and love's beginning,
Are all in her memory linked together ;
And now it is she herself that is spinning.

With the bloom of youth on cheek and lip,
Turning the spokes with the flashing pin,
Twisting the thread from the spindle-tip,
Stretching it out and winding it in,
To and fro, with a blithesome tread,
Singing she goes, and her heart is full,
And many a long-drawn golden thread
Of fancy is spun with the shining wool.

Her father sits in his favorite place,
Puffing his pipe by the chimney-side ;
Through curling clouds his kindly face
Glowes upon her with love and pride.
Lulled by the wheel, in the old arm-chair
Her mother is musing, cat in lap,
With beautiful drooping head, and hair
Whitening under her snow-white cap.

One by one, to the grave, to the bridal,
They have followed her sisters from the door ;
Now they are old, and she is their idol : —
It all comes back on her heart once more.
In the autumn dusk the hearth gleams brightly,
The wheel is set by the shadowy wall, —
A hand at the latch, — 't is lifted lightly,
And in walks Benjie, manly and tall.

His chair is placed ; the old man tips
The pitcher, and brings his choicest fruit ;
Benjie basks in the blaze, and sips,
And tells his story, and joints his flute :
O, sweet the tunes, the talk, the laughter !
They fill the hour with a glowing tide ;
But sweeter the still, deep moments after,
When she is alone by Benjie's side.

But once with angry words they part :
O, then the weary, weary days !

Ever with restless, wretched heart,
Plying her task, she turns to gaze
Far up the road ; and early and late
She harks for a footstep at the door,
And starts at the gust that swings the gate,
And prays for Benjie, who comes no more.

Her fault ? O Benjie ! and could you steel
Your thoughts toward one who loved you so ?—
Solace she seeks in the whirling wheel,
In duty and love that lighten woe ;
Striving with labor, not in vain,
To drive away the dull day's dreariness,—
Blessing the toil that blunts the pain
Of a deeper grief in the body's weariness.

Proud, and petted, and spoiled was she :
A word, and all her life is changed !
His wavering love too easily
In the great, gay city grows estranged :
One year : she sits in the old church pew ;
A rustle, a murmur, — O Dorothy ! hide
Your face and shut from your soul the view !
'T is Benjie leading a white-veiled bride !

Now father and mother have long been dead,
And the bride sleeps under a churchyard stone,
And a bent old man with grizzled head
Walks up the long dim aisle alone.
Years blur to a mist ; and Dorothy
Sits doubting betwixt the ghost she seems
And the phantom of youth, more real than she,
That meets her there in that haunt of dreams.

Bright young Dorothy, idolized daughter,
Sought by many a youthful adorer,
Life, like a new-risen dawn on the water,
Shining an endless vista before her !
Old Maid Dorothy, wrinkled and gray,
Groping under the farm-house eaves, —
And life is a brief November day
That sets on a world of withered leaves !

Yet faithfulness in the humblest part
Is better at last than proud success,
And patience and love in a chastened heart
Are pearls more precious than happiness ;
And in that morning when she shall wake
To the spring-time freshness of youth again,
All trouble will seem but a flying flake,
And lifelong sorrow a breath on the pane.

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE GRAND TRAVERSE REGION OF MICHIGAN.

THE peopling of a great extent of wild country by immigration from over-crowded nations is like the flow of waters from pent-up reservoirs into a vast interior basin. Through every inlet which is opened for its admission it rushes with such volume and force as would seem sufficient speedily to fill the vacant space and leave no room for more. Yet the torrent continues to flow, and spread itself farther and wider, forming pools, with smaller streams radiating therefrom, losing its impetuous rush as it finds its levels, and creeping so gradually over the great area, that it is only by observing the gauges by which we mark its progress that its rise can be detected. Its impetuous course at first carries it onward to distant points, before it begins to spread itself laterally, and flow back to fill up sections near its place of entrance; while at intervals it receives new impetus by reaching the margin of a deeper hollow, or is checked till it gathers strength to overcome opposing obstacles.

The flood of immigration is pouring ceaselessly through every inlet to the great West in such torrents, that one who took note only of its volume would think it must speedily fill the whole region to repletion. Yet it spreads itself silently, or collects in bodies of greater or less extent, and is lost in the immensity around it; and although we are continually surprised at the rapidity with which certain places here and there have become the centres of a dense population, it is only by a comparison of growth at periods of years that we can realize the vast aggregate increase of the swelling flood. And, like the inrush of water, too, it often passes far beyond the portions nearest the points of admission, which remain unoccupied till the filling up of more distant spaces causes a reaction and turns the current into lateral chan-

nels, whose attractive power was insufficient to stay the mad progress of its earlier stage. Those of us who remember the long trains of emigrant-wagons which thirty years ago cumbered every great road from the East, will recall the feelings of wonder with which we used to ask the questions, "Whence do they all come?" and "Where do they all go?" The stream never ceased flowing, and yet the increase was hardly perceptible in the vast region which received them. Railroads have since increased the volume of immigrants tenfold, but new regions have opened before them in more than corresponding ratio, and although portions which were then comparatively wild are now dotted with cities and towns, and the wolf and panther and deer have given place to the flocks and herds of the husbandman, yet the realms which have been reduced to civilization are insignificant in comparison with those which remain to be subdued. The whole of that portion of the United States which is east of the Mississippi would lie between that river and the Rocky Mountains, leaving the entire Pacific slope and a wide margin north and south still untouched; and if all the population of the States west of the Mississippi were turned back to its eastern shore, there would be room enough for them in the still unoccupied portions of the great States they would first enter, in which vast tracts still remain unsettled and comparatively unknown.

It is of one of these tracts that we propose to speak,—a tract which has been passed by in the eager rush to the farther West,—a tract whose merits have never been chanted by land speculators; one, indeed, whose attractions have heretofore been but little known, yet, in reality, one offering advantages to a large class of emigrants, which might be vainly sought in more distant

regions, where the chief attraction often lies in the mystery enveloping the unknown.

By reference to the map of Michigan, it will be seen that the northern half of the Southern Peninsula is for the most part unsettled, that it is well stocked with inland lakes and streams, and that it is penetrated on its northwestern shore by a deep bay whose general trend is north and south. This is known as the "Grand Traverse Bay," and it is to the country lying around it, known as the "Grand Traverse Region," that we now invite attention.

The fact of its being a little off the route of the great channels of emigration and comparatively isolated, while its position would naturally lead to the supposition that its winters must be rigorous, has resulted in its being comparatively unknown and thinly settled; yet, in reality, it possesses soil, climate, and situation with reference to market, giving it very great advantages for certain kinds of culture over many of the sections which have been more eagerly sought and more rapidly settled, and in which, as a consequence, the lands have already attained a much higher pecuniary value. And in addition to these elements of intrinsic agricultural value, the variety and beauty of its natural scenery are such as will always render it far more attractive to the lover of the picturesque than the dreary monotony of the prairies. The prevailing idea in regard to the whole of Northern Michigan, throughout the Eastern and Middle States, from which alone could emigration be expected, is simply that it is only valuable for its lumber, and offers but little inducement to the agriculturist. The statement that the region in question, lying on the shores of Grand Traverse Bay, and the peninsula which separates it from Lake Michigan, is much the same in its capacity for growing the finest and most delicate kinds of fruits and vegetables as that portion of New Jersey which lies in the latitude of Philadelphia, while the enervating summer heat of that section is never known, and the winter climate is

but little more severe, will be received by the majority of people with surprise and perhaps with incredulity; yet such is the simple fact, the proofs of which are at hand, and can readily be shown to result from natural causes.

It is well known to all who have given special attention to meteorological phenomena, that the most severe and blighting winds which prevail during the earlier winter are those from the southwest. It is proverbial with sailors, that "the first of a southerly wind is always cold." It is equally true, but perhaps not so generally known, that the blighting effect of these winds is always greatly mitigated when they sweep over large bodies of water before striking the land. This is exhibited on a large scale by a comparison of the productions of regions of the same parallels of latitude on the eastern and western coasts of our own and other countries. If we follow the latitude of New York to Europe, we find ourselves in the land of the orange, the vine, and the olive; if westward to California, we find the most delicate varieties of our greenhouse grapes growing in the open air as readily as apples do with us. We are so accustomed to think of these fruits as the products of Southern climates that we constantly forget that the latitude of Northern Spain and Central Italy is the same as that of Boston, and that the difference of climate results solely from their relative position with regard to the water. On a smaller scale the same thing may be observed on our Atlantic coast, wherever projections occur which the southwest winds can only reach after traversing a broad extent of ocean. At Newport, R. I., many garden plants are perfectly hardy which cannot sustain the severity of an inland winter at any point north of Philadelphia. At Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, the English ivy grows luxuriantly; while at Boston, two degrees farther south, its culture in the open air is a hopeless task. It is common to ascribe this result to the vicinity of the Gulf Stream; but the same effect elsewhere, in places

similarly situated, proves that we need not seek its cause in any unusual warmth of the water.

Referring again to the map, it will be seen that the southwest winds must sweep the whole length of Lake Michigan before striking the shores of the Grand Traverse Region; and we find the same rule in force here as elsewhere in regard to its effect upon climate and vegetation. The well-known fruit regions in the neighborhood of St. Joseph, from which the Chicago markets are supplied, derive their capacity from the same source, but in a less degree, for the simple reason that the extent of water to be passed over is much less than at Grand Traverse. The safe wintering of fruit-trees is not indicated by the mean temperature as shown by the thermometer. Nevertheless, it has been proved, by a comparison for a series of years of observations at Traverse City with those at Manitowoc, on the opposite shore of Lake Michigan, — at Montreal, St. Johnsbury, Vt., Gardiner, Me., Ann Arbor, Janesville, and Dubuque, — all in about the same parallel of latitude, that the mean is very much in favor of Traverse City, being $5\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ milder than that of Gardiner, and $8\frac{3}{8}^{\circ}$ milder than that of St. Johnsbury, while the extremes exhibit a much greater difference. But the practical result, which is the point of interest to farmers and especially to horticulturists, is found in the simple but already well-established fact that the peach, which cannot be grown on the western shore of the lake, even at its southern extremity, is perfectly hardy and luxuriant throughout this region; and every other variety of fruit and vegetable which is grown in the latitude of Philadelphia is equally capable of cultivation, and as safe from blight and frosts in the Grand Traverse Region. Tomatoes and other tender vegetables remain untouched by frost till the last days of October. Potatoes and other roots may be left in the ground through the winter without injury, and it is literally true that potatoes may be seen annually growing

where none have been planted for years, — the result of self-propagation from seed left by accident when digging the crop. Apples, pears, plums, grapes, and all the best varieties of vegetables, attain their highest degree of perfection in this favored land. Of farm crops it is enough to say that this region produces the finest of white winter wheat. The dahlia blooms till the last of October, and the bulbs may be left in the ground without injury till spring. Delicate greenhouse roses stand out through the winter, with the same impunity as in Alabama or Louisiana.

Snow remains upon the ground till the middle of April, and preserves vegetation from the stimulating influence of occasional warm days, so that the fruit-buds remain dormant till the danger of injury from frost is past. When the snow disappears the soil is in condition to receive at once the genial influence of sunshine and atmospheric action. The disagreeable period of mud, caused by the slow escape of frost from the soil, is unknown, and the region is preserved alike from the injurious effects of early and late frosts by the modifying influence of the great lake.

In the general character of the soil, also, the resemblance may be traced between this region and the portion of New Jersey which has been mentioned, and which furnishes the markets of Philadelphia with their best supplies of fruit and vegetables, and comprises probably the finest and most extensive market-garden region yet under culture in the United States, holding the same relation to Philadelphia and New York which the Grand Traverse Region is destined to hold to the great cities of the Western lakes. The soil is a rich sandy loam, — the kind best adapted to such culture, the easiest to work, and the one which brings its productions to the earliest maturity. The soil in New Jersey produces tomatoes, pears, and all such vegetables, ten days earlier than the heavier soils of Pennsylvania on the opposite shore of the Delaware; and the same difference exists between the Grand Traverse Re-

gion and the heavy soils of the prairies across the lake.

Generally speaking, the region is covered with a magnificent growth of hard wood, of which the sugar-maple is the most abundant, the other varieties being the beech, elm, ash, oak, poplar, and yellow birch. Of evergreens, the hemlock, white cedar, balsam, fir, and larch or tamarack are more or less abundant; and the white-pine is occasionally found, and attains a majestic size. The full grandeur and beauty of the primeval forest may here be seen, — the hemlocks, mingled with maple, beech, and elm, towering often to a great height, their trunks attaining a diameter of four or five feet; while the lack of undergrowth gives to the forest the appearance of an endless colonnade of majestic pillars, through which, but for occasional fallen trunks, a carriage might be driven.

The surface of the country is undulating and sometimes broken and hilly. Of the natural features which contribute most to the beauty and attractive interest of the region, the magnificent bay which gives it its name, the numerous inland lakes of greater or less extent, and the clear streams abounding with trout, lend to it a picturesque character which no effort of art can rival. The bay is thirty-three miles in length from north to south, with an average breadth of eighteen miles. Its southern portion is divided into two arms by a tongue of land known as the Peninsula, seventeen miles in length and from one to two miles wide. The bay is navigable for vessels of the largest size, its depth being from twenty to seventy fathoms; and numerous small harbors of from one to three miles in depth along its shores afford perfect shelter from storms, and sufficient depth of water for the largest vessels that navigate the lakes. A remarkable series of inland lakes is connected with the bay by navigable waters. These lakes vary in size from two to eighteen miles in width, and form a chain of eighty miles of inland water navigable for tugs and small vessels through-

out its whole extent; while numerous smaller bodies of limpid water, with picturesque shores, serve to invest the whole region with a character of enchanting beauty and inexhaustible interest. This has been so well described by Professor Alexander Winchell, of the University of Michigan, in his report upon the geological resources of the region, that we quote his words, as conveying to the mind of the reader a more vivid conception of the reality than we could hope to present in language of our own: —

“The scenery of the Grand Traverse Region is subdued and soft, sometimes picturesque, always beautiful, and in some instances exquisitely so. Viewed from some suitable eminence, the landscape presents an undulating sea of verdure, one softly rounded hilltop succeeding another in the retreating view, the dimness of distance lending an ever-increasing enchantment to the prospect.

“From the bluff on which the seminary of New Mission is situated, an exquisite view is obtained of Grand Traverse Bay, with its eastern and western arms dissolving in the haze of the dim distance, and the broad lake seen through the mouth of the bay sinking beneath the northern horizon. A fringe of emerald forest skirts the opposite shore. The softened outlines of the Peninsula emerge from the misty embrace of the two arms of the bay, and all around the framework of the scene loom from the background the purple hilltops looking perpetually down upon the picture.”

That this region is destined to be the future abode of a rich community of farmers, and its picturesque sites to be dotted with the villas and country-seats of men of wealth, is obvious to any one who considers its capacity, its attractive charms, and the prospective growth of the West. At present its whole population is probably not over five thousand. Its principal town is Traverse City, at the southern extremity of the bay, with a population of about one thousand. The other towns

are Northport and Elk Rapids, with about five hundred inhabitants each. Farming lands can be had at extremely low prices, and wood may be sold on the shore of the bay for three dollars per cord for shipment to the lake ports; so that the clearing of the land furnishes a paying crop, and wheat commands the same price as at Chicago. The means of access are by steamer from Buffalo, Detroit, or Chicago, — the

time of passage being about forty-eight hours.

Some of the principal fruit-growers of St. Joseph have recently purchased large tracts in the Grand Traverse Region for horticultural purposes, and the advantages it offers for such objects must lead at no distant day to its occupation by the great army whose march is ever towards the setting sun.

H. W. S. Cleveland.

MR. HARDHACK ON THE SENSATIONAL IN LITERATURE AND LIFE.

HAVE I read Miss Braddon's last? Ay, and her first too. Why, during the last three or four months I have been through a whole course of sensational novels, and, in imagination, have married more wives than Brigham Young, and committed more homicides than Captain Kidd; and I flatter myself I have got at the whole secret of the thing. It's whiskey for the mind, sir, — the regular raw, rot-brain fluid of the Devil's own distilling. What do you suppose is to become of the intellects and hearts of a generation which takes to such a terrible tippie? They are all at it, — men and women, boys and girls, imbibing the stinging, burning, corroding beverage as though it were as innocent as milk. "Drink, pretty creature, drink," — that is the song of the Circes and the Comuses of the new school of depravity, as they hold their yellow cups to the lips of sweet fifteen: "This, my dear, has a delicious flavor of theft; this of arson; this of bigamy; this of murder. Drink, and Newgate and the Old Bailey will be more familiar to you than the school-house and the church! Drink, and you will draw the charming convicts out of their cells, and have them all nicely housed in your own imagination! Drink, drink, drink!"

But, you retort, do not the greatest

writers deal with the greatest crimes? Is Shakespeare himself an economist of the dagger and the bowl? Why object to contemporary romancers for taking criminals for heroes, when criminality enters so largely into the heroes of all dramas and romances? You think you have me, do you? Well, others before you have been infatuated with the idea that they could get Solomon Hardhack into a corner, but he always found a road out of it as wide as the Appian Way. I admit at once that I have no objection to murders when they are perpetrated by Shakespeare or Scott. The more the better, say I. When the old woman told her doctor that she feared her health was failing, because during the past week she had not, in reading the newspaper, "enjoyed her murders," she caught a glimpse of the great principle of all art, sir. When I read *Macbeth*, when I see it performed by actors of imagination, I enjoy the murders. When I read or see a coarse melodrama, I don't enjoy the murders. What's the reason? Why my artistic sense is satisfied by the first, and shocked by the second. The tragedy lifts your whole nature, — sentiment, conscience, reflection, imagination, whatever there is in you, — altogether above actual life into the ideal world of art. You

become conscious of a new, strange, and vivid play of all your faculties; and there is delight in that, even though you may now and then shudder or blubber. It is an escape out of all the conditions of your daily life, and you feel ten times the man you were before the fine sting of the dramatist's genius sent its delicious torment into your soul. Now how is it with the melodrama? Why, you are in the mud and dust of the earth all the time you listen; everything is intensely commonplace, not excepting the rant and the crimes; when a character is stabbed, or has his brains blown out, or, what is better, blows out his brains with his own hand, it is simple murder or suicide you witness, and there's no enjoyment in witnessing either, except perhaps the enjoyment you feel in thinking that the wretched spectacle has come to an end.

And here we have the whole philosophy of the sensational in fiction. You are, let me suppose, a commonplace and common-sense man, sir. If I were a person without an atom of genius, and yet were compelled by circumstances, like many of my unfortunate fellow-creatures, to gain my living by writing novels, I should have you in my eye while I wrote. I should so manage my story as to galvanize a small part of your mediocrity out of all its relations to the other parts. You would still be the commonplace fellow you were before, *plus* "a sensation." My book would be as artistically worthless as a police report, but to you it would be a specimen of literature; and I should have the inexpressible satisfaction of transferring money from your pocket into mine, without going through the extremely tedious process of attempting to get a fine sentiment into your heart or a new idea into your head.

Indeed, sir, you will find that it is your ordinary, matter-of-fact, bread-and-butter, practical people, rather than your romantic and poetic ones, who are swindled by sensations. The sensational is a revolt against humdrum,

through the means of a vulgar wonder. Let me tell you an illustrative story. Once upon a time a vagabond pedler appeared in a secluded village, and called the people round him by ringing a big bell. When his audience had become sufficiently large, he stopped ringing in order to make this announcement: "All you young women here with small mouths will have a husband!" The spinsters present pursed and puckered up their lips, and murmured, "Dear me! what a pretty little man!" Then he rung his bell again, with still more startling emphasis, and said in his deepest and loudest tones: "And all you young women here with large mouths will have two!" Instantly the lips were stretched to their utmost width, and from them all came the wondering exclamation, "Law!" Now don't tell me that Miss Braddon had n't heard of this story when she wrote "*Aurora Floyd*," for it was exactly this open-mouthed wonder that she desired to produce when she made the interest of her plot centre in bigamy. 'You know, sir, how quickly you, and the rest of people like you, exclaimed, "Law!"

The great defect, then, to my notion, of the romancers of rascality is, that there's no romance in them. They treat you to hard, ugly, "slangy," prosaic fact, and throw in some wild nonsense, or brutal ruffianism, or cynical villany, just to give it a coarse zest. Neither sentiment nor imagination is addressed. The heroes commit just such crimes, and encounter just such penalties, as you find printed in the newspaper records of the criminal courts. Take Miss Braddon's "*Birds of Prey*," which is one of her latest attempts at a sensation, and notice how bare and bleak is the atmosphere of the story, and how commonplace as well as bad is the company she drags you into. But this photographing of poisoners and swindlers is not characterization,—this power to interest you in society where you fear your pocket will be picked is not art.

So much for the novels that please a

practical man like you, sir. Now what kind of author do you support when it enters your brain that your moral nature needs to be braced? Tupper, of course, for you and your set have sent that "Proverbial Philosophy" of his through a hundred editions. He has just the combination of truism and vagueness, do-me-good reflection and windy vastness, to fill your idea of the moral sublime. And then what a poet he is in his ethics! Your idea of the beautiful is of course identical with your notion of the big; and he goes over the whole universe to gather images of bigness for your delectation, doing a larger business in mountains, earthquakes, and firmaments than any other metaphor-monger of the day. Did it ever occur to you that, even in moral significance, one of Burns's daisies outvalues all of Tupper's empyreans?

You must be a patron of art, too; that is, you are one of those men of dollars who are engaged in corrupting all the promising painters of the land by urging them to the production of panoramic pictures, in which there shall be an almost photographic representation of some strange or big thing in nature, but in which all the life and spirit of nature shall be left out. You value things in art just in proportion as they recede from the artistic. Here is a little picture, representing a bit of grass, a cow, and a cottage. How you turn up your nose! There's nothing in it to create a sensation, I admit; but there is something in it to touch a sentiment, if sentiment you had to touch. The landscape is thoroughly humanized, sir, and if you had ever seen a simple landscape in nature,—you've stared, no doubt, at thousands,—you would feel the fact. But that stupendous picture of mountains you can, of course, appreciate. You never even stared at such a phenomenon as that, and it stirs your languid consciousness with a new sensation. But still the painted bit of grass is greater, as a work of art, than the painted chain of mountains, and would be worth

more in money if purses in our day had not unfortunately lost their artistic perception. Did you ever read Hawthorne's essay on the town-pump of Salem? Well, the town-pump of Salem is n't so important a matter as the battle of Waterloo, but then Hawthorne's description of the pump has infinitely more significance to the intellect than Alison's description of the battle. Now in estimating pictures you make the mistake of judging by the subject painted, and not by the genius that paints. And so far you are a fool, sir. Don't redden! The fools in art are the most sensible men in business, and at any rate are in the majority.

A man like you must have a religion, too, and as you pride yourself on being a very sensible and practical man, you probably have a false and bad one, sir. I don't care where you go to church; I know that, if you must have sensations in literature and art, you must have them also in religion. Ten to one you are a reader of Dr. Cumming, and are charmed with the grandiloquent way he transfixes Napoleon II. on one horn of the dilemma of the Beast, and the certainty he expresses every year that the world is to be destroyed in the next. No? Why you certainly cannot be a Mormon, though the novels you read might tempt you, if you lived in Utah, to look with favor on that over-connubial faith. I see how it is,—you're a Spiritualist. You believe in no miracles that don't pass under your own eyes and into your own ears. You need to have your religion rapped into you. You cannot perceive the spiritual, unless you have a sensation of it. Now, mind, I don't doubt there are many fine natures interested in the phenomena of what is called Spiritualism, and expect to draw something out of it to satisfy their spiritual curiosity or aspiration. But they are not the sensation-mongers of the creed; they are not the persons who exhibit the spirits of the departed to an intelligent public at so much a head. You, however, as I repeatedly have

had the honor of reminding you, are an eminently practical man, and of course easily humbugged on all matters where real spiritual discernment comes into play. Your notion of spiritual communion with the dead is a gossip with ghosts. And such ghosts! Why, your next world, sir, is filled with nothing but bores and dunces, and existence there would be passed by any reasonable man in one long, everlasting yawn! You never read Bacon, or Milton, or Channing; yet I admit you have succeeded in making Bacon and Milton and Channing talk to you — true table-talk! — but then Bacon, freed from all limitations of the flesh, talks like Tupper, and Milton like Robert Montgomery, and Channing like Mrs. Trimmer. You have got a spiritual world, I concede, but it is one into which poets pass only to be deprived of their imagination, philosophers of their wisdom, saints of their sanctity, and all persons of their brains. The “revelations” may be very creditable for tables to make, for tables are of wood, and “wooden” is English for *bête*; but considered as coming from disembodied souls, they cast discredit on the human mind itself. And then, sir, what follies you practical men slip into! ’T is a pity that with all your boasted sense you have n’t some sense of humor to see the ludicrous element in your faith. The mediums who allow you to have a chat with the denizens of the spiritual world, — how inexpressibly moderate they are in their charges! You know perfectly well that the mysteries of your religion are presided over, in many cases, by persons who communicate with the dead simply for the purpose of getting a living; by showmen turned priests and sempstresses ambitious to be sibyls, — priests who are content to exchange a revelation for a shilling, and sibyls who “charge a pistareen a spasm!”

Well, it might at least be hoped that we should have none of these sensations in science. Never was a greater mistake, sir. In the process of being popularized, science is becoming melo-

dramatic; and such melodramas! I don’t know how it is with the real investigators, the plodding, conscientious fellows who are engaged in adding to our knowledge of facts and laws. It is, however, to be supposed that they are leading lives more or less obscure, arriving at limited results by hard labor and patient thought, loving truth more than notoriety, and untroubled by any ambition to excogitate a theory of the universe out of the depths of their own consciousness. Poor devils! Do they suppose that a public, craving new sensations and desirous of having a slap-dash statement of the origin and development of all things and all beings, cares for the little they can tell about the works and ways of nature? Probably if questioned as to some of the novel and splendid scientific theories now in vogue, they would profess complete ignorance of such deep matters. They would answer the querist somewhat as Mr. Prime Minister Pitt answered the lady who asked him for the latest news. He had n’t, he said, read the papers, to which, doubtless, she instantly referred, and found more information there about Mr. Pitt’s acts and intentions than Mr. Pitt himself could have given her. The fact is, the question we now put to every man of science is practically this: “What is your pet method of allowing God Almighty to build the universe?” This, of course, compels every pushing, self-glorifying, sensational *savant* to bring out his plan of creation for our amusement and edification. We put the various schemes to vote, and the one which has the noisiest and most theatrical accompaniments commonly carries it. Now, I call all this creating God after man’s image, and the universe after man’s crotchets, for I find that every plan is the measure of the mind which gets it up, and is ridiculous considered as a measure of Infinite intelligence. Even if you leave the Deity altogether out of your scheme, as an “hypothesis which has now ceased to have any practical interest,” you create, not a world, but merely a

sensation. It is to be presumed that God can get along better without you than you can without him, and certainly his existence is not one of those questions which can be determined by popular suffrage. If the vote were unfavorable, I am not without a suspicion that he would still contrive to keep his place at the heart of things, and assert his reality in ways emphatic enough. In fact, the whole business of building up universes, as now conducted, is decidedly overdone, sir. You get nothing out of it but words, and what, as an old theologian says, are words "against Him who spoke worlds, — who worded heaven and earth out of nothing, and can when he pleases word them into nothing again"?

But you may say that in all I assert about the sensational in religion and science, I am talking of matters about which I know nothing. There you are right, sir. But how is it with business? Here is something which a man of plain understanding and ordinary conscience may speak of without incurring the charge of presumption. Now what is one of the most frightful characteristics of our present mode of doing business? Is it not the building up of great fortunes out of colossal robberies? And the thing is done by a series of sensational addresses to the cupidity of the cheated. High interest notoriously goes with low security; but we have, sir, in this country, a class of rogues who may be called the aristocracy of rascaldom, and who get rich by dazzling and astonishing others into the hope of getting rich. They are the contrivers of enterprises which propose to develop the wealth of the country, but which commonly turn out to be little more than schemes to transfer wealth already realized from the pockets of the honest into those of the knavish. They are the financial footpads

who lure simple people into stock "corners," and then proceed to plunder them. They make money so rapidly, so easily, and in such a splendid sensational way, that they corrupt more persons by their example than they ruin by their knaveries. As compared with common rogues, they appear like Alexander or Cæsar as compared with common thieves and cutthroats. As their wealth increases, our moral indignation at their method of acquiring it diminishes, and at last they steal so much that we come to look on their fortunes as conquests rather than burglaries. Indeed, their operations on 'Change vie with those of military commanders in the field, and are recorded with similar admiring minuteness of detail. They are the great sensations of the world of trade, and have, therefore, more influence on the imaginations of young men just starting in business than the dull chronicles of the great movements of legitimate commerce. Now, sir, take the universal American desire to get rich, and combine it with the rapid, rascally way of getting rich now in vogue, and you will find you are breeding up a race of trading sharks and wolves, which will eventually devour us all. Honesty will go altogether out of fashion, and respectability be associated with defect of intellect. Why, the old robber barons of the Middle Ages, who plundered sword in hand and lance in rest, were more honest than this new aristocracy of swindling millionnaires. Do you object that I am getting into a passion? Why, sir, I have purchased dearly enough the right to rail. Didn't I put my modest competence into copper? And to recover my losses in copper, did n't I go madly into petroleum? And did n't the small sum which petroleum was considerate enough to leave me disappear in that last little "turn" in Erie?

COLOR-BLINDNESS.

THAT a person clothed in his right mind should look upon a modest barn-yard fowl, and deliberately describe it as the yellow hen with a blue tail, seems almost incredible ; but such erratic visions are very common phenomena of the curious disorder which we call color-blindness. Yet the inference that a person deficient in the perception of color does not see distinctly, that his vision is imperfect in the ordinary sense, cannot be drawn. Dimness of vision hides the form of objects, not their color. The other day a friend of mine, who enjoys perfect sight, and who has never had the slightest affection of the eyes, pointed out on the Common a ball-player in a bright blue cap as "the one in the red cap," and gave the color of a lady's green dress in the distance as pinkish. As to a resemblance in hue between the grass and this dress, he thought perhaps that there *was* a resemblance, but he was not certain ; colors generally did not seem to him to be matters of moment, and he clearly regarded the ability to distinguish red from green as an accomplishment of too slender merit to be worth discussing. Another acquaintance, always a little weak among the greens and browns, but an ardent lover of pictures and art generally, and who cherished a particular admiration for the bronze statue of Bavaria at Munich, stoutly maintained that the statue was of marble, because the color was grayish and not that of bronze !

Contrary to what would naturally be supposed, defective perception of color is most common in the educated classes ; at least this is a conclusion of Wilson of Edinburgh, who investigated the subject a few years since, advertising for persons with this defect, and thereby enlarging greatly his field of observation.

Another singular fact in relation to the whole subject is that the existence

of color-blindness should never have been discovered, or if discovered never mentioned, until the year 1796, when Dalton published an account of his own deficiencies in this respect. He could not tell blue from pink, and hardly saw more than two colors in the rainbow.

When the defect is well marked there is always an inability to distinguish between greens and reds. Boys do not see the red apples on the tree, or they have bad luck in gathering wild strawberries, or fail to discover the red roses half hidden by the leaves. Dark reds are called brown, while light reds, light pinks, and light greens often pass for light blues. A gentleman, in relating his own case, complained of not being able to find his red sealing-wax upon his green-covered writing-desk. He once gathered as a curiosity some lichens from the roof of a house. The lichens being, in his sight, of the same color as the red-tiled roof, he thought he had made a remarkable discovery. The lichens, however, to his great chagrin, proved to be bright green.

In a severer grade of the affection blue and yellow are the only colors recognized, and this form of disorder is the one most frequently met with. Mix the blue and yellow, the sole colors which the color-blind recognize, and the product, green, they cannot see. A person relating his infirmity of this nature observed that green, to him, was no color unless it were red ; pale blue and pink were the same ; but yellow, light, dark, and medium, and all blues except the very pale, he knew perfectly and could distinguish with readiness.

A German who has inherited this defect from his grandfather is described as being able to distinguish with certainty blue and yellow only. He is fond of form, a good judge of symmetry, and a connoisseur in oil paintings. He has spent a great deal of time in the galleries of the Louvre, of Dresden, Berlin,

and Vienna, and decides at a glance the school and epoch to which a picture belongs, recognizing at once a Raphael, a Rubens, a Murillo, or a Rembrandt. He does not pretend, however, to judge of the color of a picture, and likes of course historical pictures, with their strict definition of forms, better than landscapes. His memory of colors is weak, and the impression received from them so slight that he is unable in imagination to bring up any color vividly enough to know it. He cannot make out a varicolored object at a glance, but must do it slowly, as it were by spelling. The attempt to define the colors of such objects is tedious to him, and ordinarily he contents himself with the general idea that there are several colors. When a boy he reproached his mother for giving away a scarlet dress, which he called dark and gloomy. In the fields he was unfortunate in gathering strawberries or violets, but he could find the white May-flowers with the best of his companions. Like most persons affected in this way, he was quick to conceal the defect, and never spoke of colors unless he knew his ground well. He was certain, of course, that in their season, trees and grass were green, and he knew that bricks were red, but in regard to these two colors in most other objects he wisely preserved silence.

At one time for a whole year he diligently practised himself every day in the attempt to distinguish colors, in order if possible to remedy his defect. This practice led to an accurate examination of his condition, and finally demonstrated to him the fact that blue and yellow and their different shades were the only colors that he could name with precision. It seemed impossible that scarlet and crimson should both be called red. He classed scarlet with the greens and browns. A bright scarlet and a cinnamon brown were the same. Pink, violet, and lilac were blue, and gray was no color at all. He could distinguish no complementary colors except blue from yellow, and yellow from blue. In the rainbow or solar-

spectrum, although he saw its whole extent, he recognized only blue and yellow. The green was an impure blue, and the red a shade of yellow. His year's practice resulted in an improved perception to the extent only of enabling him to see red modified by blue, as seen in crimson, and in his recognizing a shade of pink.

There is a still worse form of this defect, where yellow alone can be distinguished, or where, in a few instances, even, individuals have been discovered totally blind to all color, and able merely to tell lighter from darker shades. Such persons have frequently had an accurate perception of form, and excellent eyesight. The case of Harris, related in the *Philosophical Transactions*, is one of this kind. He could never understand why bright red was called red, and could do no more than guess the name of any color. He could see merely that white and any bright colors were not black, and that a striped ribbon differed from a plain one. The case of a young woman is also recorded in the *Transactions*, who on being tested was found to know white and black simply; and of a man to whom all colors appeared as tints of gray, or as different shades between black and white. Firms relates the case of a man who knew no colors, but was yet fond of painting. He had frescoed his apartment in colors, and was very proud of his work. When questioned as to his object in painting earth, sky, trees, houses, and figures all blue, he replied that he wished the picture to match the furniture in color. He was not aware that the latter was red. Another individual admitted that the rainbow appeared to him as a "band of lighter color than the other parts of the sky, but a little darker at one side than the other, and gradually shaded off between the two sides."

For many years after the discovery of this peculiar affection it was supposed to be an imperfection dating invariably from birth; always congenital, always a physiological, never a pathological condition. More recently,

however, numerous cases have been published where this anomaly of vision may be traced directly to disorder of the brain, and in other instances directly to disease of the eye. One of the most interesting of these cases, and perhaps the first in point of time, was published in 1840 by Dr. Hays in the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences*. Mary Bishop, twenty years of age, enjoyed excellent sight, and was able to distinguish colors, for aught she knew, as well as her companions. After two attacks of cerebral disease she became entirely blind for four months; her sight then gradually returned, but she noticed that the grass, and particularly that the roses, did not appear of their natural color. The first color she remembered to have remarked as her sight slowly improved was yellow; and when she had so far recovered as to be able to read coarse print and make out the form of smaller objects, she still could recognize with certainty no colors but blue and yellow. A few weeks later, and apparently coincident with the increased visual power, came an increased ability to distinguish colors. Roses were again of their proper color, and easy to find among the leaves. Finally she could see in the prism blue, green, yellow, and red, but not the orange or violet. A case is recorded of a man who lost the faculty of distinguishing colors from the effects of a copious bleeding from the arm. Not unfrequently blindness to color is of the most temporary nature, a mere consequence of sudden and trifling determination of blood to the head. White Cooper relates the case of a well-fed clergyman who, after the services were over, felt somewhat fatigued and depressed from the confined atmosphere of the church. On rising from the kneeling posture, great was his surprise, the age of miracles being passed, to find that the crimson velvet cushions and hangings of the pulpit had changed to a dark violet hue, and that other familiar objects, which he knew to be red, looked bluish-green. A rest of ten minutes in the vestry suf-

ficed to restore his disordered perceptions to their normal condition. Another instance which fell under the notice of the same writer was evidently the result of congestion from fatigue. A plethoric farmer undertook to do the sight-seeing of the great Hyde Park exhibition in London. All went well until the third day, when he felt giddy and oppressed, and to his consternation red curtains and hangings looked a greenish-brown; and on investigating his condition further, he found that he could no longer see greens and reds, although blue and yellows were distinguishable as before. He immediately went home, and after sleeping for three hours found that reds and greens were again as clear and distinct as of old. Very similar to this was the singular experience of Professor Thury of Lausanne, who walked during the night from Geneva to Nyon to witness the great aurora borealis of November 17 and 18, 1848. While all around him were exclaiming in raptures at the gorgeous spectacle, to his dismay he could see nothing but blue sky. His disability proved to be merely of a temporary nature also.

Another case which has its bearing on the temperance question, and has apparently been overlooked by the teetotalers, is that of a college librarian related by Cooper, in Todd's *Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology*. On rising in the morning he was surprised to find that the carpet of his chamber had lost its color. The figure was there, but in black and white only. He called to his wife in alarm to know if the carpet had been changed. It had not, and with a divination strictly feminine she went straight to the root of the matter at once. He had taken too much wine, or, as he expressed it, several kinds of wine at dinner the evening before; and now, his attention being called to this curious phenomenon as a result of wine-drinking, he found later that whenever he partook of several kinds of wine at dinner his perception of color was imperfect in the morning, although his power to dis-

tinguish forms remained unimpaired. When he took punch or spirits, color-blindness was produced in a still greater degree. Over use of the eyes in assorting colors and shades has also been observed to result in a temporary inability to distinguish shades of color at all.

Injury to the interior of the eye or to the brain has sometimes the effect of blinding the eye to color and not to form. A man was struck by a ball from a pistol, which entered the mouth and passed upward through the posterior part of the orbit of one eye. After recovery from the wound, there remained but one small spot upon the retina of this eye sensitive to light. By turning the injured eye somewhat, so as to permit rays of light from objects to fall directly upon the sensitive spot in the retina, forms could be distinctly seen, but no colors. Disease of the internal structures of the eye has not unfrequently the effect of blinding us to colors and not to forms. A recent report of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, furnishes an instance of this kind. A medical man found himself suddenly suffering from partial color-blindness of the right eye. With the left he could still distinguish different hues and shades with readiness and precision. To the right eye bright green appears a pale blue, and bright colors generally look dull. On examination of the affected eye with the ophthalmoscope, there was found an irregularity in the distribution of pigment at that part of the eye near the entrance of the optic nerve. This spot was afterwards determined by experiment to be the faulty portion of the retina. When he looked out, as it were, obliquely from his eye, thereby permitting the rays of light to fall on a different part of the retina, colors appeared natural to him. In certain kinds of disease of the optic nerve as the sight fails, the ability to perceive colors fails also, but by no means in a degree exactly corresponding to the general failure in sight. One may still be able to determine forms with tolera-

ble accuracy, and yet be unable to distinguish colors; and as the disease progresses, and visual power gradually grows weaker and weaker, the power to discern colors may meantime improve considerably and be retained to a limited extent, until the sight fades entirely away.

The cause of color-blindness is not always easy to determine. Numerous investigations, by persons competent and full of zeal for the work, have been made; but although many facts have been established and many untenable theories overthrown, the cause of color-blindness generally cannot be said as yet to have been fully demonstrated. Congenital cases are usually inherited. Dr. Earle published, many years ago, an account of this defect in his own family for several generations. In the second generation of seven brothers and eight sisters, three brothers were defective in the perception of colors. The third generation of three brothers and four sisters were in this respect normal. In the fourth, consisting of fifty-two persons, thirteen brothers and two sisters were affected.

According to the observations of Cuvier, the hereditary tendency sometimes follows the law of sexual limitation, as in the instance of Madame T., of whose six children the five daughters were color-blind, the son not. Madame T. inherited the defect herself from her maternal grandmother. Of the three children of the latter, a son distinguished colors, the two daughters could not. Four of the daughters of Madame T. were married, and of their seven children the three daughters had defective perception of color, but the four sons were free from the defect. Imperfect appreciation of color has been noticed not unfrequently to be associated with imperfect hearing and want of appreciation of music.

To say that we inherit the affection, however, is merely to say that we inherit the cause; it explains nothing, and is at most but one step forward in the investigation of its nature. Many theories, from that of Dalton down to

the very recent ones of Rose, Schultze, Helmholtz, and Ernest Hart, have been advanced, but none seems to have met with sufficient favor to secure its general acceptance. The phrenologists, nevertheless, with that facility and despatch which chiefly characterizes their dealings in intellectual problems, have long since decided that defective perception of colors indicates simply a "deficient organ of color." If we regard the phrase "deficient organ of color" as a peculiar way of expressing a state of the brain which seems to indicate a lack of perception for color, we may consider that we have an hypothesis on which it may be possible, perhaps probable, that some forms of color-blindness may be explained. To believe that a person, however practised and skilful, can tell whether a man knows green from red by examining the region of his eyebrows, is to be blind to something more than color. It seems, as we have already remarked, quite probable, although by no means certain, that in instances where sight as concerns form is absolutely perfect, the cause may be rightfully attributed to some defect in the sensorium, whereby the brain fails to appreciate the difference between the rays of light produced by the several colors. But this theory, if admissible in certain cases, can scarcely be said to cover instances where the defect is noticed only when using one eye. Nor has it any bearing whatever in cases of disease or injury to either one or both organs of vision. Imperfect or disordered perception of color is often the result, in some way as yet inexplicable, of disturbance of the digestive apparatus, and not unfrequently is a symptom of jaundice. Temporarily the same condition may be caused by drugging. Sometimes a preparation from *Artemisia santonica*, or worm-seed, produces this phenomenon with great certainty and rapidity. Schultze, who published a small work in 1866 embodying the result of his experiments, believes that he has discovered a key to the solution of some of the problems presented by this singu-

lar affection, in the *macula lutea*, or yellow spot, in the retina of the eye. The more yellow this spot the more influence it exerts over the perception of blue rays. Santonine augments greatly the yellowness of this spot, and Schultze sums up the phenomena produced by its administration thus. It reduces the perception of the colors of the spectrum, beginning with violet, and goes on as far as to render the retina insensible to blue. It also reduces the color at the other extremity of the spectrum, but to a less extent, simply removing the perception of red. Finally it tinges all objects perceived yellow or yellowish-green. The same author mentions a curious circumstance observed during his experiments with this substance, namely, before the eyes of his subjects become completely insensible to violet rays, when the santonine was just beginning to exert its characteristic influence, all objects appeared tinged with violet. The santonine, according to the author, produces temporary congestions to the head,—a condition which favors the production of spectra or illusory vision. These spectra assume the color complementary to yellow, that is, a violet hue; hence real objects, for the time being, appear tinged also with violet.

Though less than the one-hundredth part of an inch in thickness, the retina is divided by anatomists into seven or more layers, the first of which is formed principally of upright cones. These cones, according to Mr. Ernest Hart, are the true chromatic organs of the eye, each one acting as a prism, decomposing the rays of light which fall at its base in concentric colored circles corresponding to the colors of the solar-spectrum. Still, if it seems necessary, after all the patience and zeal which have been brought to bear in the investigations and experiments to determine the cause of this defect, to admit the conclusion of Stellwag, that the cause of color-blindness is wholly unknown, it may at least be safely affirmed that, of those who have devoted great attention to the subject and whose opinions

'are therefore entitled to consideration, nearly all believe the seat of the disorder to be in the nervous structures within the globe of the eye.

In view of the disposition of the color-blind to hide their defect, it is scarcely probable that the most courageous will adopt the suggestion of Professor Maxwell and wear spectacles,

one glass green and the other red, and so attain infallibility in distinguishing these two colors. To those who do adopt the spectacles he promises no sensation, as of red or green, but merely that they shall learn to know the two colors just as surely and precisely in the same manner as if they were labelled.

HALF-WAY.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

RELATES TO THE YOUNG LADY WITH THE PRETTY CRUTCHES.

SINCE the day Mugby Junction was given to the world, railway stories have grown remarkably fashionable, so that not to put myself out of the world, by omission, I must tell my story. I am neither an engineer, however, nor a baggage-man, nor a switch-tender, nor any other kind of tender belonging to an engine or a railroad. I desire so much to be understood at the start. I am not and do not wish to be railroad property in any event, and as to driving an engine, that is something I am not up to. I'm too absent-minded for that. I would forget to stop when I should, and go on when I should n't. I would forget to whistle down the brakes, or whistle them off at proper times, or reverse the engine in contemplation of the dangerous and exciting perspective. An approaching train on the same track would become an object of study rather than terror. The idea of a smash-up, too, would be attractive. Injury to myself or the passengers would be unthought of. The sight would be too grand not to lend it all the attraction in my power. No, no, I should whistle the breaks off, I know I should,—that is, if I did anything. So I would never answer for a driver. Smash-ups would be sure to come

when they were not expected, very much, though, as most smash-ups do come. Neither would I do for a switch-tender. There would be something too jolly and exciting in the approach of a lightning expresser to think of switching. The idea, too, of surprising the passengers by running them down a bank; only think of it! Really, it is a wonder that so few do run off, after all. But neither could I be a fireman. The fires would go out, or burn too fast, or do something wrong for which I would receive nothing but kicks and curses. And as for being a conductor or a baggage-man or an expressman, or anything of the sort, it is entirely out of the question. If I was conductor, passengers would ride free, pay twice, or go off at the next station. If I was a baggage-man, the office for lost baggage would surely become an important one; and as for express running, I should be charged with theft every day of my life, for losing packages which nobody would believe to be lost. Yes, yes, I am very thankful that I don't belong to the railroad; and as I know the railroad don't want me, we are so far quits.

Of course I would not do wrong intentionally; my heart is soft enough for practical purposes, all my acquaintances know to my sorrow, or rather to the sorrow of my pockets, which is *not* the same thing. Speaking of my pocket, reminds me that a client has been wait-

ing to see me for the past twenty minutes. He no doubt thinks, poor innocent soul! that I am drawing up a brief, which I ought to be drawing up, to be sure. Thus you see how it is this story comes into my head, and nothing will do but I must tell it. I forget my client, then, or I at least think he can wait; and, bless you! so he can. Or, if he gets tired in the mean time, he can go and come again; my story must be told at all hazards. So my unsophisticated client — nearly all my clients are unsophisticated — watches me attentively, and, as I imagine, says to himself as he waits: "How fast he writes; what a lawyer he is! What a nest of business! He *must* have time to write his cases out. I will go and call again." Whereupon he does actually rise, saying respectfully, with hat in hand, "I will call again, sir."

"Do," I answer abstractedly; the gentleman, in the mean time, bowing himself out, with a look of wonder and admiration for the individual who manages so much intricate business. And really, I feel, sometimes, that it is a matter of wonderment that lawyers get through so many circuits. Yet they are always blamed for mistakes. If they fail to see a point, they make for themselves a point at which everybody else pokes fun. Abstractedly I answered the query of an old gentleman only yesterday, — he, alas! was n't altogether unsophisticated, — for which I expect a dismissal. He desired to get absolute title to certain real estate in which he already possessed a life-interest. My advice was, that he should make a contract with the heirs to convey to him when his life-estate had terminated; no wonder the old fellow went off scratching his head. So you see I did n't have my wits about me, much as usual.

The thought that never wanders, it has been said, is one of the masters of victory, and that is the idea that accounts for my ill successes. I can't keep my thoughts on hand, and there's no use trying; I forget to go to market, and go without meat for dinner in

consequence, but that don't cure me, — all of which causes me to believe I have no business on the railways, when like a poor clock, I should, to say the least, be forever getting out of time. These shortcomings will of course be to my disadvantage in story telling, where so much depends upon time. But as my story is no fiction, but a veritable fact, — I believe a lawyer is expected to vouch for the truth of all he says, — I have an advantage too, as just telling in plain terms a little personal experience, much will not be expected, and for that reason nobody will, I trust, be disappointed. With this preface, which will account for the errors, if there be found any in what follows, as I doubt not there will be, I make bold to go ahead.

I was booked to take a business trip; that is, in my diary under date of April 20 it was noted that I should leave the city, for and on account of certain matters of business, at this time unnecessary to be mentioned. Keeping an eye out to pleasure at all times, the idea of a business trip was by no means displeasing. Indeed, it was so attractive that I had induced my partner to forego his claim to this trip, giving my health and the greater confidence of one mutual client in me as an excuse. To be sure, the season was not propitious. But staying at home was about as disagreeable as travelling, if travelling was about as disagreeable as staying at home. At such season we expect to witness the weather one thing and feel our comfort another, just because we are in a period of collapse between the frigidities of winter and the relaxations of summer.

The day came, however, and found the streets wearing their usual spring apparel, consisting of a great-coat of mud, and undergarments of salmagundian characteristics. This induced me to forego my usual custom of walking to the depot with my satchel, and hire a hack (I hope to have the pleasure of riding in a hansom some day), whereby self and trunk might be conveyed without discomfort. Having arrived at

the depot I paid the hackman more than he was entitled to, checked my trunk, lit a cigar, and strolled leisurely up and down the outside platform, where the sun was shining as only an April sun on or about the forty-first parallel of latitude can shine. Here I walked back and forth, waiting for the "all-aboard" whistle, but in the mean time congratulating myself on my escape from office duties, to the round of pleasures I saw before me, until my attention was directed to my old friend and client, Mr. Sniffins. That gentleman was exhibiting a more than ordinary degree of nervousness and anxiety, which was a very remarkable incident, as under ordinary circumstances his nervousness was considered the very perfection of that distressing disease, if his manner was to be taken as an evidence of its internal workings. Mr. Sniffins, however, was a rosy-faced little man, wearing an eye-glass and flourishing a cane; whose eye-glass never seemed to be adjusted satisfactorily, and whose cane was always getting in the way, like the sword of an unpractised courtier. He was fifty-five, more or less, probably more, with gray eyes, gray hair, and little tufts of white whiskers at the sides of his shining cheeks. He was by no means a badly disposed looking individual, but, on the contrary, was quite lovable and benevolent looking, as he really was, for aught I then knew, a very benevolent kind-hearted old gentleman, who thought nothing of doing a favor, and just as little of asking one against the will.

Mr. Sniffins, after running about hither and thither into the railway carriages, which we Americans call cars, then out upon the platform, then in upon the platform, then in the cars and out again, finally took a seat upon a dry-goods box, and, as if to appear unconcerned, began to twirl his gold-headed cane, in a manner, though, which really denoted a very great concern. His clean white stockings, which he always wore, looked the while very comfortable between trousers and shoe-tops, as his dumpy little feet upon his

dumpy little legs swung nervously to and fro. He could sit there but a moment, however. So he jumped down hurriedly and began a peculiar motion, which at each step began as a run and ended as a walk, reminding one of the little wooden balls with india-rubber strings attached, which the little boys throw at you nowadays, and which, to your great surprise, halt, and go back again just as you begin to dodge. He had this time, as a dozen times before, supposed the cars to be on the very point of starting, although it was still twenty minutes of the regular time. But being a constitutionally nervous man,—one of that numerous class who are unable through constitutional defect to depend upon their own watches or the company clocks, and who never feel safe until they get in the cars, and when they are in never feel safe until they get out and off again,—he jumped upon one of the platforms, disappeared within one of the coaches, and presently passed his head out of one of the windows. This time seeing his attorney, he passed his head in again, and presently came toward me at more than his usual speed.

"Are you going travelling, Mr. Joe?" (I am called Mr. Joe by my friends and neighbors, and you mustn't be vexed if I retain the title my friends and neighbors have given me.)

"Mr. Sniffins," I replied, bowing deferentially, "I am going travelling."

"Would you be so kind, Mr. Joe, as to do me a favor?"

"Mr. Sniffins," I replied, with something of the air of an upstart, I dare say, "I shall be most happy."

"Thank you, Mr. Joe. Mrs. Sniffins will thank you too, Mr. Joe. You have taken a great weight from my mind, sir. But which way do you travel, sir? That may be important."

"West and north, Mr. Sniffins."

"West and north with this train is the right way, sir. Thank you, Mr. Joe. My niece goes west and north. She is in the car second to the baggage. I was to have gone a short distance with her myself, but Mrs. Snif-

fins will be glad to have me back at dinner-time. You will take my place, Mr. Joe, you will accompany my niece to Bolton."

Having roared these words at me, to the amusement of attentive listeners, all the while urging me forward unnecessarily fast for an individual prizing his dignity, he gave me an opportunity to reply.

"Mr. Sniffins," said I, feeling a little bit ruffled, and blowing a volume of smoke into his face, both as an evidence of indifference for the eyes of lookers-on and as an escape to my pent-up feelings, — "Mr. Sniffins, I will; we will find the fair creature at once."

"But, Mr. Joe, have we time? Won't the train start?"

"Mr. Sniffins," said I, again blowing the smoke into his eyes, "what if it does?"

"I could n't get off, Mr. Joe. Don't, don't speak of it, I pray, don't."

"But how shall I be able to distinguish your niece? — from resemblance to her good uncle?"

"No! no! no, sir!" ejaculated the old gentleman, as the idea took possession of his mind. "We must find her, Mr. Joe."

Whereupon he seized my arm frantically, and hurried me along to the second car from the baggage. Stopping suddenly when he had reached this car, he looked up and rapped one of the windows so violently that I thought he was really going to knock it in. Thereupon, as he did no perceptible damage, a woman I judged to be a maiden lady of fifty summers, wearing green goggles and looking desperately long in the neck, very dark of complexion, and very much wrinkled, looked out in alarm. Whereat I was somewhat alarmed myself. But I regained my composure when Mr. Sniffins took off his hat, and, having asked madam's pardon with his usual politeness, rapped at the next window. But an ugly-looking scamp of a fellow, who seemed to be more disposed to come out and make the old gentleman apologize than to accept the already prof-

ferred apology, looked fiercely from this window, and we went on, of course. The next time, at the presentation of two black, saucy-looking eyes and a laughing face, I was sure we were right, until I saw Mr. Sniffins raise his hat again, when the smile with which I had decked my face subsided into a melancholy grin, and we passed on once more. Mr. Sniffins came to rap at the right window at last, and a very sweet but what I then thought a rather dove-like looking face presented itself and smiled very prettily. There could be no mistake this time. There was too much of the good Mr. Sniffins in that face; so I took off my hat, and bowed politely.

"Julie," said the old gentleman, all out of breath, "I have found you a guardian at last. This is Mr. Joe. He will accompany you to Bolton, as he goes that way on business, on this very train. He is a young lawyer, and I doubt not you will find him a pleasant companion. He's quite respectable, too, my dear, which can't be said of *all* lawyers *you* know, eh?"

Then the little woman, smiling very prettily, as if almost inclined to laugh outright, beckoned to the little man, who accordingly stood upon tiptoe, while the little woman stooped, and at once entered into a spirited but very private and quiet little conversation by themselves; after which she offered me a very small and a very white hand, which I shook with a gentle pressure, as my wont is. But as the old gentleman seemed to have something to say at that particular moment, I held my own peace until he should have finished. The next conversation, however, was an exceedingly short one, and to my own mind, at least, an exceedingly sweet one. The fact is, he just stood upon tiptoe again, and she just stooped again, when Mr. Sniffins just kissed Julie, and Julie just kissed Mr. Sniffins, just as if nobody was looking on all the while. Then the little gentleman stood down again, took me by the hand, wished me a successful journey, waved his own hand

gallantly, nearly knocking his wig off in doing so, and departed.

The cars, by which we mean a train of cars or coaches, being in motion by this time, and having received an invitation from my ward to get aboard, I threw away the last and as usual the best portion of my cigar, and entering the car as per invitation, found at last, — ah ! I could not believe it at first, but really I did find, — occupying two seats, and propped up with pillows, (two prettily carved crutches lying by her side,) the little woman over whom I had so recently assumed the appointment of guardian. Taught, however, to believe every person possessed of at least one infirmity, and that a patent infirmity is more endurable than a latent one, — which is, perhaps, a legal way of putting it, — I presented myself not quite overpowered by the unexpected discovery. But when she took up the pretty crutches to give me room, with a look that was not altogether melancholy, but which I chose to consider so, I felt it a duty to look upon them and the owner compassionately.

"Ah, you are disappointed," she said, looking up and laying her little hand upon the crutches ; "you were not prepared for it."

"Well, no, I was not ; but then," said I, "I can't say I am disappointed."

"Can't you ? I could if I were you. And if I were you I should find some fault. Are you quite sure you are not disappointed ?"

"Quite sure. I am sure you can't fly away, you know."

"Ah ! you must n't be too sure of that. I can fly better than you imagine. And I feel sometimes very much like flying, too, I get restless so much. But you must look sharp, or I will fly away really."

"You fly ! what with ?" said I, looking at her bright blue eyes.

"What with ? With my crutches, to be sure. You see I have a strong will, and 'where there's a will,' you know."

I was going to say something, just for the saying, but before I had time to

begin she went on again, changing the subject : —

"How lovely this spring weather is ! How cheering it is ! How I love this new life of things, so fresh ! All the old things done away. A new heaven and a new earth."

We were driving over the iron rail furiously.

"I would like to ride on the train when I could feel the wind sometimes," she continued. "I think it would do my nerves good to feel the fresh air. How exhilarating it must be !"

After a while there came a few moments of thoughtful silence, and then she turned about quickly and brightly, as if certain old thoughts had been rudely ostracized as too dangerous, because exerting too much influence.

"Do you know uncle never told me your name ? Did he tell you mine ?" she inquired.

Really I had n't thought of it before, but he had certainly neglected to do so.

"That's lucky," she went on again. "You can't call me Miss So-and-so ; but you must call me Julie, if anything. There, I have written it on this card, so. Please write the name I may call you beneath. Anything you like."

She handed me the card, and I wrote simply, "Joe."

"There, Mr. Joe, you don't know my name, and I dare say you will never care to. And now, Mr. Joe, uncle said you were a lawyer."

I admitted myself a poor one.

"Uncle did not tell you I was ill and lame ?"

Strange old Mr. Sniffins ! Of course he did not ; and why should he ? "But then," I added, "he did not tell me of your accomplishments, Miss Julie."

"Ah ! some people have too many accomplishments, Mr. Joe. You may lose your money before we reach Bolton. But at all events he did not tell you of my complaints. Now do you know I distrust you ?"

Of course I was sorry to hear it, and said as much.

"I distrust all of you," she continued. "You have no patience."

"All of us?" I suggested, desirous of having the names or the calling, at least, of those included in the sweeping condemnation.

"Well, it don't matter," she said, smiling, and getting at my meaning very quickly. "You tire too soon, that's all. By to-morrow you will be sorry you ever saw me, Mr. Joe."

"Will I, Miss Julie?"

"Don't you think you will, Mr. Joe?"

Of course I knew I should not.

"But what if you should be sorry?" she continued.

"Ah! but I won't be," I persisted.

"You are not sure of that. What if you should be, Mr. Joe?"

"I can't imagine, really."

"Do you ever get angry, Mr. Joe?"

"Sometimes; but I am always sorry when I do."

"Would n't you get angry with me if I became a burden and an injury to you; an injury, that is, in some unaccountable way?"

I agreed that I would not in any event.

"And not at my uncle either?" she asked.

"Angry at good old Mr. Sniffins, Julie? No indeed. I owe him a blessing."

"You are forgetful, are you not?" she asked.

I was obliged to own up to that fact.

"Then you must agree to it in writing," she said, taking from her little travelling-bag a sheet of paper, upon which I wrote articles of agreement all in due form, whereby I agreed to much more than I had stipulated beforehand, which, however, was all for the joke and amusement and anticipation the little transaction promised.

But when she read it she laughed a merry laugh, and the merry laugh brought tears to her blue eyes, so that I felt just a little bit doubtful.

"Mr. Joe," said she, then, "I am a lawyer, too. There is no consideration to this agreement."

So I wrote a consideration, and the consideration was that she should not

fly away upon her crutches, or go ahead to ride upon the locomotive, but would just stay and keep me company as we journeyed on our way to Bolton. Then we dated our contract, signed it, and placed it in the travelling-bag again; and then she looked up again, and tears were shining in her lashes, which so puzzled me that I was led to ask seriously what I might expect from the contract.

"You must expect I will do all I can to make our contract on your part better than on my own. I have something to labor for, that's all, Mr. Joe"; and she looked up very much as if she had said, "I would n't injure you, Mr. Joe. I am just unfortunate and want you to help me."

Mind, now, I am saying she looked as if she had said so, but really I think she did say so, for I do believe that eyes sometimes say a great many things if we were only able to interpret their language; a great many things we have no idea of, and a great many very pretty things, too. But be that as it may, we afterwards read and talked and laughed as we sped over the iron rail. And as we journeyed westward the sun overtook us, and the long train stopped half an hour for refreshments. Of course I got out and walked about in the warm sun, smoking a cigar, and throwing through the open window oranges and soft words, alternately, under the influence of which poor Julie (I don't know how I came to call her poor Julie) rallied wonderfully. Indeed, as she threw back at me her orange-peel and quick replies with such astonishing dexterity, I thought her bodily infirmities had been cured and she was using all her limbs again. But when "Off brakes!" was whistled, and I entered the car again, the little crutches looked like necessary companions. I wanted to ask about her infirmities, but feared it would be indelicate, and held my peace. Then, as we hurried along again, she looked out of the window, and I began to wonder at her conversation.

At four o'clock the afternoon papers

came aboard, and I purchased a third edition, and the gentleman opposite me purchased a third edition too. Then I read the third edition, and the gentleman opposite read the third edition. Then my eye fell upon a news item, and the eye of the gentleman opposite fell upon exactly the same item, for, without being invited to speak, he turned to me and said, "I see they are to sell the Oldham property at Bolton to-morrow."

"Yes, sir," I answered; but I did n't tell him I was going up expressly to bid on the premises for a client, which would have been unwise, to say the least.

"Property's immense, I understand?" he continued.

I was not inclined to be communicative, however, and the individual again suggested, "Said to work great hardship to the heirs?"

"Yes." I turned my back to him this time, and no more was said on that subject.

Then it began to grow dark; and, as I could not read my paper any more, I threw it down and turned to my companion, who was looking out at the sparks which were already visible flying by from the locomotive. It had got to be a cloudy night, and the air was growing cold, as it so frequently does in early spring. Still, good fires built in the stoves, and the lamps lighted, though burning dimly, cheered us up again and kept out the chilliness. But for all the lights and fires, I found it more comfortable to sit a little closer; and then we began to talk about many things, so that I found my companion half a politician and more than half a lawyer. Thus the time and the miles passed swiftly, and as the time and the miles were passing we somehow or other forgot to talk about law and politics; and as we left these subjects further and further behind, we spoke lower and lower, so that we had to sit nearer and nearer in order to make ourselves heard. And so we came, at last, to talk of the poets and poetry, and — ever so many other things besides.

We were riding in the "lightning expresser," stopping only at important stations, except for wood and water. At this time, however, we were in want of neither, because we were running down an incline where the brakes are touched lightly and the steam shut off. But for all that it was a straight line and a safe line, when the engineer could bite his bread and cheese, and when the fireman could light his pipe and have a jolly good smoke.

"Please, Mr. Joe, what station comes next?" said my companion, starting with a start that startled me as well.

The railway guide said it was Half-Way.

"So soon?" she said with another start.

"What is it, Julie?" I inquired with, I dare say, a tender look.

"Only a little pain," she answered; "that's all. Only a sudden thought, Mr. Joe. But —"

"But what?" I asked, uneasily.

"I fear," she answered, "I must wait at Half-Way for the next train." She was playing nervously with a ring upon her finger, turning it about and taking it off, and putting it on again, abstractedly.

But the next train would answer me just as well, so that I determined to wait too. Of course I would not hear of her staying alone at a strange place, when I should lose nothing but a few hours at the most. Wherefore we both alighted at Half-Way. When, having seated my companion in the depot where a lamp was burning dimly, I proceeded to make inquiries of an official-looking individual, relative to lodging accommodations.

"Have you a good hotel here?" I inquired.

"That depends upon what you call a good one," was the answer. "What's good for me may be poor for you, perhaps —"

He waved his lantern, and away went the train.

"How many have you here?" I again inquired.

"Two, and a saloon which pretends

to be a hotel, too. So's to evade the excise law for a license."

"Are your hotels named?" I asked.

"Lord bless you, sir. Was there ever a hotel in these United States that did n't have a name, and a great big name, too? Why, over this way you'll find the International, and over yonder's the Metropolitan. And their name's the biggest things about 'em, or I'm mistaken."

"Which of the two is the better?" I persisted, feeling that I must make a choice of one at all events.

"Blessed if I know. Go to one, and you'll wish you'd gone to the other, and it does n't make much difference which one you go to first, I reckon."

At this point the official-like looking gentleman gave his lantern an impatient swing; and, as if he thought something should start whenever he swung his lantern, he started himself and ran away incontinently.

When I returned Miss Julie was anxiously waiting. The coast was now all clear. No one was about, excepting ourselves; not a solitary human being to ask a question of; not a depot-master, not a ticket agent. The lights burnt, but nobody cared for them. The telegraph instruments ran races with each other, and made a galloping noisy race of it too, which seemed to be never ending. First one machine was ahead and then another, and while we listened the more furiously the racers raced. Really it was very disagreeable to think of getting off at such a station for rest. What nonsense! Something, however, must be done. Here we were and it could n't be helped. "O Mr. Joe," said Miss Julie, compassionately, "what a place I've brought to —"

Then I went out in search of a hotel and found the Metropolitan, which was a story and a half frame structure, putting one exceedingly in mind of a den, and a kind of lion's den, too. Nevertheless, I went in fearlessly and took a survey. They had n't gone to bed down at the Metropolitan. In fact, they were just getting waked up to all

appearances, as the noise was intolerable. Sitting on the bar was a fleshy individual of eighteen or twenty, who was endeavoring to perform the manly feat of rubbing his stomach with one hand and patting his head gently with the other, not performing either, by the way, so much to his own satisfaction as to that of his audience.

"No such word as fail, Dolder," roared one.

"Patience and perseverance, Dolder," shouted another.

"Don't give up the ship," suggested a third.

No chance of getting much rest here, I thought; so I hurried back, having made up my mind that Miss Julie's best course would be to try and rest in the depot, while I should keep watch on the outside with a cigar.

When I reached the depot the telegraph instruments were running more desperately than ever, but Miss Julie was — gone. Not only had she gone, but she had gone without the pretty crutches.

My first impulse was to rush back to the hotel for assistance. Of course she had been carried off. Else why the crutches left? But wait! There was a slip of paper pinned to one of the crutches, which I seized desperately and read by the dim lamplight of Half-Way Station; and as I read, the clock struck twelve, as it seemed to me, in a very solemn manner. But the little billet, to my great surprise, read thus: —

"Mr. Joe must journey from hence alone. That he may live to forgive a great injury is the wish of his sincere but very unfortunate friend,

"JULIE."

"Ah, a great injury," I thought to myself, thinking the while of my agreement in the cars, but smiling at what I could but think was an absurdity; nevertheless, my smile, I dare say, was a wicked one, as I immediately lit a cigar to quiet my nerves. So I smoked one cigar and lighted another, and smoked that and then another and another, while I wandered about hither

and thither until the hotels were closed and I grew more and more nervous. At length, however, a young man emerged from somewhere, and went into the telegraph office, tried the keys, and then strolled out again, and went to looking out of the windows and up the track. Then the official-like looking individual made his appearance with his lantern and spoke to the telegraph operator, asking "whose crutches and things" those were.

"They are mine," I answered, I dare say a little sharply, and I took up the crutches and placed them under my arm. But fearing I had been too quick, I added, "They belong to a young lady who came under my charge," by way of qualification.

"Where's the young lady, then?" said the man with the lantern. "Gone off without legs?"

"Really, my good friend," said I then, a little inclined to come down, "I can't tell you. She came with me to this place this very night, a cripple, sir, on these very crutches, and now, sir, she's gone off without 'em. Tell me, if you can, where she is."

"Queer," said the individual, soliloquizing.

"Devilish queer," said the telegraph operator, likewise soliloquizing.

"Were you related?" inquired the official-like looking individual.

"No. She was placed under my care to go to Bolton, by a respectable old gentleman she called her uncle. Before reaching this station she complained of illness, so we concluded to remain here a little while, thinking a short rest would do her good."

"Hum!" said the official-like looking individual.

"Ah!" echoed the telegraph operator.

"Well," said the individual with the lantern, musingly, after a pause, "I don't see but what you've earned them crutches. At any rate I'm blessed if I'll have anything to do with 'em."

"Was she really a cripple?" inquired the telegraph operator.

"I thought so, most assuredly," I answered, a little doubtfully.

"Queer!" again asserted the individual with the lantern.

"Devilish queer!" again asserted the telegraph operator, who was none other than the applauded Dolder.

"See if the train's on time," said the man with the lantern, changing the subject as if it was of no great consequence any way. "She'll turn up some day, sir. How is it, Davy, all right?"

"All right," responded the operator, who had been talking with somebody thirty miles away.

"There they go!" said the official-like looking individual, looking at his watch.

The long whistle sounded afar off, and I was heartily glad they were coming at last. Anything to get out of Half-Way Station. But I was determined to hold on to the pretty crutches, nevertheless. They might some day assist me in unravelling a mystery. So I placed them under my arm and stood waiting out upon the track for the train, which I could already hear, thundering down the incline. Now it came nearer, and the head light, shivering with the oscillation of the locomotive, was discernible. Then another and a nearer and a shriller blast was blown, and one could feel the very earth trembling, as it seemed, with the furious racing of the iron horse; while the sparks were flying from the smoke-stack with the thick and heavy smoke, and underneath the hot coals of living fire fell upon the ground and were trampled out of sight.

"They are running very fast, I should say?" I remarked carelessly to the man with the lantern, who was standing beside me.

"They mostly do come on this run as if the Devil was after 'em," he answered, as if it was really not uncommon.

"Ah! but they don't seem to be holding up?" I suggested.

"They generally goes the faster about here, I reckon."

"They stop, don't they though?" I

exclaimed, no doubt savagely, catching at his meaning.

I heard him say, "They don't calculate to often, sir," but what else he said was lost in the rushing wind and the clickety click, clickety click, of the passing train, which really seemed perfectly indifferent in regard to my own little and very miserable existence.

How long after that I stood listening to the rumbling of the train I can't say, for it kept rumbling and rumbling and rumbling in my ears as if it had made a special agreement to drive me mad. My good friend with the lantern came about this time, however, and saved me by tapping me lightly on the shoulder.

"Was you intending to have taken that train?" he asked, swinging his lantern in the direction it had gone.

I nodded.

"Was you told it stopped by any one belonging on the road?"

I shook my head a little doubtfully, as it did really seem as if some one had induced me to think so.

"Had you business of importance to take you on?"

Again I nodded.

"Was anybody you knows on interested about that same identical business?"

Again I shook my head doubtfully, and the individual gave his lantern another swing, and departed.

I had really never been so unpleasantly situated. But that, after all, was not the worst of it; as in the cold gray of the morning I slowly plodded down to the Metropolitan, looking colder and more dismal than it did the night before, I thought of the business which I had undertaken with such alacrity, and how I should reach Bolton in time to bid at the sale of the Oldham property for my client. There was but one way left, and that to telegraph for a postponement of the sale. But those who sit up late get up late; in consequence whereof the Metropolitan was still wrapped in slumber when I was rapping at the door. To be sure, it was yet very early. Only the early

birds were abroad, and the early birds were indeed very few and looked as if they needed all the worms they got. The old bar-room into which I ushered myself, with about half a dozen of the early birds, smelt exceedingly stale, and looked exceedingly dirty, and felt exceedingly uncomfortable. The landlord, however, who was a very prompt little fellow, seeming to have a realizing sense of the appearance of things, got himself behind the counter or the bar in a twinkling, and, without saying a word, looked at the early birds as if he had really said, "Well, gentlemen, what shall it be this morning?"

"A little cold water in a wash-basin is all at present, sir. I shall stay to breakfast with you."

After breakfast I felt better and strolled leisurely back to the depot, but the operator having not yet arrived I sat down and smoked another cigar. After that I began to grow impatient, and asked the freight agent about the next train, and found it would not leave Half-Way until half an hour after the hour appointed for the sale of the Oldham property. Then I went and asked the ticket agent where the operator lived.

"She lives in the brick house the top of which you just see over the hill."

"She!" I exclaimed; "is your operator a woman?"

"Our day operator is," was the answer.

Then I ran over to the brick house; but the matronly woman in charge of that establishment kindly informed me the operator was not at home, and I ran back to the depot.

"Where can I find your night operator?" I asked.

"In the Metropolitan, fast asleep, I reckon."

I hurried down to the Metropolitan.

"Johnny," said the landlord, in response to my question, "run up to room 44 and see if Dolder's in."

"He ain't thar," said the dirty-faced boy, returning after what seemed destined to be an eternity.

"Do you know where he is?" I demanded.

"No, sir, I don't," he answered, putting his hand to his head as if he expected me to cuff it; "but I heered him say as how he was a going a hunting."

I turned from the Metropolitan and fled back to the depot again.

"At what time does this operator usually reach her office?" I inquired.

"About nine o'clock," he answered; "but she is n't obliged to get here only in time to report the train."

"And that's 11.40?" I asked.

"Just twenty minutes, sir," he answered, looking at the clock. And then he went into his little office, and, throwing up the window, began to sell tickets, while I thought to myself, it is too late now at any rate. But do what I would I could n't help thinking of my unpleasant dilemma, and of that I was thinking when the train arrived. So I took up the little crutches and went to get aboard.

"You wanted the operator," I heard a gentleman say, as he laid a hand upon my shoulder; "there she comes, down the hill."

I saw a womanly figure coming down the hill, reading a letter as she walked. But all the grace I witnessed in that figure could hardly restrain the resentment I felt toward her. Nevertheless, I turned my back without a word, and left Half-Way Station behind, as I devoutly hoped, forever.

Of course the first thing I did after my arrival at Bolton was to visit the attorney who had the selling of the Oldham property, in the hope that by some chance or mischance the sale had not yet taken place; or if it had, that it had been purchased by some one ignorant of its value, of whom I might again purchase for a slight advance.

"Has the sale been made yet?" was my first query.

"Yes, sir," said the attorney, "it was made within one hour of the time advertised."

"Who was the purchaser?" I demanded eagerly.

"Mr. Sniffins, sir, an elderly, respectable looking old gentleman from Down East somewhere."

"I know," I interrupted, with a thundering voice.

"Was you interested?" he mildly inquired.

"Has the title been forfeited?" I again demanded, heedless of the question.

"Yes, sir, everything complete, recording and all."

I took up my hat, and with the unfortunate crutches rushed into the street and to the telegraph office, whence I sent a despatch to my partner announcing the failure of my trip, and promising to explain when I should reach home.

Well, when I did reach home I did explain; and such an overhauling as I got from my client for forsaking business to run after the girls was astonishing, to say the least. But my client was a young man, and after a few weeks came to me with an apology and my fees. Of course I refused the latter; but as he insisted, I finally did accept them, although I really thought they were not deserved.

"But," said he, after his apology had been accepted, and his bill receipted, — "but remember one thing, Joe, I'm a going up to that station myself to ferret out this whole affair, and bring somebody to account I surely will; and it is upon the understanding that you assist me, that I take you into my service again."

These terms being agreed to, I took the pretty crutches and nailed them crosswise, like a pirate's cross-bones, upon my office wall, just where I could see them when not engaged at my desk. This was to keep my memory upon the subject, Vicar of Wakefield like, so that during idle hours I might be studying the problem with a view to its solution. But when the spring-time had gone and the summer had come, instead of endeavoring to solve the problem I wished again to see a fair face, which — as often as my eyes fell upon the crutches — came to haunt me with

an accusation I could not deny, for I recalled our little agreement, and part of the mystery was cleared away. Then I would say to myself, "Poor Julie, there is something yet in the dark." And then I would take from my pocket-book a little slip of paper on which she had written:—

"Mr. Joe must journey from hence alone. That he may live to forgive a great injury is the wish of his sincere but very unfortunate friend,

"JULIE."

So I came at last to displace the rusty nail which all along had held the little crutches against the wall, a piece of blue ribbon as near the color of her eyes as I could find being substituted therefor. And so, too, one evening at twilight it came to pass that my client

came in, lit a cigar, and sat down as if he had something on his mind. But you know that was not a strange coincidence. It had occurred a hundred times before. When he looked up at the pretty crutches, however, with such a look of desperate resolution, I confess I did not like it; and when he told me he was about to take a short trip into the country for his health, I inwardly rebelled against the proposition; and when he said he would spend a few days at Half-Way, I was sorely tempted to take down one of the pretty crutches, and end my interest in the affair on the spot by rapping him over the head. But I held my peace, nevertheless, and he went on to develop his plans, like some hideous Guy Fawkes to some equally hideous associate.

G. S. Barrow.

A KENTUCKIAN'S SHARE IN THE COUP D'ÉTAT.

IT was the 9th of February, and Rochefort had been arrested the night before.

The pulse of Paris beat high with excitement, strains of the Marseillaise were hummed in the streets, the squares were full of marching platoons of foot-soldiers, and the boulevards were scoured by squads of horse. The gay uniforms of the Garde de Paris glittered among the grave blue and silver of the Sergeants de Ville, and now and then a company of white-buskined chasseurs flashed their gleaming bayonets before the eyes of the curious populace. There was here and there a slight disturbance, as a disorderly student was marched off to cool his political enthusiasm at the *dépôt de la Préfecture*; but the philosophical crowd shrugged its shoulders as who would say: "What will you have? Our time has not yet come."

"We sha'n't see a revolution, after all, I'm afraid," said Stuart.

"Not much danger," I said, "either of that, or of a fair verdict on Prince Pierre. Of course they'll pack the jury."

"It's a villanous business," said Stuart. "Let us go to the Consulate and hear what they have to say there."

We found no one, however, at headquarters, except the minor officials, who could tell us nothing new, and we were descending the steps in some disappointment, I leading the way, when we encountered a carelessly dressed man of medium height, with full brown beard and bushy hair, who scanned us with a pair of kindly soft brown eyes. He drew aside to let me pass, and I caught Stuart's glance, who uttered a shout of delight, and then embraced him, Continental fashion, ejaculating, "So it is you, by all that is lucky!"

"Yours truly, Benborough," said the stranger, with a pleasant accent. "How are you, Squire?"

"First-rate," replied my friend.

"This is Clarke. We were just talking about you."

"I am glad to see you in Paris, Mr. Clarke. The extra good Americans come here before they die," said Mr. Benborough.

"And stay, apparently very well contented," I answered, returning his friendly clasp.

"Well, we have to submit to separation from the great body of the free and enlightened," he replied; "but then there are compensations for everything, even for the want of a vote."

"Come with us," said Stuart, taking him by the arm. I want you to show Paris to Clarke."

"You tempt me in my weakest point but three," replied Mr. Benborough, "yet I am a St. Anthony of heroic virtue. This is my letter day, and the Gotham Grumbler has a pecuniary claim upon the services of its Paris correspondent. But why can't you come to tea in my apartment, at eight?" asked Benborough, "and bring Mr. Clarke with you. My work will be done then, and I shall need relaxation. When I ask ladies, I request them to bring their teacups in their pockets, but I will lend you my beer-mug. Say you will? That's right! Remember, sharp eight; the kettle always gets impatient if folks are behind time. *Au revoir.*"

Eight o'clock found us climbing the three high flights of stairs that led to Benborough's apartments in the Rue Chaptal. At the head of the last flight a door stood open into a sleeping-room, and hearing voices not far off, we advanced and rapped. Benborough came flying out and received us cordially.

"This is my antechamber," he said, laughing, as he led us through the bedroom, which was the only way of access to the parlor; "and these are my household gods," pointing to the photographs of sundry American journalists which hung upon the walls. In the corner of the room was a door through which we were ushered into the *salon*, a most inviting apartment, eminently characteristic of its owner. It was a square room,

with a great chintz-covered sofa on one side of it, and several comfortable lounging-chairs covered with leather, scattered about. In the middle of the waxed floor stood a writing-table littered with a dire confusion of papers; and on another table in a corner were spread the tea-things, in a helter-skelter masculine fashion; the cream-jug hob-nobbing with a black bottle, and the sugar-bowl arm in arm with a decanter, while cups and tumblers and wineglasses seemed to be having a general all hands round.

Across the corner of the room was a fireplace where a queer little grate had been inserted, before whose glowing coals was singing a *bouillotte* of beaten white metal, with its stout little cover bobbing up and down, and its fat round sides shaking with the energy of its ebullition. On the tipsy mantel stood a clock, with two candlesticks in which long tallow dips were burning; and the room was further lighted by a large shaded lamp that stood in the centre of the writing-table. Above the chimney-piece was a quaint collection of weapons interspersed with every variety of pipe, and the other spaces against the wall were occupied with low bookshelves crowded with volumes, many of them rare and valuable editions picked up at auctions or on the quais. Over the shelves every inch of wall was covered with pictures, in frames and out of frames; little and big, square, oblong, oval, or round; landscapes, heads, *tableaux de genre*, sketches, etchings, prints, — a wilderness of color and form.

"This is my gallery," said Benborough, in answer to my exclamation of delight. "I am not a connoisseur; I know nothing, in fact, about painting, except what I like. But I've picked up a thing or two that they tell me is worth something. This Jules Dupré, now, it seems just a blotch to you, of course; splashes of blue and green with a dab of red in the middle; but look at it ten minutes, and there you have it, a clump of alder-bushes, a sky of infinite depth, a breezy, airy outlook,

and God's own sunlight reddening the little black pool in front with its declining rays. I got that for a song ten years ago; now ten thousand francs would n't buy it. Then, here's a little *genre* affair of Boughton's, just perfect in its way; a Bretonne girl spinning by an open window, with the sunlight falling on her hair. That picture is very touching to me, it is so innocent, so simple, so pure; it reminds me of some one I knew long ago."

Here a wonderfully sad expression settled for a moment upon his mobile face, but in an instant it was gone and a twinkle of humor lit the large brown eyes.

"Enough of my works of art, — you shall come and see them by daylight; now for the triumphs of nature, which Stuart, with the instincts of his kind, has already discovered." And so I was made known to all the pleasant company: Messrs. Lowbridge and Marston, compatriots; and Mr. Cranshaw, born an Englishman and bred a Parisian, and therefore as near an approach to a true cosmopolite as the British subject seems capable of becoming.

"Now, gentlemen," said Benborough, "I have given your biographies to Mr. Clarke, and the best I can do for him is to say, as Squire Mason did when he brought up his platoon of fifty to present to the Emperor, 'My countrymen, your Majesties.'" Here the *bouillotte* boiled over with a merry sizzle.

"I told you my kettle got impatient, when we were late," said Benborough, lifting it away. "There's nothing like a *bouillotte* for boiling. She is a 'free institooshun,' not a division in her anywhere, no possibility of secession here, she is all of a piece. Fill her up, set her before the fire, and before you can count five she goes fizzig. Now, Bob," to Mr. Marston, "make a place for her, and we'll have tea. Two, four, six spoonfuls, one for each of the company, and here's a heaping one for the teapot. Stuart, just cut that cake by you; it is one of those from the Rue Royale, worth two francs, and, like the miracu-

lous tent of the fairy Paribanou, only that went outside any number of people and this goes in. I used to attend receptions at the house of a charming woman here, when I was a worldling; the number of the company ranged from eight to eighty, and she never had but a two-franc cake. It always went round. Perhaps because, knowing the ways of the house, the *habitués* did n't take any."

"We shall never come up to the French in economies," said Lowbridge. "Yankees think they understand that business, but it is a great mistake; a Frenchwoman would support a family on what one of ours wastes. This is the true home of thrift and carefulness."

"The tea is drawn," said Benborough. "Now, gentlemen, who will have milk from the Alderney, and who from the Jamaica cow?" holding out the square black bottle and the cream-pitcher. "For my part, I prefer rum to cream; you're more apt to get it genuine, and it is stimulating to the intellect. Some one should recommend it to the Emperor."

"We are beginning to penetrate the secret of this man," observed Cranshaw, "now he is left to his own wits, and has no longer Flahault and De Moriny at his elbow with sagacity to devise and courage to execute. Look how he gives up point after point. It is the concession of weakness, not the confidence of power, that has given us the new privileges."

"I disagree with you there," said Mr. Lowbridge; "he is acting for the interests of the boy, now. He finds himself failing physically, sees that the Empress is incapable of managing a regency, and feels desirous of putting the control of affairs in the hands of a body of reasonable men, who will carry out his ideas until the prince is firm in his seat."

"You really think, then," asked Mr. Marston, "that he is in favor of establishing a constitutional monarchy?"

"He is in favor of establishing the Napoleonic dynasty," replied Mr. Lowbridge, "in any way that he can."

"He has an able second in Ollivier," said Mr. Benborough. "Émile is a sensible fellow, and an honest one, too, I believe. But it requires some gymnastic training to ride the nags Plébiscite and Free-Speech at the same time. There will have to be a good deal of lashing before they will go well in harness together. But take some more milk, Lowbridge. Don't be afraid of the quantity; there's a cow in the next room. It is astounding," continued our host, "to what point of incredulity some of these Frenchmen will go. I know a dapper little Professor of the Quartier Latin, who vows that nothing at all happened on the 2d of December, except that two or three rioters were shot down by the police for making a disturbance. 'How is it possible otherwise, monsieur?' he says, with his shoulders up to his ears. 'I was in Paris throughout the day. Could there have been an *émeute* of magnitude, and I not know it? Bah! it is all an invention of Victor Hugo! A dream, monsieur, an imagination! Consult the *Moniteur* of the day. You will find no mention of such an occurrence.' For him there has been no *Coup d'État*, no *Décembriseur*, no crowd of victims; he probably believes in the peaceful election of Louis Napoleon by the grace of God and the will of the people."

Cranshaw shrugged. "M. le Professeur must have kept himself carefully at home," he remarked. "He certainly could not have taken an airing on the Boulevard Poissonnière for a week. The fronts of the houses in that quarter were scarred and broken, and the window-panes were in ruins; for two days nobody dared open his doors or take down his shutters. I myself saw three men lying dead, on the morning of the 3d, in a shop in the Rue Poissonnière; the dead-carts had carried away the others."

"Suppose I tell you *my* story," said Benborough, shutting up the tea-caddy, "while you all take your ease,

'Like Mars,

A smokin' your poipes and cigyars.'"

"Do, do!" we cried. Then summoning his deft and quiet landlady in a white cap, who made a swift and dexterous clearance of the tea-things, Benborough pulled out his tobacco-box and his Havanas, and the rest of us having settled ourselves for a smoke, he began:—

"Of course I am not going into the history of the matter. You have all read Kinglake and Victor Hugo and Tenot and the nine-and-forty other historians of that little affair. You understand how it was. This the boulevard," arranging the bottles to represent the houses; "these the soldiery," bringing up a platoon of wine-glasses; "and here," strewing the cigars beside the bottles, "the populace.

"Jones and I had been dining that day in the Rue de Helder, with Effingham. You remember Effingham, Lowbridge,—that tall Kentuckian who was shot afterwards at Antietam, fighting on the wrong side, poor lad! but gallantly beyond question. A great fellow, six feet four, used to all sorts of border life, and just married to a sweet, gentle little girl about up to my elbow,—a diamond edition of a woman done up in blue and gold, with a cooing voice and a clinging manner, and eyes that were always asking you to take care of her. She was a Baltimore girl that Effingham had picked up somewhere, and the two had come off to Europe for a wedding trip, and landed in Paris plump in the middle of the *Coup d'État*. I had found them one morning at Vadette's, like two lost children; they were dying to get to Rome, and could n't get their passports *viséd*; and Paris was cold and sloppy, and the Louvre and the public buildings were shut up with guards about; and there were troops in all the squares, and Mrs. Effingham was timid, and hoped there would be no fighting. I consoled them as well as I could, and they made me promise to come and dine with them and bring Jones, who was a classmate of Eff's and mine. So there we all were, at the *café* in the

Rue de Helder, having a tiptop little dinner and drinking Johannisberger at twenty francs a bottle, and champagne of Widow Cliquot's best brand, — being very lively and forgetting all about the *émeutes* in talking over old college days.

"Suddenly Mrs. Effingham says: 'My dear, if we had only brought that wine of ours for Mr. Benborough to taste! It is perfect with dessert, and I would like to have him give us his opinion about it. My father raised the grapes himself,' she went on, in her sweet, childish, explanatory way, 'and we had a vintage of our own, and everybody came to help us.' And then she gave a shy little glance at Eff, and we guessed that he had been one of the crowd. She told us a long story about the grapes, and the end of it was that nothing would do but we must taste the wine. So Eff, who was the best-natured of men, said he would run over and get a bottle from their lodgings in the Rue Louis le Grand; it was but a step; he had only to cross the Boulevard, and he would be back in a twinkling; so he snatched his hat and rushed out.

"We were about three doors from the Boulevard des Italiens, and even along the Rue de Helder people had their shutters up, though it was early in the afternoon. Effingham had but a short distance to go, yet we thought nothing of his being absent some time, supposing that he could not lay his hand upon the wine in an instant; but just as we were beginning to wonder at his delay we heard a curious sound from the direction of the Boulevard. There were few carriages passing, so that we could distinctly hear the rattle of musketry and the tramp of soldiers. Mrs. Effingham caught the sound, and sprang to her feet as white as a sheet. Jones and I looked at each other, and at that very minute the first volley was fired, followed by shrieks and agonized cries that made you shiver.

"The poor little woman did not cry out. She only caught hold of the back of her chair and got whiter and whiter.

People came rushing down our street. The proprietor of the *café* promptly barred his door, and lowered the lights in the cabinets. The shots continued at irregular intervals, mingled with a terrible tumult of distressing sounds.

"The *dame du comptoir* came up to us. 'Madame will do better to come into the back building,' she said. 'Monsieur was about closing the shop. It was not likely that the fighting would come any nearer, but it was well to be prepared. Madame was naturally terrified, but escape was easy by the rear entrance.' I briefly explained the case, and the kind Frenchwoman's face contracted with sympathy.

"*"Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu!* poor little lady!' she said, compassionately, and tried to lead Mrs. Effingham away. But the little thing looked up with her woful eyes, and just said, 'O do find John! O where is John!'

"'He must be right here,' I cried, for I could not resist the glance she gave me; 'I will go and fetch him, and Jones will stay with you till we come.'

"I forced my way through the door that the *garçon* was just barring, and rushed out into the street. People ran wildly by me; there was a great confusion and tumult. I could see the shining bayonets of the soldiery as they marched by. I urged my way through the crowd of hurrying men, women, and children to the corner of the Boulevard, and there I learned what it meant. Up and down as far as I could see those rascals were firing on the defenceless crowd! I just saw a fellow covering me with his carbine in time to duck and run. I ran to the corner of the *Chaussée d'Antin*, where was a bookseller's shop, into which I sped; half a dozen people followed me. It was a little place with a counter on one side, and several of us, seeing that we were pursued, took shelter under it. The shop was almost dark, the shutters being entirely closed. Three or four soldiers came in after us, and, being unable to see clearly, just reached over the counter and jabbed right and left

with their bayonets among us. Do you see that scar between those fingers? The bayonet went through there. It was an ugly cut, but at the time I did not feel it. A poor fellow was killed just beside me, and another desperately wounded, but we were perfectly silent, and the soldiers rushed out as wildly as they had entered, and in three minutes were gone. We scarcely moved for an hour, listening with horror to the sounds outside. My blood boils when I think of that butchery of unarmed people by those cutthroats! I was distracted at the time with thoughts about Effingham and his poor wife.

"By and by the noises lulled a little, and I went out and found it was quite dark. Along the Boulevard dead men were lying in heaps. I found my way to the Rue de Helder and tapped on the shutter. The boy opened the door to the width of a crack. 'I have been watching for Monsieur,' he said; 'madame and the other gentlemen went away by the ruelle into the Rue Taitbout.'

"'And the husband of madame?' I asked eagerly.

"'Alas! monsieur, he has not arrived. It is enough to break one's heart to see *cette pauvre petite dame*, and she has not once wept.'

"I went away with caution. The patrol was out, and I heard the heavy rumble of the dead-carts as they went round to pick up the victims of the massacre. As I took my course carefully from street to street in the shadow of the buildings I heard from corner to corner the cry of the guard, '*Sentinelle, prenez garde à vous!*' but all else was silence and desertion. The Republic was dead, and the funeral guests were slain. It was a glorious holocaust!

"I found my way to the Rue Louis le Grand. The concierge opened to me with reluctance. 'Had Madame Effingham arrived?' I inquired.

"'No, madame was dining *en ville* with monsieur, and would not arrive till late; apparently there was disturbance. It was possible that monsieur

and madame would not return until the streets were more tranquil,' and the cordon twitched impatiently. Then I did not know what to do. I thought it possible that Jones might have taken Mrs. Effingham to the consul's as a place of security. I found the flag flying out of the window, as a safeguard, but no news of my friends; the family had heard the firing, but did not know how serious the matter was until I told them. Then, as a last resort, I went to my own lodging, and there before my fire I found Jones.

"'Mrs. Effingham is with your landlady,' he said; 'I wanted to take her home, but there was such confusion, I was afraid to take her across the Boulevard, so I brought her here, thinking you would come here if you found we had gone and were not in the Rue Louis le Grand. You have n't found him?'

"I shook my head. Then we talked the whole matter over, imagining every possibility.

"'She is a remarkable little woman,' said Jones; 'she has never uttered a word of complaint, or made a fuss. After you went out she stood and listened till I thought she would drop. People came and thundered at the doors, but could not get in; they were too secure. I did not know what to say to her; she did not seem at all frightened, only anxious for John. When you did not return and it got late, I suggested that we should come here, as it was possible you had not been able to get back across the Boulevard. She said she would like to go to her own lodgings. I showed her how impossible it would be for her to pass the patrol, without making a longer *détour* than she had the strength for, and she submitted instantly. Since she came here she has been in a kind of stupor.'

"Then we went down to see her. She was sitting on my landlady's sofa with her blue eyes wide open and tearless, just as I had left her. She tried to say something when she saw me, but the words died on her lips.

“*Malheureuse !*” said good Madame Bonvalet, ‘she will lose her reason.’

“I sat down by the little thing and tried to talk to her, but by Jove ! when she looked at me with those piteous eyes I just broke down and had to give it up. We sat there silent for a long time ; now and then there would be a sound in the street, and the little white face, pinched with agony, would contract for an instant, and the nervous hands clench themselves tighter. Such a look of watching I never saw in a human countenance. I had been reading Lander in the morning, and you know how certain lines will reiterate themselves like bells in your memory, when you would give the world to get rid of the sound of them. And as I waited there in the dim light, and thought of all the horrors of that day, and the stern possibilities of this wretched woman's future, I could hear nothing but the monotonous tolling of those verses, —

‘Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell athwart the churchyard gate,
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,
And oh ! pray too for me !’

“At last there came a tremendous peal at the bell, the door flew open with a crash, and there was a sound of hurrying feet. Little Mrs. Effingham sprang up like a wild creature.

“‘It is he ! O, it is he !’ she shrieked, and flew to the staircase crying, ‘John ! John !’

“And there, sure enough, rushing up three steps at a time, was Effingham, covered with mud, and with his clothes

torn and bloody, but full of life as ever. Of course his wife fainted dead away, and cried like a baby when it was all over, which there was no sense in. But I am afraid Jones and I snivelled a little in company, the let-up was so sudden.”

“But where had he been ?” burst in Stuart, as the narrator paused to replenish his pipe.

“That was the best of it,” said Benborough. “He could n't find the wine for a good while, so that by the time he got back to the Boulevard the firing was in full blast, and the bullets were whizzing all about him, and the troops were massed directly in his path. Being a Kentuckian, and used to border warfare, he played ‘possum, and threw himself on the ground like a dead man, where he lay for three hours with the whole row going on around him, and the crowd trampling over him, till he managed to roll into the gutter. After dark the dead-carts came round, and a chap was just going to pitch him in with the others, when Eff lifted his head cautiously. The patrol was at the other end of his beat, and had his back turned. Effingham made a sign, to which the fellow responded good-naturedly with a wink, ‘*Va-t'en vite, que je ne te voie pas !*’

“And you may imagine that our friend made good use of his legs. He had been hunting us ever since, being obliged to make a very circuitous journey to avoid the watch ; but he had tracked us at last ; and — would you believe it ? — he had held on to that precious wine-bottle through it all, and pulled it out that we might celebrate his escape with a bumper.”

Sydney Hyde.

A DAY'S PLEASURE.

II. — THE AFTERNOON.

IT is noticeable how many people there are in the world that seem bent always upon the same purpose of amusement or business as one's self. If you keep quietly about your accustomed affairs, there are all your neighbors and acquaintance hard at it too; if you go on a journey, choose what train you will, the cars are filled with travellers in your direction. You take a day's pleasure, and everybody abandons his usual occupation to crowd upon your boat, whether it is to Gloucester, or to Nahant, or to Nantasket Beach you go. It is very hard to believe that, from whatever channel of life you abstract yourself, still the great sum of it presses forward as before: that business is carried on though you are idle, that men amuse themselves though you toil, that every train is as crowded as that you travel on, that the theatre or the church fills its boxes or pews without you perfectly well. I suppose it would not be quite agreeable to believe all this; the opposite illusion is far more flattering; for if each one of us did not take the world with him now at every turn, should he not have to leave it behind him when he died? And that, it must be owned, would not be agreeable, nor is the fact quite conceivable, though ever so many myriads in so many million years have proved it.

When our friends first went aboard the *Rose Standish* that day they were almost the sole passengers, and they had a feeling of ownership and privacy which was pleasant enough in its way, but which they lost afterwards; though to lose it was also pleasant, for enjoyment no more likes to be solitary than sin does, which is notoriously gregarious, and I dare say would hardly exist if it could not be committed in company. The preacher, indeed, little knows the comfortable sensation we

have in being called fellow-sinners, and what an effective shield for his guilt each makes of his neighbor's hard-heartedness.

Cousin Frank never felt how strange was a lonely transgression till that day, when in the silence of the little cabin he took the bottle of claret from the hand-bag, and prepared to moisten the family lunch with it. "I think, Aunt Melissa," he said, "we had better lunch now, for it's a quarter past two, and we shall not get to the beach before four. Let's improvise a beach of these chairs, and that water-urn yonder can stand for the breakers. Now, this is truly like Newport and Nahant," he added, after the little arrangement was complete; and he was about to strip away the bottle's jacket of brown paper, when a lady much wrapped up came in, and, reclining upon one of the opposite seats, began to take them all in with a severe serenity of gaze that made them feel for a moment like a party of low foreigners, — like a set of German atheists, say. Frank kept on the bottle's paper jacket, and as the single tumbler of the party circled from mouth to mouth, each of them tried to give the honest drink the false air of a medicinal potion of some sort; and to see Aunt Melissa sipping it, no one could have put his hand on his heart and sworn it was not elderberry wine, at the worst. In spite of these efforts, they all knew that they had suffered a hopeless loss of repute; yet after the loss was confessed, I am not sure that they were not the gayer and happier through this "freedom of a broken law." At any rate, the lunch passed off very merrily, and when they had put back the fragments of the feast into the bags, they went forward to the bow of the boat, to get good places for seeing the various people as they came aboard, and for an outlook upon the bay when the boat should start.

I suppose that these were not very remarkable people, and that nothing but the indomitable interest our friends took in the human race could have enabled them to feel any concern in their companions. It was, no doubt, just such a company as goes down to Nantasket Beach every pleasant day in summer. Certain ones among them were distinguishable as sojourners at the beach, by an air of familiarity with the business of getting there, an indifference to the prospect, and an indefinable touch of superiority. These read their newspapers in quiet corners, or, if they were not of the newspaper sex, made themselves comfortable in the cabins, and looked about them at the other passengers with looks of lazy surprise, and just a hint of scorn for their interest in the boat's departure. Our day's pleasers took it that the lady whose steady gaze had reduced them, when at lunch, to such a low ebb of shabbiness, was a regular boarder, at the least, in one of the beach hotels. A few other passengers were, like themselves, mere idlers for a day, and were eager to see all that the boat or the voyage offered of novelty. There were clerks and men who had book-keeping written in a neat mercantile hand upon their faces, and who had evidently been given that afternoon for a breathing-time; and there were strangers who were going down to the beach for the sake of the charming view of the harbor which the trip afforded. Here and there were people who were not to be classed with any certainty, as a pale young man, handsome in his undesirable way, who looked like a steamboat pantry boy not yet risen to be bar-tender, but rapidly rising, and who sat carefully balanced upon the railing of the boat, chatting with two young girls, who heard his broad sallies with continual snickers, and interchanged saucy comments with that prompt up-and-coming manner which is so large a part of non-humorous humor, as Mr. Lowell calls it, and now and then pulled and pushed each other. It was a scene worth study, for in no other country

could anything so bad have been without being vastly worse; but here it was evident that there was nothing worse than you saw; and, indeed, these persons formed a sort of relief to the other passengers, who were nearly all sepulchral well-behaved. Amongst a few there seemed to be acquaintance, but the far greater part were unknown to one another, and there were no words wasted by any one. I believe the English traveller who has taxed our nation with inquisitiveness for half a century is at last beginning to find out that we do not ask questions because we have the still more vicious custom of not opening our mouths at all when with strangers.

It was a good hour after our friends got aboard before the boat left her moorings, and then it was not without some secret dreads of sea-sickness that Aunt Melissa saw the seething brine widen between her and the familiar wharfhouses, where she now seemed to have spent so large a part of her life. But the multitude of really charming and interesting objects that presently fell under her eye soon distracted her from those gloomy thoughts.

There is always a shabbiness about the wharves of seaports; but I must own that as soon as you get a reasonable distance from them in Boston, they turn wholly beautiful. They no longer present that imposing array of mighty ships which they could show in the planchan days when the commerce of the world sought chiefly our port, yet the docks are still filled with the modester kinds of shipping, and if there is not that wilderness of spars and rigging which you see at New York, let us believe that there is an aspect of selection and refinement in the scene, so that one should describe it, not as a forest, but, less conventionally, as a gentleman's park of masts. The steamships of many coastwise freight lines gloom, with their black, capacious hulks, among the lighter sailing-craft and among the white, green-shuttered passenger-boats; and behind them those desperate and grimy sheds assume

a picturesqueness, their sagging roofs and crooked gables harmonizing agreeably with the shipping; and then growing up from all rises the mellow-tinted brick-built city, roof, and spire, and dome,—a fair and noble sight, indeed, and one not surpassed for a certain quiet and cleanly beauty by any that I know.

Our friends lingered long upon this pretty prospect, and, as inland people of light heart and easy fancy will, the ladies made imagined voyages in each of the more notable vessels they passed,—all cheap and safe trips, occupying half a second apiece. Then they came forward to the bow, that they might not lose any part of the harbor's beauty and variety, and informed themselves of the names of each of the fortified islands as they passed, and forgot them, being passed, so that to this day Aunt Melissa has the Fort Warren rebel prisoners languishing in Fort Independence. But they made sure of the air of soft repose that hung about each, of that exquisite military neatness which distinguishes them and which went to Aunt Melissa's housekeeping heart, of the green, thick turf covering the escarpments, of the great guns loafing on the crests of the ramparts and looking out over the water sleepily, of the sentries pacing slowly up and down with their gleaming muskets.

"I never see one of those fellows," says Cousin Frank, "without setting him to the music of that saddest and subtlest of Heine's poems. *You* know it, Lucy"; and he repeats:—

"Mein Herz, mein Herz is traurig,
Doch lustig leuchtet der Mai;
Ich stehe gelehnt an der Linde,
Hoch auf der alten Bastei.

"Am alten grauen Thurme
Ein Schilderhäuschen steht;
Ein rothgeröckter Bursche
Dort auf und nieder geht.

"Er spielt mit seiner Flinte,
Sie funkelt im Sonnenroth,
Er präsentirt, und schultert,—
Ich wollt', er schösse mich todt."

"Oh!" says Cousin Lucy, either because the poignant melancholy of the sentiment has suddenly pierced her, or

because she does not quite understand the German,—you never can tell about women. While Frank smiles down upon her in this amiable doubt, their party is approached by the tipsy man who has been making the excursion so merry for the other passengers, in spite of the fact that there is very much to make one sad in him. He is an old man, sweltering in rusty black, a two days' gray beard, and a narrow-brimmed, livid silk hat, set well back upon the nape of his neck. He explains to our friends, as he does to every one whose acquaintance he makes, that he was in former days a seafaring man, and that he has brought his two little grandsons here to show them something about a ship; and the poor old soul helplessly saturates his phrase with the rankest profanity. The boys are somewhat amused by their grandsire's state, being no doubt familiar with it; but a very grim-looking old lady who sits against the pilot-house, and keeps a sharp eye upon all three, and who is also doubtless familiar with the unhappy spectacle, seems not to find it a joke. Her stout matronly umbrella trembles in her hand when her husband draws near, and her eye flashes; but he gives her as wide a berth as he can, returning her glare with a propitiatory drunken smile and a wink to the passengers to let them into the fun. In fact, he is full of humor in his tipsy way, and one after another falls the prey of his free sarcasm, which does not spare the boat or any feature of the excursion. He holds for a long time, by swiftly successive stories of his seafaring days, a very quiet gentleman, who dares neither laugh too loudly nor show indifference for fear of rousing that terrible wit at his expense, and finds his account in looking down at his boots.

"Well, sir," says the deplorable old sinner, "we was forty days out from Liverpool, with a cargo of salt and iron, and we got caught on the Banks in a calm. 'Cap'n,' says I,—I 'us sec'n' mate,—'s they any man aboard this ship knows how to pray?' 'No,' says

the cap'n ; 'blast yer prayers !' 'Well,' says I, 'cap'n, I'm no hand at all to pray, but I'm goin' to see if prayin' won't git us out 'n this.' And I down on my knees, and I made a first-class prayer ; and a breeze sprung up in a minute and carried us smack into Boston."

At this bit of truculent burlesque the quiet man made a bold push, and walked away with a somewhat sickened face, and as no one now intervened between them, the inebriate laid a familiar hand upon Cousin Frank's collar, and said with a wink at his late listener : " Looks like a lerigious man, don't he ? I guess I give him a good dose, if he *does* think himself the head-deacon of this boat." And he went on to state his ideas of religion, from which it seemed that he was a person of the most advanced thinking, and believed in nothing worth mentioning.

It is perhaps no worse for an Infidel to be drunk than a Christian, but my friend was so much revolted by this tipsy blasphemer's case, that he went to the hand-bag, took out the empty claret-bottle, and, seeking a solitary corner of the boat, cast the bottle into the water, and felt a thrill of uncommon self-approval as this scapegoat of all the wine at his grocer's bobbed off upon the little waves. " Besides, it saves carrying the bottle home," he thought, not without a half-conscious reserve, that if his penitence were ever too much for him, he could easily abandon it. And without the reflection that the gate is always open behind him, who could consent to enter upon any course of perfect behavior ? If good resolutions could not be broken, who would ever have the courage to form them ? Would it not be intolerable to be made as good as we ought to be ? Then, admirable reader, thank Heaven even for your lapses, since it is so wholesome and saving to be well ashamed of yourself, from time to time.

"What an outrage," said Cousin Frank, in the glow of virtue, as he rejoined the ladies, "that that tipsy rascal should be allowed to go on with his

ribaldry. He seems to pervade the whole boat, and to subject everybody to his sway. He's a perfect despot to us helpless sober people, — I would n't openly disagree with him on any account. We ought to send a Round Robin to the captain, and ask him to put that religious liberal in irons during the rest of the voyage."

In the mean time, however, the object of his indignation had used up all the conversible material in that part of the boat, and had deviously started for the other end. The elderly woman with the umbrella rose and followed him, somewhat wearily, and with a sadness that appeared more in her movement than in her face ; and as the two went down the cabin, did the comical affair look, after all, something like tragedy ? My reader, who expects a little novelty in tragedy, and not these stale and common effects, will never think so.

"You'll not pretend, Frank," says Lucy, "that in such an intellectual place as Boston a crowd as large as this can be got together, and no distinguished literary people in it. I know there are some notables aboard : do point them out to me. Pretty near everybody has a literary look."

"Why, that's what we call our Boston look, Cousin Lucy. You need n't have written anything to have it, — it's as general as tubercular consumption, and is the effect of our universal culture and habits of reading. I heard a New-Yorker say once that if you went into a corner grocery in Boston to buy a codfish, the man would ask you how you liked 'Lucille,' whilst he was tying it up. No, no ; you mustn't be taken in by that literary look ; I'm afraid the real literary men don't always have it. But I *do* see a literary man aboard, yonder," he added, craning his neck to one side, and then furtively pointing, — "the most literary man I ever knew, one of the most literary men that ever lived. His whole existence is really bound up in books ; he never talks of anything else, and never thinks of anything else, I believe. Look at

him, — what kind and pleasant eyes he's got! There, he sees me!" cries Cousin Frank with a pleasurable excitement. "How d'ye do?" he calls out.

"O Cousin Frank, introduce us," sighs Lucy.

"Not I! He would n't thank me. He does n't care for pretty girls outside of books; he'd be afraid of 'em; he's the bashfullest man alive, and all his heroines are fifty years old, at the least. But before I go any further, tell me solemnly, Lucy, you're not interviewing me? You're not going to write it to a New York newspaper? No? Well, I think it's best to ask, always. Our friend there — he's everybody's friend, if you mean nobody's enemy, by that, not even his own — is really what I say, — the most literary man I ever knew. He loves all epochs and phases of literature, but his passion is the Charles Lamb period and all Lamb's friends. He loves them as if they were living men; and Lamb would have loved him if he could have known him. He speaks rapidly, and rather indistinctly, and when you meet him and say good day, and you suppose he answers with something about the weather, ten to one he's asking you what you think of Hazlitt's essays on Shakespeare, or Leigh Hunt's Italian Poets, or Lamb's roast pig, or Barry Cornwall's songs. He could n't get by a bookstall without stopping for half an hour at any rate. He knows just when all the new books in town are to be published, and when each bookseller is to get his invoice of old English books. He has no particular address, but if you leave your card for him at any bookstore in Boston, he's sure to get it within two days; and in the summer-time you're apt to meet him on these excursions. Of course, he writes about books, and very tastefully and modestly; there's hardly any of the brand-new immortal English poets, who die off so rapidly, but has had a good word from him; but his heart is with the older fellows, from Chaucer down; and, after the Charles Lamb

epoch, I don't know whether he loves better the Elizabethan age or that of Queen Anne. Think of him making me stop the other day at a bookstall, and read through an essay out of the Spectator! I did it all for love of him, though money could n't have persuaded me that I had time; and I'm always telling him lies, and pretending to be as well acquainted as he is with authors I hardly know by name, — he seems so fondly to expect it. He's really almost a disembodied spirit as concerns most mundane interests; his soul is in literature, as a lover's in his mistress's beauty; and in the next world, where, as the Swedenborgians believe, spirits seen at a distance appear like the things they most resemble in disposition, as doves, hawks, goats, lambs, swine, and so on, I'm sure that I shall see his true and kindly soul in the guise of a noble old Folio, quaintly lettered across his back in old English text, *Tom. I.*"

While our friends talked and looked about them, a sudden change had come over the brightness and warmth of the day; the blue heaven had turned a chilly gray, and the water looked harsh and cold. Now, too, they noted that they were drawing near a wooden pier built into the water, and that they had been winding about in a crooked channel between muddy shallows, and that their course was overrun with long, dishevelled sea-weed. The shawls had been unstrapped, and the ladies made comfortable in them.

"Ho for the beach!" cried Cousin Frank, with a vehement show of enthusiasm. "Now, then, Aunt Melissa, prepare for the great enjoyment of the day. In a few moments we shall be of the elves

'That on the sand with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back.'

Come! we shall have three hours on the beach, and that will bring us well into the cool of the evening, and we can return by the last boat."

"As to the cool of the evening," said Aunt Melissa, "I don't know.

It's quite cool enough for comfort at present, and I'm sure that anything more would n't be wholesome. What's become of our beautiful weather?" she asked, deeply plotting to gain time.

"It's one of our Boston peculiarities, not to say merits," answered Frank, "which you must have noticed already, that we can get rid of a fine day sooner than any other region. While you're saying how lovely it is, a subtle change is wrought, and under skies still blue and a sun still warm the keen spirit of the east wind pierces every nerve, and all the fine weather within you is chilled and extinguished. The gray atmosphere follows, but the day first languishes in yourself. But for this, life in Boston would be insupportably perfect, if this is indeed a drawback. You'd find Bostonians to defend it, I dare say. But this is n't a regular east wind to-day; it's merely our nearness to the sea."

"I think, Franklin," said Aunt Melissa, "that we won't go down to the beach this afternoon," as if she had been there yesterday, and would go tomorrow. "It's too late in the day; and it would n't be good for the child, I'm sure."

"Well, aunty, it was you determined us to wait for the boat, and it's your right to say whether we shall leave it or not. I'm very willing not to go ashore. I always find that, after working up to an object with great effort, it's surpassingly sweet to leave it unaccomplished at last. Then it remains forever in the region of the ideal, amongst the songs that never were sung, the pictures that never were painted. Why, in fact, should we force this pleasure? We've eaten our lunch, we've lost the warm heart of the day; why should we poorly drag over to that damp and sullen beach, where we should find three hours very long, when by going back now we can keep intact that glorious image of a day by the sea which we've been cherishing all summer? You're right, Aunt Melissa; we won't go ashore; we will stay here, and respect our illusions."

At heart, perhaps, Lucy did not quite like this retreat; it was not in harmony with the youthful spirit of her sex, but she reflected that she could come again, — O beneficent cheat of Another Time, how much thou sparest us in our overworked, over-enjoyed world! — she was very comfortable where she was, in a seat commanding a perfect view for the return trip; and she submitted without a murmur. Besides, now that the boat had drawn up to the pier, and discharged part of her passengers, and was waiting to take on others, Lucy was interested in a mass of fluttering dresses and wide-rimmed straw hats that drew down towards the Rose Standish, and gracefully thronged the pier, and prettily hesitated about, and finally came aboard with laughter and little false cries of terror, attended through all by the New England disproportion of that sex which is so foolish when it is silly. It was a large picnic party which had been spending the day upon the beach, as each of the ladies showed in her face, where, if the roses upon her cheeks were somewhat obscured by the imbrowning seaside sun, a bright pink had been compensatingly bestowed upon the point of her nose. A mysterious quiet fell upon them all when they were got aboard and had taken conspicuous places, which was accounted for presently when a loud shout was heard from the shore, and a man beside an ambulant photographic machine was seen wildly waving his hat. It is impossible to resist a temptation of this kind, and our party all yielded, and posed themselves in striking and characteristic attitudes, — even Aunt Melissa sharing the ambition to appear in a picture which she should never see, and the nurse coming out strong from the abeyance in which she had been held, and lifting the baby high into the air for a good likeness. The frantic gesticulator on the shore gave an impressive wave with both hands, took the cap from the instrument, turned his back, as photographers always do, with that air of hiding their tears, for the brief space that seems so

long, and then clapped on the cap again, while a great sigh of relief went up from the whole boat-load of passengers. They were taken.

But the interval had been a luckless one for the *Rose Standish*, and when she stirred her wheels, clouds of mud rose to the top of the water, and there was no responsive movement of the boat. She was aground in the falling tide.

"There seems a pretty fair prospect of our spending some time here, after all," said Frank, while the ladies who, having reluctantly given up the idea of staying, were now in a quiver of impatience to be off. The picnic was shifted from side to side; the engine groaned and tugged, Captain Miles Standish and his crew bestirred themselves vigorously, and at last the boat swung loose, and strode down the seaweedy channels; while our friends, who had already done the great sights of the harbor, now settled themselves to the enjoyment of its minor traits and beauties. Here and there they passed small parties on the shore, which, with their yachts anchored near, or their boats drawn up from the water, were cooking an out-door meal by a fire that burned bright red upon the sand in the late afternoon air. In such cases, people willingly indulge themselves in saluting whatever craft goes by, and the ladies of these small picnics, as they sat round the fires, kept up a great waving of handkerchiefs, and sometimes cheered the *Rose Standish*, though I believe the Bostonians are ordinarily not a demonstrative race. Of course the large picnic on board fluttered multitudinous handkerchiefs in response, both to these people ashore and to those who hailed them from vessels which they met. They did not refuse the politeness even to the passengers on a rival boat when she passed them, though at heart they must all have felt some natural pangs at being passed. The water was peopled everywhere by all sorts of sail lagging slowly homeward in the light evening breeze; and on some of the larger vessels there were family groups to be

seen, and a graceful smoke, suggestive of supper, curled from the cook's galley. I suppose these ships were chiefly coasting craft, of one kind or another, come from the Provinces at farthest; but to the ignorance and the fancy of our friends, they arrived from all remote and romantic parts of the world, from India, from China, and from the South Seas, with cargoes of spices and gums and tropical fruits; and I see no reason why one should ever deny himself the easy pleasure they felt in painting the unknown in such lively hues. The truth is, a strange ship, if you will let her, always brings you precious freight, always arrives from Wonderland under the command of Captain Sindbad. How like a beautiful sprite she looks afar off, as if she came from some finer and fairer world than ours! Nay, we will not go out to meet her; we will not go on board; Captain Sindbad shall bring us the invoice of gold-dust, slaves, and rocs' eggs to-night, and we will have some of the eggs for breakfast; or if he never comes, are we not just as rich? But I think these friends of ours got a yet keener pleasure out of the spectacle of a large and stately ship, that with all sails spread moved silently and steadily out toward the open sea. It is yet grander and sweeter to sail toward the unknown than to come from it; and every vessel that leaves port has this destination, and will bear you thither if you will.

"It may be that the gulfs shall wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew,"

absently murmured Lucy, looking on this beautiful apparition.

"But I can't help thinking of Ulysses's cabin-boy, yonder," said Cousin Frank, after a pause; "can you, Aunt Melissa?"

"I don't understand what you're talking about, Franklin," answered Aunt Melissa, somewhat severely.

"Why, I mean that there is a poor wretch of a boy on board there, who's run away, and whose heart must be aching just now at the thought of the

home he has left. I hope Ulysses will be good to him, and not swear at him for a day or two, or knock him about with a belaying-pin. Just about this time his mother, up in the country, is getting ready his supper, and wondering what's become of him, and torturing herself with hopes that break one by one; and to-night when she goes up to his empty room, having tried to persuade herself that the truant's come back and climbed in at the window —"

"Why, Franklin, this is n't all true, is it?" asks Aunt Melissa.

"Well, no, let's pray Heaven it is n't, in this case. It's been true often enough to be false for once."

"What a great, ugly, black object a ship is!" said Cousin Lucy.

Slowly the city rose up against the distance, sharpening all its outlines, and filling in all its familiar details, — like a fact which one dreams is a dream, and which, as the mists of sleep break away, shows itself for reality.

The air grows closer and warmer, — it is the breath of the hot and toil-worn land.

The boat makes her way up through the shipping, seeks her landing, and presently rubs herself affectionately against the wharf. The passengers quickly disperse themselves upon shore, dismissed each with an appropriate sarcasm by the tipsy man, who has had the means of keeping himself drunk throughout, and who now looks to the discharge of the boat's cargo.

As our friends leave the wharf-house behind them, and straggle uneasily, and very conscious of sunburn, up the now silent length of Pearl Street to seek the nearest horse-cars, they are aware of a curious fidgeting of the nurse, who flies from one side of the pavement to the other and violently shifts the baby from one arm to the other.

"What's the matter?" asks Frank; but before the nurse can answer, "Thim little divils," he perceives that the

whooping-coughers of the morning have taken the occasion to renew a pleasant acquaintance, and are surrounding the baby and nurse with an atmosphere of whooping-cough.

"I say, friends! we can't stand this, you know," says the anxious father. "We must part some time, and this is a favorable moment. Now I'll give you all this, if you don't come another step!" and he empties out to them, from the hand-bags he carries, all the fragments of lunch which the frugal mind of Aunt Melissa had caused her to store there. Upon these the whooping-coughers hurl themselves in a body, and are soon left round the corner. Yet they would have been no disgrace to our party, whose appearance was now most disreputable: Frank and Lucy stalking ahead, with shawls dragging from their arms, the former loaded down with hand-bags and the latter with india-rubbers; Aunt Melissa coming next under a burden of bloated umbrellas; the nurse last, with her hat awry, and the baby a caricature of its morning trimness, in her embrace. A day's pleasure is so demoralizing, that no party can stand it, and come out neat and orderly.

"Cousin Frank," asked Lucy, awfully, "what if we should meet the Mayflowers now?" — the Mayflowers being a very ancient and noble Boston family whose acquaintance was the great pride and terror of our friends' lives.

"I should cut them dead," said Frank, and scarcely spoke again till his party dragged slowly up the steps of their minute suburban villa.

At the door his wife met them with a troubled and anxious face.

"Calamities?" asked Frank, desperately.

"O, calamities upon calamities! We've got a lost child in the kitchen," answered Mrs. Sallie.

"O good heavens!" cried her husband. "Adieu, my dreams of repose, so desirable after a day's pleasure! Well, bring on the lost child."

W. D. Howells.

ODE.

[Read at the Festival celebrating the birthday of MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI, held by the New England Women's Club, Boston, May 23, 1870.]

I.

LIFE'S rearward vistas slowly close behind,
 And evermore recede, the glare and shade
 Blending in neutral tints far down the glade,
 Where youth stepped unconfined,
 Or bounded upwards, light and undismayed,
 Or struggled through the underbrush and thorns,
 Baffled and mad to hear the winding horns,
 So far away, triumphant on the heights
 Where some found truth, some error's foggy breath,
 And some fame's evanescent lights,
 Or desolate old age, or crown of early death.

II.

Dim in the distance fade
 The sunshine and the shade;
 And many a light that blazed and shone
 Into the horizon's mist has gone.
 One record rises from our past,
 That shall forever last, —
 A name our age can never
 From its remembrance sever.
 We bear it in our hearts to-day,
 Fresh as the perfume of the May.
 It vibrates in the air, a rich, full-chorded strain,
 Touched with weird minor moods of pain:
 The music of a life known to but few,
 Till death gave to the age the fame long due,
 And made the unfinished symphony a part
 Of the great growing century's mind and heart.

III.

But when I strive the music to rehearse,
 How feebly rings my verse!
 And why intone this melody of rhyme
 For one — the noblest woman of her time —
 Whose soul, a pure and radiant chrysolite,
 Dims the superfluous arts our social forms invite?

Yet, she whose ear so well could understand
 The singer's meaning, though unskilled the hand
 That swept the imperfect chords
 Responsive to his words,
 Would not disdain the slenderest song he brings,
 Nor slight the impulse of the earnest strings.

So, while we gather here,
 Fain would I bring some offering sincere
 Though small,—a flower or two,
 Pale amaranth, wild rose, or harebell blue,
 Or throw at least a chaplet on her bier.

IV.

While others stood aloof and smiled in scorn
 Of one to new and noble effort born;
 Or, from tame rounds of fashion and of wealth,
 Turned, glancing back by stealth,
 And wondered,—then but slowly, faintly praised
 The exuberant soul that dared to flash and soar
 Beyond the petty bounds
 Of their trim garden grounds,—
 She with wise intuition raised
 Her image of ideal womanhood,
 The incarnate True and Fair and Good,
 Set in a light but seldom seen before.
 While, with the early watchers in the dawn
 Of intellectual faith, her hopeful eyes,
 Patiently waiting, from the crowd withdrawn,
 She saw a newer morning rise,
 And flame from cloud to cloud, and climb
 Across the dreary tracts of time.
 The garnered wisdom of the past she drew
 Into her life, as flowers the sun and dew;
 Yet valued all her varied lore
 But as the avenue and door
 That opened to the Primal Beam,
 And sense of Truth supreme.

And so, beyond her earlier bounds she grew;
 All the quaint essences from study gained,
 Fused in a human fellowship anew,
 While that too conscious life, in early years o'erstrained,
 Of long, deep, lonely introversion born,
 Distilled like dews of morn,
 And dropped on high and low the blessing it contained.
 Her glowing pen through many a thoughtful page,
 Discoursed in subtle questions of the age,
 Or glanced in lighter mood at themes less grave,—
 The brilliant glitter of a summer wave.

Her sweet persuasive voice we still can hear,
 Ruling her charmed circle like a queen;
 While wit and fancy sparkled ever clear
 Her graver moods between.
 The pure perennial heat
 Of youth's ideal love forever glowed
 Through all her thoughts and words, and overflowed
 The listeners round her seat.

So, like some fine-strung golden harp,
 Tuned by many a twist and warp
 Of discipline and patient toil,
 And oft disheartening recoil, —
 Attuned to highest and to humblest use, —
 All her large heroic nature
 Grew to its harmonious stature,
 Nor any allotted service did refuse;
 While those around her but half understood
 How wise she was, how good,
 How nobly self-denying, as she tasked
 Heart, mind, and strength for truth, nor nobler office asked.

V.

Nor honor less, nor praise
 To her whose later days
 Were pledged to lift wronged Justice to her seat;
 And though Rome's new-lit torch
 Blew backwards, but to scorch
 The hand that held it, dropping at her feet,
 Quenched in the patriot's blood, not incomplete
 Her task, though all the heroic strains she sang
 To chronicle a struggling nation's pang,
 The records of the strife
 That agonized its life,
 Were strewn upon the wind like withered flowers,
 And gulfed in roaring floods, — Italia's loss — and ours!

Alas! how could we with our lamp of hope
 Read thy perplexed and darkened horoscope!
 How could we know, when Destiny's great loom
 Thy life's most precious threads inwove
 With all love's rich embroidery of love,
 That its bright tissue held the shade
 Of death across the golden braid, —
 The inevitable woof of death and tragic doom!
 When ties were sweetest, dearest;
 When love, when hope were nearest;
 When eyes grew bright to greet thee;
 When arms were stretched to meet thee;
 When all thy life was flowering
 As in a garden home,
 The storm beyond was lowering,
 The end of all was come!

I seem to hear

The grand sweet music of that earnest life,
 Grand and sweeter in its later strife,
 Stop, suddenly drowned amid the tempest drear;
 I hear the harp whose strings,
 Whose delicate thoughtful strings should well have played
 Some hopeful melody of woods and springs;

Some high heroic march
 Beneath a Roman arch,
 Some lofty strain that made
 The soul flush to its sharing
 The soldier's toil and daring,
 Swept, like a wind-harp, to wild agony
 By bitter winds of destiny, —
 Then, musical no more,
 Dead, mute, and shattered on the lonely shore !

VI.

Had Fate accorded with love's passionate prayer,
 Had she lived on with us, with us grown old,
 Through war, through peace, through present toil and care,
 Through future progress ; could she now behold
 The triumph of the land,
 Standing where now we stand ;
 The nation saved from brute Rebellion's strife,
 And pledged to live a newer, healthier life ; —
 Had she but seen our wider range,
 The splendor of our coming lights,
 Her vision and her strength grown with her change
 From lonely days and nights,
 To all that woman needs to make complete
 In wifehood and maternal ties
 The ripened mind and heart, — a union sweet,
 Tender and strong and wise !

But ah ! Fate suffered not,
 Nor stayed her hasting feet.
 No record but a blot, —
 A cherished leaf or two
 Of tender love, and true ;
 No other relic sad and sweet
 The cruel sea gave back,
 From out the storm and wrack,
 From out the billows wild.
 Only one little child
 The weeping sailors bore
 And buried on that shore, —
 All that the ocean left of thine and thee,
 O friend, whom we again shall never see !

Where now, where,
 O spirit pure, where walk those shining feet !
 Whither, in groves beyond the treacherous seas,
 Beyond our sense of time, divinely, dimly fair,
 Brighter than gardens of Hesperides, —
 Whither dost thou move on, complete
 And beauteous, ringed around
 In mystery profound,
 By gracious companies who share

That strange supernal air!
 Or art thou sleeping dreamless, knowing naught
 Of good or ill, of life or death?
 Or art thou but a breeze of Heaven's breath,
 A portion of all life, inwrought
 In the eternal essence? — All in vain,
 Tangled in misty webs of time,
 Out on the undiscovered clime
 Our clouded eyes we strain;
 We cannot pierce the veil.
 As the proud eagles fail
 Upon their upward track,
 And flutter gasping back
 From the thin empyrean, so, with wing
 Baffled and humbled, we but guess
 All we shall gain, by all the soul's distress, —
 All we shall be, by our poor worthiness.
 And so we write and sing
 Our dreams of time and space, and call them — Heaven.
 We only know that all is for the best;
 To God we leave the rest.

So, reverent beneath the mystery
 Of Life and Death, we yield
 Back to the great Unknown the spirit given
 A few brief years to blossom in our field.
 Nor shall time's all-devouring sea
 Despoil this brightest century
 Of all thou hast been, and shalt ever be.
 The age shall guard thy fame,
 And reverence thy name.
 There is no cloud on them. There is no death for thee!
C. P. Cranch.

SOME MEMORIES OF CHARLES DICKENS.

ON a sunny morning in October last the writer of these recollections heard from the author's lips the first chapters of a new story, the concluding lines of which initial pages were then scarcely dry from the pen. The story is unfinished, and he who read that autumn morning with such vigor of voice and dramatic power is in his grave. This private reading took place in the little room where the great novelist for many years has been accustomed to write, and in the house where

on a pleasant evening in June he died. The spot is one of the loveliest in Kent, and must always be remembered as the last residence of Charles Dickens. He used to declare his firm belief that Shakespeare was specially fond of Kent, and that the poet chose Gad's Hill and Rochester for the scenery of his plays from intimate personal knowledge of their localities. He said he had no manner of doubt but that one of Shakespeare's haunts was the old inn at Rochester, and that this convic-

tion came forcibly upon him one night as he was walking that way, and discovered Charles's Wain over the chimney just as Shakespeare has described it, in words put into the mouth of the carrier in King Henry the Fourth. There is no prettier place than Gad's Hill in all England for the earliest and latest flowers, and Dickens chose it, when he had arrived at the fulness of his fame and prosperity, as the home in which he most wished to spend the remainder of his days. When a boy, he would often pass the house with his father, and frequently said to him, "If ever I have a dwelling of my own, Gad's Hill Place is the house I mean to buy." In that beautiful retreat he has for many years been accustomed to welcome his friends, and find relaxation from the crowded life of London. On the lawn playing at bowls, in the Swiss summer-house charmingly shaded by green leaves, he always seemed the best part of summer, beautiful as the season is in the delightful region where he lived. In a letter written not long ago to a friend in America he thus described his home : —

"Divers birds sing here all day, and the nightingales all night. The place is lovely, and in perfect order. I have put five mirrors in the Swiss chalet (where I write), and they reflect and refract, in all kinds of ways, the leaves that are quivering at the windows, and the great fields of waving corn, and the sail-dotted river. My room is up among the branches of the trees ; and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the open windows, and the lights and shadows of the clouds come and go with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers, and indeed of everything that is growing for miles and miles, is most delicious."

There he could be most thoroughly enjoyed, for he never seemed so cheerfully at home anywhere else. At his own table, surrounded by his family, and a few guests, old acquaintances, from town, — among them sometimes Forster, Carlyle, Reade, Collins, Lay-

ard, Maclise, Stone, Macready, Talfourd, — he was always the choicest and liveliest companion. He was not what is called in society a professed talker, but he was something far better and rarer.

In his own inimitable manner he would frequently relate to a friend, if prompted, stories of his youthful days, when he was toiling on the London Morning Chronicle, passing sleepless hours as a reporter on the road in a post-chaise, driving day and night from point to point to take down the speeches of Shiel or O'Connell. He liked to describe the post-boys, who were accustomed to hurry him over the road that he might reach London in advance of his rival reporters, while, by the aid of a lantern, he was writing out for the press, as he flew over the ground, the words he had taken down in shorthand. Those were his days of severe training, when in rain and sleet and cold he dashed along, scarcely able to keep the blinding mud out of his tired eyes ; and he imputed much of his ability for steady hard work to his practice as a reporter, kept at his grinding business, and determined if possible to earn seven guineas a week. A large sheet was started at this period of his life, in which all the important speeches of Parliament were to be reported *verbatim* for future reference. Dickens was engaged on this gigantic journal. Mr. Stanley had spoken at great length on the condition of Ireland. It was a very long and eloquent speech, occupying many hours in the delivery. Eight reporters were sent in to do the work. Each one was required to report three quarters of an hour, then to retire, write out his portion, and to be succeeded by the next. Young Dickens was detailed to lead off with the first part. It also fell to his lot, when the time came round, to report the closing portions of the speech. On Saturday the whole was given to the press, and Dickens ran down to the country for a Sunday's rest. Sunday morning had scarcely dawned, when his father, who was a man of immense energy, made

his appearance in his son's sleeping-room. Mr. Stanley was so dissatisfied with what he found in print, except the beginning and ending of his speech (just what Dickens had reported) that he sent immediately to the office and obtained the sheets of these parts of the report. He there found the name of the reporter, which, according to custom, was written on the margin. Then he requested that the young man bearing the name of Dickens should be immediately sent for. Dickens's father, all aglow with the prospect of probable promotion in the office, went immediately to his son's stopping-place in the country and brought him back to London. In telling the story, Dickens said: "I remember perfectly to this day the aspect of the room I was shown into, and the two gentlemen in it, Mr. Stanley and his father. Both gentlemen were extremely courteous to me, but I noted their evident surprise at the appearance of so young a man. While we spoke together, I had taken a seat extended to me in the middle of the room. Mr. Stanley told me he wished to go over the whole speech and have it written out by me, and if I were ready he would begin now. Where would I like to sit? I told him I was very well where I was, and we could begin immediately. He tried to induce me to sit at a desk, but at that time in the House of Commons there was nothing but one's knees to write upon, and I had formed the habit of doing my work in that way. Without further pause he began and went rapidly on, hour after hour, to the end, often becoming very much excited and frequently bringing down his hand with great violence upon the desk near which he stood."

No writer ever lived whose method was more exact, whose industry was more constant, and whose punctuality was more marked, than those of Charles Dickens. He never shirked labor, mental or bodily. He rarely declined, if the object were a good one, taking the chair at a public meeting, or accepting a charitable trust. Many widows and orphans of deceased literary men have

for years been benefited by his wise trusteeship or counsel, and he spent a great portion of his time personally looking after the property of the poor whose interests were under his control. He was, as has been intimated, one of the most industrious of men, and marvellous stories are told (not by himself) of what he has accomplished in a given time in literary and social matters. His studies were all from nature and life, and his habits of observation were untiring. If he contemplated writing "Hard Times," he arranged with the master of Astley's circus to spend many hours behind the scenes with the riders and among the horses; and if the composition of the "Tale of Two Cities" were occupying his thoughts, he could banish himself to France for two years to prepare for that great work. Hogarth pencilled on his thumb-nail a striking face in a crowd that he wished to preserve; Dickens with his transcendent memory chronicled in his mind whatever of interest met his eye or reached his ear, any time or anywhere. Speaking of memory one day, he said the memory of children was prodigious; it was a mistake to fancy children ever forgot anything. When he was delineating the character of Mrs. Pipchin, he had in his mind an old lodging-house keeper in an English watering-place where he was living with his father and mother when he was but two years old. After the book was written he sent it to his sister, who wrote back at once: "Good heavens! what does this mean? you have painted our lodging-house keeper, and you were but two years old at that time!" Characters and incidents crowded the chambers of his brain, all ready for use when occasion required. No subject of human interest was ever indifferent to him, and never a day went by that did not afford him some suggestion to be utilized in the future.

His favorite mode of exercise was walking; and when in America, two years ago, scarcely a day passed, no matter what the weather, that he did not accomplish his eight or ten miles.

It was on these expeditions that he liked to recount to the companion of his rambles stories and incidents of his early life; and when he was in the mood, his fun and humor knew no bounds. He would then frequently discuss the numerous characters in his delightful books, and would act out, on the road, dramatic situations, where *Nickleby* or *Copperfield* or *Swiveller* would play distinguished parts. It is remembered that he said, on one of these occasions, that during the composition of his first stories he could never entirely dismiss the characters about whom he happened to be writing; that while the "Old Curiosity Shop" was in process of composition Little Nell followed him about everywhere; that while he was writing "*Oliver Twist*" Fagin the Jew would never let him rest, even in his most retired moments; that at midnight and in the morning, on the sea and on the land, Tiny Tim and Little Bob Cratchit were ever tugging at his coat-sleeve, as if impatient for him to get back to his desk and continue the story of their lives. But he said after he had published several books, and saw what serious demands his characters were accustomed to make for the constant attention of his already overtasked brain, he resolved that the phantom individuals should no longer intrude on his hours of recreation and rest, but that when he closed the door of his study he would shut them all in, and only meet them again when he came back to resume his task. That force of will with which he was so pre-eminently endowed enabled him to ignore these manifold existences till he chose to renew their acquaintance. He said, also, that when the children of his brain had once been launched, free and clear of him, into the world, they would sometimes turn up in the most unexpected manner to look their father in the face.

Sometimes he would pull the arm of his companion and whisper, "Let us avoid Mr. Pumblechook, who is crossing the street to meet us"; or, "Mr.

Micawber is coming; let us turn down this alley to get out of his way." He always seemed to enjoy the fun of his comic people, and had unceasing mirth over Mr. Pickwick's misadventures. In answer one day to a question, prompted by psychological curiosity, if he ever dreamed of any of his characters, his reply was, "Never; and I am convinced that no writer (judging from my own experience, which cannot be altogether singular, but must be a type of the experience of others) has ever dreamed of the creatures of his own imagination. It would," he went on to say, "be like a man's dreaming of meeting himself, which is clearly an impossibility. Things exterior to one's self must always be the basis of dreams." The growing up of characters in his mind never lost for him a sense of the marvellous. "What an unfathomable mystery there is in it all!" he said one day. Taking up a wineglass, he continued: "Suppose I choose to call this a *character*, fancy it a man, endure it with certain qualities; and soon the fine filmy webs of thought, almost impalpable, coming from every direction, we know not whence, spin and weave about it, until it assumes form and beauty, and becomes instinct with life."

In society Dickens rarely referred to the traits and characteristics of people he had known; but during a long walk in the country he delighted to recall and describe the peculiarities, eccentric and otherwise, of dead and gone as well as living friends. Then Sydney Smith and Jeffrey and Christopher North and Talfourd and Hood and Rogers seemed to live over again in his vivid reproductions, made so impressive by his marvellous memory and imagination. As he walked rapidly along the road, he appeared to enjoy the keen zest of his companion in the numerous impersonations with which he was indulging him.

He always had much to say of animals as well as of men, and there were certain dogs and horses he had met and known intimately which it was specially interesting to him to remember

and picture. There was a particular dog in Washington which he was never tired of delineating. The first night Dickens read in the Capital this dog attracted his attention. "He came into the hall by himself," said he, "got a good place before the reading began, and paid strict attention throughout. He came the second night, and was ignominiously shown out by one of the check-takers. On the third night he appeared again with another dog, which he had evidently promised to pass in free; but you see," continued Dickens, "upon the imposition being unmasked, the other dog apologized by a howl and withdrew. His intentions, no doubt, were of the best, but he afterwards rose to explain outside, with such inconvenient eloquence to the reader and his audience, that they were obliged to put him down stairs."

In a letter written during his reading tour in America, in 1868, and dated from Albany, he says: "We had all sorts of adventures by the way, among which two of the most notable were: 1. Picking up two trains out of the water, in which the passengers had been composedly sitting all night, until relief should arrive. 2. Unpacking and releasing into the open country a great train of cattle and sheep that had been in the water I don't know how long, and that had begun in their imprisonment to eat each other. I never could have realized the strong and dismal expressions of which the faces of sheep are capable, had I not seen the haggard countenances of this unfortunate flock, as they were tumbled out of their dens and picked themselves up, and made off, leaping wildly (many with broken legs) over a great mound of frozen snow, and over the worried body of a deceased companion. Their misery was so very human, that I was sorry to recognize several intimate acquaintances conducting themselves in this forlornly gymnastic manner." He was such a firm believer in the mental faculties of animals, that it would have gone hard with a companion with whom he was talking, if a doubt were thrown,

however inadvertently, on the mental intelligence of any four-footed friend that chanced to be at the time the subject of conversation. All animals which he took under his especial patronage seemed to have a marked affection for him. Quite a colony of dogs has always been a feature at Gad's Hill. When Dickens returned home from his last visit to America, these dogs were frequently spoken of in his letters. In May, 1868, he writes: "As you ask me about the dogs, I begin with them. The two Newfoundland dogs coming to meet me, with the usual carriage and the usual driver, and beholding me coming in my usual dress out at the usual door, it struck me that their recollection of my having been absent for any unusual time was at once cancelled. They behaved (they are both young dogs) exactly in their usual manner; coming behind the basket phaeton as we trotted along, and lifting their heads to have their ears pulled,—a special attention which they receive from no one else. But when I drove into the stable-yard, Linda (the St. Bernard) was greatly excited, weeping profusely, and throwing herself on her back that she might caress my foot with her great fore-paws. M.'s little dog, too, Mrs. Bouncer, barked in the greatest agitation, on being called down and asked, 'Who is this?' tearing round and round me like the dog in the Faust outlines."

In many walks and talks with Dickens, his conversation, now, alas! so imperfectly recalled, frequently ran on the habits of birds, the raven, of course, interesting him particularly. He always liked to have a raven hopping about his grounds, and whoever has read the new Preface to "*Barnaby Rudge*," must remember several of his old friends in that line. He had quite a fund of canary-bird anecdotes, and the pert ways of birds that picked up worms for a living afforded him infinite amusement. He would give a capital imitation of the way a robin-redbreast cocks his head on one side preliminary to a dash forward in the direction of

a wriggling victim. There is a small grave at Gad's Hill to which Dickens would occasionally take a friend, and it was quite a privilege to stand with him beside the burial-place of little Dick, the family's favorite canary.

There were certain books of which Dickens liked to talk during his walks. Among his especial favorites were the writings of Cobbett, DeQuincey, the Lectures on Moral Philosophy by Sydney Smith, and Carlyle's French Revolution. Of this latter Dickens said it was the book of all others which he read perpetually and of which he never tired, — the book which always appeared more imaginative in proportion to the fresh imagination he brought to it, a book for inexhaustibleness to be placed before every other book. When writing the "Tale of Two Cities," he asked Carlyle if he might see one of the books to which he referred in his history; whereupon Carlyle packed up and sent down to Gad's Hill *all* his reference volumes, and Dickens read them faithfully. But the more he read the more he was astonished to find how the facts had passed through the alembic of Carlyle's brain and had come out and fitted themselves, each as a part of one great whole, making a compact result, indestructible and unrivalled; and he always found himself turning away from the books of reference, and re-reading with increased wonder this marvellous new growth. There were certain books particularly hateful to him, and of which he never spoke except in terms of most ludicrous raillery. Mr. Barlow, in "Sandford and Merton," he said was the favorite enemy of his boyhood and his first experience of a bore. He had an almost supernatural hatred for Barlow, "because he was so very *instructive*, and always hinting doubts with regard to the veracity of "Sindbad the Sailor," and had no belief whatever in 'The Wonderful Lamp' or 'The Enchanted Horse.'" Dickens rattling his mental cane over the head of Mr. Barlow was as much better than any play as can be well imagined. He gloried in many of Hood's poems, especially in that biting

Ode to Rae Wilson, and he would gesticulate with a fine fervor the lines,

"... the hypocrites who ope Heaven's door
Obsequious to the sinful man of riches, —
But put the wicked, naked, bare-legged poor
In parish *stocks* instead of *breeches*."

One of his favorite books was Pepys's Diary, the curious discovery of the key to which, and the odd characteristics of its writer, were a never-failing source of interest and amusement to him. The vision of Pepys hanging round the door of the theatre, hoping for an invitation to go in, not being able to keep away in spite of a promise he had made to himself that he would spend no more money foolishly, delighted him. Speaking one day of Gray, the author of the Elegy, he said: "No poet ever came walking down to posterity with so *small* a book under his arm." He preferred Smollett to Fielding, putting "Peregrine Pickle" above "Tom Jones." Of the best novels by his contemporaries he always spoke with warm commendation, and "Griffith Gaunt" he thought a production of very high merit. He was "hospitable to the thought" of all writers who were really in earnest, but at the first exhibition of floundering or inexactness he became an unbeliever. People with dislocated understandings he had no tolerance for.

He was passionately fond of the theatre, loved the lights and music and flowers, and the happy faces of the audience; he was accustomed to say that his love of the theatre never failed, and, no matter how dull the play, he was always careful while he sat in the box to make no sound which could hurt the feelings of the actors, or show any lack of attention. His genuine enthusiasm for Mr. Fechter's acting was most interesting. He loved to describe seeing him first, quite by accident, in Paris, having strolled into a little theatre there one night. "He was making love to a woman," Dickens said, "and he so elevated her as well as himself by the sentiment in which he enveloped her, that they trod in a purer ether,

and in another sphere, quite lifted out of the present. 'By heavens!' I said to myself, 'a man who can do this can do anything.' I never saw two people more purely and instantly elevated by the power of love. The manner, also," he continued, "in which he presses the hem of the dress of Lucy in the *Bride of Lammermoor* is something wonderful. The man has genius in him which is unmistakable."

Life behind the scenes was always a fascinating study to Dickens. "One of the oddest sights a green-room can present," he said one day, "is when they are collecting children for a pantomime. For this purpose the prompter calls together all the women in the ballet, and begins giving out their names in order, while they press about him eager for the chance of increasing their poor pay by the extra pittance their children will receive. 'Mrs. Johnson, how many?' 'Two, sir.' 'What ages?' 'Seven and ten.' 'Mrs. B., how many?' and so on, until the required number is made up. The people who go upon the stage, however poor their pay or hard their lot, love it too well ever to adopt another vocation of their free-will. A mother will frequently be in the wardrobe, children in the pantomime, elder sisters in the ballet, etc."

Dickens's habits as a speaker differed from those of most orators. He gave no thought to the composition of the speech he was to make till the day before he was to deliver it. No matter whether the effort was to be a long or a short one, he never wrote down a word of what he was going to say; but when the proper time arrived for him to consider his subject, he took a walk into the country and the thing was done. When he returned he was all ready for his task.

He liked to talk about the audiences that came to hear him read, and he gave the palm to his Parisian one, saying it was the quickest to catch his meaning. Although he said there were many always present in his room in Paris who did not fully understand

English, yet the French eye is so quick to detect expression that it never failed instantly to understand what he meant by a look or an act. "Thus, for instance," he said, "when I was impersonating Steerforth in "*David Copperfield*," and gave that peculiar grip of the hand to Emily's lover, the French audience burst into cheers and rounds of applause." He said with reference to the preparation of his readings, that it was three months' hard labor to get up one of his own stories for public recitation, and he thought he had greatly improved his presentation of the "*Christmas Carol*" while in this country. He considered the storm scene in "*David Copperfield*" one of the most effective of his readings. The character of Jack Hopkins in "*Bob Sawyer's Party*" he took great delight in representing.

It gave him a natural pleasure when he heard quotations from his own books introduced without effort into conversation. He did not always remember, when his own words were quoted, that he was himself the author of them, and appeared astounded at the memory of others in this regard. He said Mr. Secretary Stanton had a most extraordinary knowledge of his books and a power of taking the text up at any point, which he supposed to belong to only one person, and that person not himself.

It was said of Garrick that he was the *cheerfullest* man of his age. This can be as truly said of Charles Dickens. In his presence there was perpetual sunshine, and gloom was banished as having no sort of relationship with him. No man suffered more keenly or sympathized more fully than he did with want and misery; but his motto was, "Don't stand and cry; press forward and help remove the difficulty." The speed with which he was accustomed to make the deed follow his yet speedier sympathy was seen pleasantly on the day of his visit to the School-ship in Boston Harbor. He said, previously to going on board that ship, nothing would tempt him to make a speech, for he should always

be obliged to do it on similar occasions, if he broke through his rule so early in his reading tour. But Judge Russell had no sooner finished his simple talk, to which the boys listened, as they always do, with eager faces, than Dickens rose as if he could not help it, and with a few words so magnetized them that they wore their hearts in their eyes as if they meant to keep the words forever. An enthusiastic critic once said of John Ruskin, "that he could discover the Apocalypse in a daisy." As noble a discovery may be claimed for Dickens. He found all the fair humanities blooming in the lowliest hovel. He never *put on* the good Samaritan: that character was native to him. Once while in this country, on a bitter, freezing afternoon, — night coming down in a drifting snow-storm, — he was returning from a long walk in the country with a single companion. The wind and baffling sleet were so furious that the street in which they happened to be fighting their way was quite deserted; it was almost impossible to see across it, the air was so thick with the tempest; all conversation between the friends had ceased, for it was only possible to breast the storm by devoting their whole energies to keeping on their feet; they seemed to be walking in a different atmosphere from any they had ever before encountered. All at once Dickens was missed from his companion's side. What had become of him? Had he gone down in the drift, utterly exhausted, and was the snow burying him out of sight? Very soon the sound of his cheery voice was heard on the other side of the way. With great difficulty, over the piled-up snow, his companion struggled across the street, and there found him lifting up, almost by main force, a blind old man who had got bewildered by the storm, and had fallen down unnoticed, quite unable to proceed. Dickens, a long distance away from him, with that tender, sensitive, and penetrating vision, ever on the alert for suffering in any form, had rushed at once to the rescue, comprehending at a glance the

situation of the sightless man. To help him to his feet and aid him homeward in the most natural and simple way afforded Dickens such a pleasure as only the benevolent by intuition can understand.

Throughout his life Dickens was continually receiving tributes from those he had benefited, either by his books or by his friendship. There is an odd and very pretty story (vouched for here as true) connected with the influence he so widely exerted. Last winter, soon after he came up to London to reside for a few months, he received a letter from a man telling him that he had begun life in the most humble way possible, and that he considered he owed his subsequent great success and such education as he had given himself entirely to the encouragement and cheering influence he had derived from Dickens's books, of which he had been a constant reader from his childhood. He had been made a partner in his master's business, and when the head of the house died, the other day, it was found he had left the whole of his large property to this man. As soon as he came into possession of this fortune, his mind turned to Dickens, whom he looked upon as his benefactor and teacher, and his first desire was to tender him some testimonial of gratitude and veneration. He then begged Dickens to accept a large sum of money. Dickens declined to receive the money, but his unknown friend sent him instead two silver table ornaments of great intrinsic value bearing this inscription: "To Charles Dickens, from one who has been cheered and stimulated by his writings, and held the author amongst his first Remembrances when he became prosperous." One of these silver ornaments was supported by three figures, representing three seasons. In the original design there were, of course, four, but the donor was so averse to associating the idea of Winter in any sense with Dickens that he caused the workman to alter the design and leave only the *cheerful* seasons. No event in the

great author's career was ever more gratifying and pleasant to him.

His friendly letters were exquisitely turned, and are among his most charming compositions. They abound in felicities only like himself. In 1860 he writes to an American traveller sojourning in Italy: "I should like to have a walk through Rome with you this bright morning (for it really *is* bright in London), and convey you over some favorite ground of mine. I used to go up the street of Tombs, past the tomb of Cecilia Metella, away out upon the wild campagna, and by the old Appian Road (easily tracked out among the ruins and primroses), to Albano. There, at a very dirty inn, I used to have a very dirty lunch, generally with the family's dirty linen lying in a corner, and inveigle some very dirty Vetturino in sheep-skin to take me back to Rome."

Writing from a Western city in 1868, he says: "The hotel here is a dreary institution, but I have an impression we must be in the wrong one, and buoy myself up with a devout belief in the other over the way. The awakening to consciousness this morning on a lop-sided bedstead facing nowhere, in a room holding nothing but sour dust, was more terrible than the being afraid to go to bed last night. To keep ourselves up, we played whist (double dummy) until neither of us could bear to speak to the other any more. We had previously supped on a tough old nightmare, named Buffalo. What do you think of a 'fowl de poulet'? or a 'Paettie de Shay'? or 'celary'? or 'murance with cream'? Because all these delicacies are in the printed bill of fare! We asked the Irish waiter what 'Paettie de Shay' was, and he said it was 'the Frinch name the steward giv' to oyster pattie.'"

In a letter written during his last course of readings in various parts of England he wrote: "B—— (setting aside remembrances of Roderick Random and Humphrey Clinker) looked, I fancied, just as if a cemetery full of old people had somehow made a successful

rise against Death, carried the place by assault, and built a city with the gravestones; in which they were trying to look alive, but with very indifferent success."

In a little note to a friend who had been consulting him the day before about the purchase of some old furniture in London he wrote: "There is a chair (without a bottom) at a shop near the office, which I think would suit you. It cannot stand of itself, but will almost seat somebody, if you put it in a corner, and prop one leg up with two wedges and cut another leg off. The proprietor asks £20, but says he admires literature and would take £18. He is of republican principles and I think would take £17 19s. 6d., from a cousin; shall I secure this prize? It is very ugly and wormy, and it is related, but without proof, that on one occasion Washington declined to sit down in it."

After his return home from America he was constantly boasting in his letters of his renewed health. In one of them he says: "I am brown now beyond belief, and cause the greatest disappointment in all quarters by looking so well. It is really wonderful what those fine days at sea did for me. My doctor was quite broken down in spirits when he saw me for the first time since my return last Saturday. 'Good heavens,' he said, recoiling, 'seven years younger!'"

Bright colors were a constant delight to him; and the gay hues of flowers were those most welcome to his eye. When the rhododendrons were in bloom in Cobham Park, the seat of his friend and neighbor, Lord Darnley, he always counted on taking his guests there to enjoy the magnificent show. In a letter dated in April, 1869, he says to a friend who anticipated making him a visit from America: "Please look sharp in the matter of landing on this used-up, worn-out, and rotten old parient. I rather think that when the 12th of June shall have shaken off these shackles" (he was then reading in London) "there will be borage on the lawn at Gad's. Your heart's

desires in that matter and in the minor particulars of Cobham Park, Rochester Castle, and Canterbury shall be fulfilled, please God! The red jackets shall turn out again on the turnpike road, and picnics among the cherry orchards and hop gardens shall be heard of in Kent." (He delighted to turn out for the delectation of his Transatlantic cousins a couple of postilions in the old red jackets of the old red royal Dover road, making the ride as much as possible like a holiday drive in England fifty years ago.)

When in the mood for humorous characterization, Dickens's hilarity was most amazing. To hear him tell a ghost story with a very florid imitation of a very pallid ghost, or hear him sing an old-time stage song, such as he used to enjoy in his youth at a cheap London theatre, to see him imitate a lion in a menagerie-cage, or the clown in a pantomime when he flops and folds himself up like a jack-knife, or to join with him in some mirthful game of his own composing, was to become acquainted with one of the most delightful and original companions in the world.

On one occasion, during a walk, he chose to run into the wildest of vagaries about *conversation*. The ludicrous vein he indulged in during that two hours' stretch can never be forgotten. Among other things, he said he had often thought how restricted one's conversation must become when one was visiting a man who was to be hanged in half an hour. He went on in a most surprising manner to imagine all sorts of difficulties in the way of becoming interesting to the poor fellow. "Suppose," said he, "it should be a rainy morning while you are making the call, you could not possibly indulge in the remark, 'We shall have fine weather to-morrow, sir,' for what would that be to him? For my part, I think," said he, "I should confine my observations to the days of Julius Cæsar or King Alfred."

At another time when speaking of what was constantly said about him in certain newspapers, he observed: "I

notice that about once in every seven years I become the victim of a paragraph disease. It breaks out in England, travels to India by the overland route, gets to America per Cunard line, strikes the base of the Rocky Mountains, and rebounding back to Europe, mostly perishes on the steppes of Russia from inanition and extreme cold." When he felt he was not under observation, and that tomfoolery would not be frowned upon or gazed at with astonishment, he gave himself up without reserve to healthy amusement and strengthening mirth. It was his mission to make people happy. Words of good cheer were native to his lips, and he was always doing what he could to lighten the lot of all who came into his beautiful presence. His talk was simple, natural, and direct, never dropping into circumlocution nor elocution. Now that he is gone, whoever has known him intimately for any considerable period of time will linger over his tender regard for, and his engaging manner with, children; his cheery "Good Day" to poor people he happened to be passing in the road; his trustful and earnest "Please God," when he was promising himself any special pleasure, like rejoining an old friend or returning again to scenes he loved. At such times his voice had an irresistible pathos in it, and his smile diffused a sensation like music. When he came into the presence of squalid or degraded persons, such as one sometimes encounters in almshouses or prisons, he had such soothing words to scatter here and there, that those who had been "most hurt by the archers" listened gladly, and loved him without knowing who it was that found it in his heart to speak so kindly to them.

Oftentimes during long walks in the streets and by-ways of London, or through the pleasant Kentish lanes, or among the localities he has rendered forever famous in his books, his companion has recalled the sweet words in which Shakespeare has embalmed one of the characters in *Love's Labor Lost*:—

"A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal :
His eye begets occasion for his wit ;
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished ;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

Twenty years ago Daniel Webster said that Dickens had already done more to ameliorate the condition of the English poor than all the statesmen Great Britain had sent into Parliament. During the unceasing demands upon his time and thought, he found opportunities of visiting personally those haunts of suffering in London which needed the keen eye and sympathetic heart to bring them before the public for relief. Whoever has accompanied him on his midnight walks into the cheap lodging-houses provided for London's lowest poor cannot have failed to learn lessons never to be forgotten. Newgate and Smithfield were lifted out of their abominations by his eloquent pen, and many a hospital is to-day all the better

charity for having been visited and watched by Charles Dickens. To use his own words, through his whole life he did what he could "to lighten the lot of those rejected ones whom the world has too long forgotten and too often misused."

These inadequate, and, of necessity, hastily written, records must suffice for the present and stand for what they are worth as personal recollections of the great author who has made so many millions happy by his inestimable genius and sympathy. His life will no doubt be written out in full by some competent hand in England ; but however numerous the volumes of his biography, the half can hardly be told of the good deeds he has accomplished for his fellow-men.

And who could ever tell, if those volumes were written, of the subtle qualities of insight and sympathy which rendered him capable of friendship above most men, — which enabled him to reinstate its ideal, and made his presence a perpetual joy, and separation from him an ineffaceable sorrow ?

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Alaska and its Resources. By WILLIAM H. DALL, Director of the Scientific Corps of the late Western Union Telegraph Expedition. Boston : Lee and Shepard.

THE impression of faithful observation and of honest work is one that attends the reader everywhere in Mr. Dall's somewhat ponderous book, and that goes far towards consoling him for want of an attractive arrangement of facts. But the subject is so interesting, and Mr. Dall's material is so abundant, that now, having handsomely fulfilled whatever duty he owed to science by the methodical and straightforward statement of results and opinions, we wish he might find it practicable to produce a smaller and lighter book embodying such general knowledge of Alaska as most peo-

ple care to acquire. Of course, the very curious will go to the present volume for information, but its size, cost, and character will hinder it from becoming popular, — though no one is so well qualified as Mr. Dall to tell us of that strange country.

Mr. Dall does not lead us to believe that Alaska is going to exercise any very potent or immediate influence upon our destinies. His claims for a region in which he spent two years of active study are modest enough, and are succinctly stated at the close of his personal narrative : —

"The territory is not likely to be populous for many years, and should rather be regarded as a great storehouse of fish, timber, and fur ; from which American citizens alone should be allowed to draw sup-

plies, under proper restrictions and on payment of reasonable taxes. The country, under a monopoly, afforded one hundred thousand silver rubles a year, taxes, to the Russian crown, and, with the development of other resources than the traffic in furs, can certainly afford as much to the United States. I speak from no uncertainty, but from positive knowledge; I believe that a proper and not onerous system of taxation would afford two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in gold per annum. . . . I have seen with surprise and regret that men whose forefathers wielded the axe in the forests of Maine, or gathered scanty crops on the granite hillsides of Massachusetts, have seen fit to throw contempt and derision on the acquisition of a great territory naturally far richer than that in which they themselves originated, principally on the ground that it is a 'cold' country. This complaint is but half true to begin with, since on half of the coast of the new territory the thermometer has never been known to fall below zero. Icebergs are unknown in Alaska from Dixon's Entrance to Behring Strait, and no polar bear ever came within a thousand miles of Sitka. . . . We have bought for a nominal price the key to the North Pacific. It can no longer be said that three ironclads can blockade our entire western coast. Two hundred and fifty years hence there may be a new New England where there is now a trackless forest. The time may come when we shall call on our Pacific fishermen to man our fleets, on the lumbermen of Alaska and our hardy Northern trappers to don the blue, and strike another blow for unity and freedom. The oak must weather the storms of many winters before it gains maturity. Alaska is not a California, where cities arise in a night and may pass away in a day. Meanwhile we must be patient."

Yet despite the meagreness of these claims upon the regard of a people who have so many and such vast resources open to them at present, this possible New England of the future is all the more interesting from the strangeness with which distance, climate, and laborious access invest it; and while we do not think Mr. Dall will tempt many to go to Alaska, we have no doubt that he will make all his readers desirous to know more of it.

His book is divided into two parts, the first of which contains the record of his own life in Alaska, and the results of his explorations and observations; while the

second has very full notices of the geography, history, people, and resources of the new territory, drawn from other as well as original sources. To these parts is added a valuable Appendix, mainly philological in character, but giving also lists of the fishes, birds, and plants of Alaska.

To the unscientific reader the first part is naturally the most interesting division of the book, and a little self-denial in the use of his diary, a little suppression of minor details, would here have enabled Mr. Dall to meet pretty fully the want of a good popular account of Alaska. He makes us understand to better advantage than ever before that the people of our new possessions are of two distinct races, one related to the other Indian tribes of our continent, and the other—the Innuits—not at all allied to them physiologically or philologically. As regards the language, he states the fact that the Innuits tongue is so easily learned as to form the common medium between Innuits and Russians; whereas, the Indian dialects are so difficult that the tribes learn Russian in order to carry on their trade. The Innuits, of whom Mr. Dall gives a full account, are, he says, a very different people from the Eskimo, and he doubts if they are distinctly related to the Mongolian races of Eastern Siberia.

"They are in every respect superior to any tribe of Indians with which I am acquainted. Their complexion I have described as brunette. The effect of the sun and wind, especially in summer, is to darken their hue, and from observing those who lived in the fort, I am inclined to think that a regular course of bathing would do much toward whitening them. They are sometimes very tall; I have often seen both men and women nearly six feet in height, and have often known several instances where men were taller. Their average height equals that of most civilized races. Their strength is often very great. I have seen a Mählemut take a hundred-pound sack of flour under each arm, and another in his teeth, and walk with them from the storehouse to the boat, a distance of some twenty rods, without inconvenience. . . . They are good-humored and careless, slow to anger, and usually ready to forgive and forget. They are sometimes revengeful; and murders, generally the result of jealousy, are not very rare. The women are modest, but a want of chastity in an unmarried female is hardly looked upon as a fault. Taking this fact into con-

sideration, they are rather free from immorality. Among the Máhlemuts, cousins, however remote, do not marry, and one wife is the rule. Among the Káviaks two or three wives, often sisters, are taken by those who can afford to support them. These people have become demoralized by trading liquor for their furs, and widespread immorality is the result. . . . There is no ceremony connected with marriage among the Innuit, though presents are often made to the bride's parents. Inter-marriage between natives of different tribes is frequent. . . . Children are greatly prized, if boys. Girls are at a discount. Infanticide is common among them, both before and after birth. As an excuse, they say that they do not want and cannot support so many daughters. Other women do not like the trouble and care of children, and destroy them for that reason. The usual method is to take the child out, stuff its mouth with grass, and desert it. I have seen several children who had been picked up in this condition, and brought up by others than their parents. The women alone destroy children, but the men seldom punish them for it, and doubtless acquiesce in advance in most cases. Sometimes we find females who refuse to accept husbands, preferring to adopt masculine manners, following the deer on the mountains, trapping and fishing for themselves. The men treat their wives and children well. The latter are never punished, and seldom need correction, being obedient and good-humored. The men have their own work. Hunting the deer and seal, building and repairing the winter houses, making frames for boats, sleds, and snow-shoes, preparing sealskins for use on boats or for boot-soles, trapping, and bringing home the results of the chase, — in fact, all severe labor, — is performed by the men. . . . The women are seldom beaten, except for ill-temper or incontinency. They keep their persons moderately clean, braiding the hair on each side, and twisting beads or strips of wolfskin in with the braids for ornament. They are often of pleasing appearance, sometimes quite pretty. They preserve their beauty much longer than Indian women. Their clear complexion and high color, with their good-humor, make them agreeable companions, and they are often very intelligent. A noticeable feature is their teeth. These are always sound and white, but are almost cylindrical, and in old people are worn down even with the gums, producing a singular appearance. The

eyes are not oblique, as in the Mongolian races, but are small, black, and almost even with the face. The nose is flat and disproportionally small. Many of the Innuit have heavy beards and mustaches, while some pull out the former. . . . The totemic system is not found among the Innuit. Each boy, when arrived at the age of puberty, selects an animal, fish, or bird, which he adopts as a patron. The spirit which looks after the animals of that species is supposed to act henceforth as his guardian. Sometimes the animal is selected in early childhood by the parents. If he has long-continued want of success in his pursuits, he will sometimes change his patron. They do not abstain from eating or using the flesh or skin of the animal which they have chosen, as do some tribes of Indians. They always wear a piece of the skin or a bone of that animal, which they regard as an amulet, and use every precaution against its loss, which would be regarded as a grave calamity. . . . The spirits of the deer, seal, salmon, and beluga are regarded by all with special veneration; as to these animals they owe their support. Each has its season, and while hunting, it is almost impossible to induce them to attempt any other work, as they seem to think each spirit demands exclusive attention while he extends his favors. The homes of these spirits are supposed to be in the North. The auroras are the reflections from the lights used during supposed dances of the spirits. Singularly enough, they call the constellation of Ursa Major by the name of *Okil-ókpuik*, signifying Great Bear, and consider him to be ever on the watch while the other spirits carry on their festivities. None of the spirits are regarded as supreme, nor have the Innuit any idea of a deity, a state of future reward and punishment, or any system of morality. Many of them have been christened by the Roman missionaries, but none have any idea of Christianity. . . . A woman's coffin may be known by the kettles and other feminine utensils about it. There is no distinction between the sexes in method of burial. On the outside of the coffin figures are usually drawn in red-ochre. Figures of fur animals indicate that the dead person was a good trapper; of seal or deer, show his proficiency as a hunter; representations of parkies, that he was wealthy: the manner of his death is also occasionally indicated. For four days after a death the women in the village do no sewing, for five

days the men do not cut wood with an axe. The relatives of the dead must not seek birds' eggs on the overhanging cliffs for a year, or their feet will slip from under them, and they will be dashed to pieces. No mourning is worn or indicated, except by cutting the hair. Women sit and watch the body, chanting a mournful refrain, until it is interred. . . . All the Innuits are fond of dancing and singing together. The principal point, in both Innuits and Indian dances, is, to make as many different kinds of motion with the body and arms as possible, always keeping the most exact time with the chorus and with each other. The dances take place in the casine of the village, and time is kept by a number of old men, who lead the chorus and beat time with an elastic wand on a sort of large tambourine."

Mr. Dall describes at some length the different festivals of the Innuits, and gives a picture of a fashionable Innuits ball, upon which our readers will no doubt like to look : —

"The principal men on the Unalaklik village, eight in number, appeared by the subterranean passage and formed in line on the floor. Six women, the best dancers in the place, took their places opposite. Aluiánok and one or two old men, whose age forbade their joining in the dance, took the drums and led the chorus. The men were stripped to the waist. They wore breeches of tame reindeer skin, and had each a tail of wolf or wolverine attached to the belt behind. They had on gloves trimmed with wolverine skin, and boots ornamented with strips of fur and marten tails. Around the head each had a fillet of deerskin ornamented with feathers, which came down on the shoulders behind. The women were provided with long shirts made of the intestines of the seal, cleaned, split and sewed together. These shirts were translucent, embroidered with bits of colored worsted, and ornamented with short pendent strings of beads. Through the semitransparent dress the motions of the body were perceptible. Their breeches were of the white Siberian reindeer, embroidered, decorated with strips of wolfskin, and made to fit the limbs perfectly. The upper dress came a little below the knees. Their hair was arranged and braided on each side, with the greatest care. Strips of white wolfskin and strings of beads were incorporated with the braids, and pendants of beads and bead necklaces ornamented the shoul-

ders. Their hands were encased in snow-white gloves, fitting closely and made with great care from the tender skin of the reindeer fawn. These were trimmed around the wrist with a fringe of wolfskin. In each hand they held long eagle feathers, to the edges of which tufts of swan's-down were attached. The opening chant was slow and measured. The motions of the dancers were modest and pleasing; the extreme gracefulness of the women, especially, would have excited admiration anywhere. They kept the most perfect time with the chorus and drum taps. Between the syllables of the former words of welcome to the strangers were interpolated in such a way as not to interfere with the rhythm. The slowly waving feathers and delicate undulations of the dancers rendered the scene extremely attractive."

Of society in Alaska, generally, Mr. Dall cannot speak with unreserved praise. The Russians, whom we admire so much at a distance, have added their vices to those of a native population already generously supplied, and have taught them little or no good; and as to their conversion of the natives, he finds the work ludicrously superficial, the Alaskan being a Christian no deeper than a Russian — in whom scratching is said to develop a barbarian — is civilized.

Mr. Dall's accounts of the Indians of Alaska are as interesting as what he says of the Innuits, but they have less novelty, and we have not space to quote from them. We must, however, give the following Indian lullaby, which we find a poem in the rough, but a genuine poem. Our author preserves, he says, the rhythm of the original, of which "the air was slow and soft."

"The wind blows over the Yukon.

My husband hunts the deer on the Koyukun Mountains.

Ahmi, Ahmi, sleep, little one.

"There is no wood for the fire.

The stone axe is broken, my husband carries the other.

Where is the sun-warmth? * Hid in the dam of the beaver, waiting the spring-time?

Ahmi, Ahmi, sleep, little one, wake not!

"Look not for ukali, old woman.

Long since the cache was emptied, and the crow does not light on the ridge-pole!

Long since my husband departed. Why does he wait in the mountains?

Ahmi, Ahmi, sleep, little one, softly.

* I. e. the warm principle of the sunlight, which they regard as a personal spirit.

"Where is my own?

Does he lie starving on the hillside? Why does
he linger?

Comes he not soon, I will seek him among the
mountains.

Ahmi, Ahmi, sleep, little one, sleep.

"The crow has come, laughing.

His beak is red, his eyes glisten, the false one!

'Thanks for a good meal to Kuskokala the shaman.

On the sharp mountain quietly lies your husband.'

Ahmi, Ahmi, sleep, little one, wake not!

"'Twenty deers' tongues tied to the pack on his
shoulders;

Not a tongue in his head to call on his wife with.

Wolves, foxes, and ravens are tearing and fighting
for morsels.

Tough and hard are the sinews; not so the child in
your bosom.'

Ahmi, Ahmi, little one, wake not.

"Over the mountain slowly staggers the hunter.

Two bucks' thighs on his shoulders, with bladders
of fat between them.

Twenty deers' tongues in his belt. Go, gather
wood, old woman!

Off flew the crow, — liar, cheat, and deceiver!

Wake, little sleeper, wake, and call to your father!

"He brings you backfat, marrow, and venison fresh
from the mountain.

Tired and worn, he has carved a toy of the deer's
horn.

While he was sitting and waiting long for the deer
on the hillside.

Wake, and see the crow, hiding himself from the
arrow!

Wake, little one, wake, for here is your father!

We do not wish to be prophetic, but who is to deny, if such pretty songs as this are, as Mr. Dall tells us, heard in every lodge, that the great United States poet is not to be born in Alaska, — nay, that he is not now born there, and at this moment greasing with seal's blubber the head, which shall one day wear a laurel proportioned to the vastness of the Yosemite and the Pacific Railroad? All the conditions that produce great poets are found in Alaska, as mountains, measureless seas, great rivers, and inexhaustible salmon, and there seems also to be the natural impulse to poetry.

A very instructive chapter of Mr. Dall's book is that which concerns the climate and agricultural resources of Alaska, at which we have now hardly time to glance, but which will repay careful reading. The climate of a region where the mean annual temperature is $+25^{\circ}$, yet where six feet below the surface the earth is frozen the whole year round in spite of a summer heat which reaches 120° , must always remain a startling anomaly. It is but one

of many anomalies, however, to which Mr. Dall draws our notice with his intelligent and perfectly honest discussion. His sincerity is at all times such that one may read of that strange territorial bantling of ours with as much confidence as personal knowledge of it can inspire. We do not remember to have doubted Mr. Dall more than once, and that sole occasion is where he tells us that, having spoken only Russian for a whole year, he recurred, on meeting Americans, to that tongue from English, for fluent expression.

Lothair. By THE RIGHT HONORABLE B. DISRAELI. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

OF the several reviews of "*Lothair*" which we have read, all have seemed to us to fail of justice in one important particular. Each of the reviewers had evidently read the book in the light of a deep aversion to the author's political character. Not one of them had made an attempt to estimate it on its own merits. It was all savagely negative criticism. The fewer kindly critics, on the other hand, have spoken, we imagine, at the prompting of a stubborn *a priori* enthusiasm and out of the fulness of political sympathy. There is so little profit in criticism of this temper, that we Americans may happily rejoice in the remoteness of the author's political presence and action. It concerns us chiefly that "*Lothair*" is decidedly amusing. We should call it interesting at once, were it not that we feel this to be in a measure a consecrated, a serious word, and that we cannot bring ourselves to think of "*Lothair*" as a serious work. It is doubtless not as amusing as it might be, with the same elements and a little firmer handling; but it is pleasant reading for a summer's day. The author has great cleverness, or rather he has a great deal of small cleverness. In great cleverness there must be an element of honest wisdom, we like to imagine, such as "*Lothair*" is fatally without. Still, he has cleverness enough to elicit repeatedly the reader's applause. A certain cleverness is required for getting into difficulties, for creating them and causing them to bristle around you; and of this peril-seeking faculty Mr. Disraeli possesses an abundant measure. Out of his difficulties he never emerges, so that in the end his talent lies gloriously entombed and enshrined in a vast edifice of accumulated mistakes.

The reader persists, however, like a decent chief mourner at a funeral, and patiently waits till the last sod is thrown, till the last block is laid. He puts away the book with an indefinable sense of self-defeated power. Power enough there has been to arouse in his mind the feeling of attention, but not enough to awaken a single genuine impulse of satisfaction. A glance at the character of Mr. Disraeli's "difficulties" will illustrate our meaning. Lothair is a young nobleman (presumably a marquis) of immense wealth, great good looks, great amiability, and a glorious immunity from vulgar family ties. Fate has assigned him two guardians, in the persons of Lord Culloden, a Scotch earl of Presbyterian sympathies, and Cardinal Grandison, an early friend of his father, subsequently promoted to eminence in the Church of Rome. The motive of the romance is not quite what, on the basis of these *data*, it might have been. It is not the contest between opposing agents for the possession of a great prize, a contest rich in dramatic possibilities and in scenes and situations of striking interest. It is simply the attempt of the Cardinal and his accessories to convert the young nobleman. There is emphatically no struggle and no resistance, and the reader's interest is enfeebled in the direct measure of the author's thoroughly careless and superficial treatment of his material. The grim Scotch Kirk on one side, the cunning Romish Church on the other, the generous young nobleman between, might have furnished the elements of a drama, not remarkable indeed for novelty, but excellent at all events in substance. But here Mr. Disraeli's deplorable levity begins. The whole book is remarkably easy to laugh at, and yet from the first, one may say, the reader's imagination, even the American reader's, is more in earnest than the author's. Imagination obliges; if you are to deal in fine things, it is a grievous pity not to do it with a certain force. The Earl of Culloden evaporates at an early stage of the recital; and as for Lothair, he never attains anything like the needful consistency of a hero. One can hardly say that he is weak, for to be weak you must at least begin by being. Throughout the book Lothair remains but a fine name. Round about him are grouped a number of persons of his distinguished "order," several of whom are to be conceived as bearing directly upon his fortunes. These portraits are of various shades of merit, those of the lighter characters being

decidedly the best. A part of the pleasure of reading "Lothair" in London is doubtless to detect the prototypes of the Duke of Brecon and Lord St. Aldegonde, Mr. Phœbus, and Mr. Pinto. We are debarred from this keen satisfaction, but we are free, nevertheless, to apprehend that Lord St. Aldegonde, for instance, has a genuine plausibility of outline.

The author, however, has attempted greater things than this. A hero implies a heroine; in this case we have three, whose various forms of relation to the hero are happily enough conceived. The Church of Rome, in the person of Cardinal Grandison, having marked him for her own, we are invited to see what part the world shall play in contesting or confirming her influence. We have, in the first place, Lady Corisande, the lovely daughter of a mighty duke, a charming girl and a good Protestant; in the second, we have Miss Arundel, equally lovely, and a keen Papist; and lastly, we have the "divine Theodora," an Italian patriot, married, oddly enough, to a "gentleman of the South" of our own country. Corisande appeals to the young nobleman on behalf of his maternal faith and his high responsibilities; Miss Arundel of course operates in subtle sympathy with the Cardinal; and the "divine Theodora" (delicious title!) complicates matters admirably by seducing the young man into the service of Garibaldi. Such a bountiful admeasurement of womankind makes us only regret the more the provoking immateriality of Lothair. He walks through his part, however, to the fall of the curtain. He assists with Theodora at the battle of Mentana, where they are both wounded, the latter mortally. She survives long enough to extract from her young adorer a promise to resist the allurements of Romanism. But being nursed into convalescence by Miss Arundel, and exposed in his debilitated condition to the machinations of purple *monsignori*, he becomes so utterly demoralized, so enfeebled in will and bewildered in intellect, that to recover command of his senses he is obliged to fly secretly from Rome. From this point the interest of the story expires. The hero is conducted to the East, but to no very obvious purpose. We hear no more of the Romish conspirators. Miss Arundel goes into a cloister. Lothair returns to England and goes to stay at the residence of Lady Corisande's ducal parents. He goes with the young

lady into her garden and offers her his hand, which she of course accepts; a very pretty episode, with which the book concludes.

If it can be said to have a ruling idea, that idea is of course to reveal the secret encroachments of the Romish Church. With what accuracy and fidelity these are revealed we are not prepared to say; with what eloquence and force the reader may perhaps infer from what we have said. Mr. Disraeli's attempt seems to us wholly to lack conviction, let alone passion and fire. His anti-Romish enthusiasm is thoroughly cold and mechanical. Essentially light and superficial throughout, the author is never more so than when he is serious and profound. He indulges in a large number of religious reflections, but we feel inexorably that it is not on such terms as these that religion stands or falls. His ecclesiastics are lay-figures, — his *Scarlet Woman* is dressed out terribly in the tablecloth, and holds in her hands the drawing-room candlesticks. As a "novel with a purpose," accordingly, we think *Lothair* a decided failure. It will make no Cardinal's ears tingle, and rekindle no very lively sense of peril in any aristocratic brand snatched from the burning. But as a simple work of entertainment we think many of Mr. Disraeli's critics judge it quite too fiercely, or, what is worse, too ironically. They are rather too hard to please. For ourselves, it has left us much more good-humored than it found us. We are forever complaining, most of us, of the dreary realism, the hard, sordid, pretentious accuracy, of the typical novel of the period, of the manner of Trollope, of that of Wilkie Collins, of that, in our own country, of such writers as the author of "*Hedged In*," and the author of "*Margaret Howth*." We cry out for a little romance, a particle of poetry, a ray of the ideal. Here we have a novel abounding in the romantic element, and yet for the most part we do little but laugh at it. "'And where is Mirabel?' said Lothair. 'It was a green island in the Adriatic,' said the lady, 'which belonged to Colonel Campian. We lost it in the troubles.'" The speaker here is the "divine Theodora." "About sunset Colonel Campian led forth Theodora. She was in female attire, and her long hair, restrained only by a fillet, reached nearly to the ground. Her Olympian brow seemed distended; a phosphoric light glittered in her Hellenic eyes; a deep pink spot burned

upon each of those cheeks usually so immaculately fair." This is thoroughly regenerate realism, and we find ourselves able to take all that Mr. Disraeli gives us. Nothing is so delightful, an objector may say, as sincere and genuine romance, and nothing so ignoble as the hollow, glittering compound which Mr. Disraeli gives us as a substitute. But we must take what we can get. We shall endure "*Lothair*" only so long as *Lothair* alone puts in a claim for the romantic, for the idea of elegance and opulence and splendor. We find these things neither in the "*Vicar of Bullhampton*" nor in "*Put Yourself in His Place*." A great deal of sarcasm has been lavished upon the gorgeous properties and the superfine diction of Mr. Disraeli's drama. The author is like the gentleman who tells his architect that he will not have his house spoiled for a few thousand dollars. Jewels, castles, horses, riches of every kind, are poured into the story without measure, without mercy. But there is a certain method, after all, in the writer's madness. His purpose — his instinct, at least — has been to portray with all possible completeness a purely aristocratic world. He has wished to emphasize the idea, to make a strong statement. He has at least made a striking one. He may not have strictly reproduced a perfect society of "swells," but he has very fairly reflected one. His novel could have emanated only from a mind thoroughly under the dominion of an almost awful sense of the value and glory of dukes and ducal possessions. That his dukes seem to us very stupid, and his duchesses very silly, is of small importance beside the fact that he has expressed with such lavish generosity the ducal side of the question. It is a very curious fact that Mr. Disraeli's age and experience, his sovereign opportunities for disenchantment, as one may suppose, should have left him such an almost infantine joy in being one of the initiated among the dukes. When *Lothair* is invited to dinner, he assents with the remark, "I suppose a late eight." As the amiable young nobleman utters these apparently simple words, we catch a glimpse over his shoulder of the elegant author looking askance at the inelegant public and repeating them with gentle rapture. Quite the most interesting point with regard to the work is this frequent betrayal of the possible innocence of one who has been supposed to be nothing if not knowing.

The Life of Bismarck, Private and Political ; with descriptive Notices of his Ancestry. By JOHN GEORGE LOUIS HESEKIEL. Translated and edited, with Explanatory Notes and Appendices, by KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE, F. S. A., F. A. S. L. New York : Harper and Brothers.

THIS book is a fine illustration of what may be termed the high toyism of biography ; for it would be hard to come upon a chronicle in this age which so accepts and conserves every fact as the best possible one in the premises. The original German biographer of Count Bismarck has nowhere in this volume allowed the steady stream of his panegyric to be turned aside by the most stubbornly rocky and tortuous places in his hero's career. The reader must be a lover of *ex parte* statement, or a determined spirit, at least, who remains wide awake through all the lapses of this conservative dullness. There is, too, such a flavor of Prussia and nothing but Prussia in every page, that one could hardly fall asleep in the perusal of the book without seeming to be invited thereto by the strains of *Ich bin ein Preusse*. The latter portion of the work especially would almost appear to have been written to the music of that soul-stirring air ; and it would be no very fanciful use of language to call this entire Life of Bismarck a mild sort of prose paraphrase of the Prussian national hymn.

The biographer has evidently had the best sources to draw from. It is, therefore, only the greater pity that he has produced a book which is worth so little as a contribution to general historical knowledge. The private letters of Bismarck to his wife and sister are not only the most valuable but the most readable portions of the volume. The humor and vigor of the Minister-President's epistolary style seem all the more delightful from their dull setting in the text. There are, indeed, two things which the most casual reader will have no difficulty in discovering : first, that Bismarck is a greater man than his biographer ; and, second, — which is a finer point, — that the biographer is a greater man than his translator.

The Preface by the English editor and translator is a gratuitous excursion back into the times and opinions of the Tudors and Stuarts, in a positive attempt to convert us at the start to Bismarck's policy of the divine right, not of kings, but *the* king of Prussia. That a British subject could be found in this age to write himself down

thus two hundred years behind the most laggard of Anglo-Saxon thought is something almost incredible. It is certainly an evidence of superiority in the German biographer that he mourns feebly over the slight early tendencies to liberalism in Bismarck, and accepts his last policy without argument. In the introductory portions of the work, treating of the ancestral history of the family, we have a striking instance of the practical working of the divine right of misgovernment on the Bismarcks themselves. We are called upon to admire the patriotism with which they suffer themselves to be dispossessed of their hereditary estates by a certain electoral prince, because these lands stood in the way of the sovereign's hunting-grounds. The early chapters, indeed, furnish about the only sample in the work of that exhaustive handling of a subject which seems to be the natural outgrowth of the German mind's inherent honesty. The humorist who gave the improbable account of two large folio volumes written by some patient Teuton on the digestion of a flea would find something almost as absurd in the difficulty which our present biographer has with a certain Claus von Bismarck and others of the great chancellor's ancestors who are recorded to have been "freemen of the guild of tailors." A tailor, being proverbially the ninth part of a man, could hardly be a patrician ; and the evident pain with which the author struggles to prove that these sartorial fractions of humanity were real integers of noble blood is certainly pathetic. But there is, it must be confessed, less of opinion and more of fact in the account of "The Bismarcks of Olden Time," and this makes it more valuable than the average matter of later portions of the book. One is not, however, on that account disposed to quarrel with the translator for abridging these introductory chapters, for they are still a trifle tedious and have at best the kind of interest merely of "The British Peerage" or the "Almanach de Gotha."

The career of Bismarck is too well known to be followed here, even in the briefest summary. It is sufficient for the present purpose to say that, with the exception of a tolerably interesting account of his boyhood and youth, and some intolerably uninteresting anecdotes of his manhood, his present biographer has thrown very little light upon the particular events of the Minister-President's history about which the world is most curious. The Schleswig-Holstein

outrage is almost entirely passed over; and that other measure, the Prusso-Russian treaty for the suppression of the Polish insurrection, in which not even our faithful eulogist can find anything to praise, is dismissed in the following impudent sentence: "The internal meaning of this [convention] and its reaction require some further explanation which it is not desirable at present to give." We can sympathize even with the clumsy English of the foot-note, in which the translator condemns this assumption and the hiding of a "very small personality" "behind weighty cloudiness and the permission to copy Bismarck's correspondence."

The last chapters of the book are taken up with a very Jenkins-like account of "A Ball at Bismarck's," and of his house and estate of Varzin; and these chapters are not without a certain kind of interest, because, despite what the wise may say, the spirit of Jenkins has a stronghold in the weakness of universal human nature. Even that weakness, however, can hardly endure some of the anecdotes which are told over beer of Bismarck's furnishing in the garden of his house in Berlin. Accept these examples:—

"In the year 1848 there was a great deal rumored about a falling away of the Rhine provinces. 'Where are they going to fall to?' asked Bismarck."

"Bismarck allowed another deputation to whine for a long time about universal military service and the weight of taxation; he then said very seriously and in a tone of great astonishment, 'Dear me, these gentlemen probably thought they could become Prussians for nothing?'"

If we do not see the remarkable humor of this latter "anecdote," we certainly have a fine insight into the working of the policy which just now rules the North German Confederation.

Scarcely any one could have written so much about Bismarck without giving evidences enough of his sublime stubbornness and masterly combination in carrying out his plans to leave the impression of a certain kind of greatness on the mind of the reader; but it hardly goes to establish the claims of the Minister-President to tenderness for human life when, in a letter written to his wife from the field of battle, we find in the same paragraph that speaks of the twenty thousand dead around him this calm sentence: "Send me a French novel to read."

"Now," exclaims his biographer, "in Bismarck there is no trace of apostasy throughout his political life, and perhaps in no statesman can an enduring political principle be more easily discovered and followed into detail." What, then, is this enduring political principle? If the world did not know pretty well already, it can learn in euphemistic language on page 164: "Bismarck's real policy consists in forcing parties unwilling to do so to work and strive for the monarchy." To which is immediately added this very doubtful prophecy, that "in royal Prussia no party can any longer exist with the object of weakening the royal power."

The greatest difference, it strikes us, between the Count von Bismarck and the average diplomatic hero of Miss Mühlbach is just this persistency with which he has carried his stolid mediæval ideas in the face of everything. That is why the world is talking about him and naming towns and colors and hats after him.

It is well, however, to recall that in the late struggle, as far as Germany was concerned, the sympathy of the advanced opinion of this age was with the Central States. They went with Austria when they dared, because Roman Catholic Austria was more liberal than Protestant Prussia, under Bismarck. In spite of all the fine writing that has been done about a United Germany, we have had repeated in this latter half of the nineteenth century the old fight of Charles I. against his Parliament; and the divine right of a very reactionary old Prussian king has triumphed, because Bismarck has had the genius to make it triumph. The late granting of universal suffrage in Prussia has been only in the same spirit and in the same interests in which it has been granted in France. No one will doubt that good has come and is still to come to Germany from the Prussian victories; but that was not and never has been even the declared object of Bismarck and his policy. The crushing of Austria and the aggrandizement of Prussia have been his great design and achievement. The press, and the excellent school system of the North German Confederation are preparing the way for the parliamentary struggle yet to come, and the final triumph of constitutional government will, it is hoped, be the ripe fruit of the present Union.

We cannot agree at all with Bismarck's biographer, and in dismissing him we will say for his hero that the panegyrist does

not seem to rise to anything like a just appreciation of the strength or even the admirable qualities of the famous chancellor. Great powers must be granted, of course, to the man who has humbled Austria and defied France, but still he is responsible to the age in which he lives; and, judged by what it holds dearest in its thought and its achievement, Bismarck is, in the better sense, neither great nor good

The Method of Shakespeare as an Artist, deduced from an Analysis of his Leading Tragedies and Comedies. By HENRY I. RUGGLES. New York: Hurd and Houghton. Cambridge: Riverside Press.

THE author of this volume has taken three of the chief dramas of Shakespeare, and, adopting an organic idea, which he assumes to have been intended by the poet, for each, attempts to show a relation of the characters, incidents, and even the diction of the piece, throughout, to this central or informing idea. Now, although it may be presumed that Shakespeare knew what he was aiming at, yet we may safely doubt if he were not simply building worse than he knew, should we find that, as Mr. Ruggles tries hard to indicate (and this seems to us the chief distinguishing feature of his analysis), the great poet not only made each and every character a sort of stock figure on which to put some of the vari-colored garment of this presumed idea, but that the whole lexicon was ransacked for words to be used on every possible occasion and in every conceivable way to reflect and convey an allusion to the same organic idea, and that every incident and simile and metaphor was made to contribute its single might also to the general main. "For," says Mr. Ruggles, "what the foliage and fruit are to the tree the metaphor and diction of these plays are to their fundamental ideas. As an oak is a forest of oaks, each bough, branch, limb, twig, and leaf being but a new development of the original germinal principle, so a play of Shakespeare's is throughout all its parts but a production of the organic idea, even to the minutest points of phraseology and diction." In illustration of this statement, Mr. Ruggles quotes the two lines from *The Merchant of Venice*,

"A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how *costly* summer was at hand!"

"And," he observes, "we exclaim how fe-

licitous is the epithet 'costly,' as applied to summer! how Shakespearian! how expressive of the pomp and opulence of the season! *but when we reflect that the play treats of material and moral values, and that a very large proportion of its diction is drawn from notions of cost, value, bargain, sale, etc., we perceive that the word 'costly' was selected by the poet by no merely happy flash of fancy, but by deliberate and philosophic choice.*"

That the purpose of a drama, or the impression of its history, should manifest itself in the general tone of the language is not improbable; but that Shakespeare, not contenting himself with this general influence, felt rather than seen, throughout his plays, should obtrude the reserved moral in every possible way, thrusting it from behind a masked battery of metaphor here, making it lurk in a simile there, and, everywhere, behind and before, show itself, so that he who runs cannot escape reading it in nouns and verbs and adjectives, — this, we imagine, nobody but Mr. Ruggles believes. It is not the Method of a supreme or even superior artist, but rather the Method in the madness of a pedant or a pedagogue. Mr. Ruggles devotes many pages in his chapters on *Twelfth Night*, *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth* to the detection (or shall we not say arrest on suspicion?) of those words that, directly or indirectly, bear or seem to bear, or may vaguely be fancied to seem to bear, relation to the given organic idea of each play.

As for the organic ideas which Mr. Ruggles attributes (or contributes) to Shakespeare, we are content to let that of *Twelfth Night* be "Man in reference to Pastime." Regarding *Hamlet*, we agree with many things that Mr. Ruggles says (and he often says well what he has to say), but we think that either Goethe's, Schlegel's, Ulrici's, or Coleridge's characterization of *Hamlet* as the leading person is fully as satisfactory, and, with a slight difference, comes to nearly the same thing as his own. The difference on Mr. Ruggles's side is chiefly in "words, words, words." In Hazlitt's lecture, too, we find much the same result, and, indeed, Mr. Ruggles uses almost similar expressions in one or two places to convey his own notion of *Hamlet*. In *Macbeth*, where the organic idea, according to Mr. Ruggles, is Man in reference to the State, we find many things to approve, but we think that, after having shown that *Macbeth* had no conscience, but that it was the effect of a strong imagination and the

dread of possible *earthly* consequences that caused him to hear a voice that cried, "Macbeth shall sleep no more," we think it was hardly fair to admit tardily that he may have had a conscience, but that it was not a "religious conscience." What *is* a "religious conscience"? Certainly there is no proof, we admit, that Macbeth was a professor of religion. And what would the expression of Macbeth's conscience have been if he had possessed a conscience and this conscience had been of a genuine religious cast? We hope, however, that in that case he would not have murdered Duncan.

The comparison instituted between certain expressions from Bacon and the tragedy of Macbeth all seem to us to refer to facts and notions that must have been as familiar to educated people of that day as now, and the reference to these by both Shakespeare and Bacon at nearly the same time seems hardly marvellous, even if Shakespeare had not read nor breathed in the influence of Bacon.

A Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors, living and deceased, from the earliest Accounts to the latter Half of the Nineteenth Century. Containing over Forty-three Thousand Articles (Authors), with forty Indexes of Subjects. By S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE. Volume II. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

RECURRING to the notice which we (editors pass, but the editorial pronoun endures) made of Mr. Allibone's first volume when it appeared some eleven years ago, we find that we can say little of his second which would not appear stale to our readers; for we take it that none of them can have forgotten any past criticism in these pages. The general character of the Dictionary remains the same; and Mr. Allibone's manner has varied as little as his method. We observe in this volume, as in the former, that he has a mind to lighten his grave labors with an occasional jest or an airy touch of fancy; and remembering how vast, how thorough, how entirely prodigious his labors have been, we should be the last to forbid him these little gayeties, though we would fain look away during their indulgence.

In one respect, at least, this second volume must always be found the most re-

markable of the three volumes which will complete the work; for in this is the article on Shakespeare, which would alone form a sufficient monument to any man's industry. It occupies fifty pages of the Dictionary, and includes critical and biographical notices of the poet's works and of all the editions of them, with lists of the translations, and titles of commentaries, etc. First after the introductory matter is a list of the editions of the separate plays of Shakespeare, up to the year 1869, six pages; then a list of the editions of the collective works, including translations, eight pages; then critical opinions of Shakespeare; then Shakespeariana, with abundant reference to the Ireland forgeries, the Collier controversy, etc., titles of graphic illustrations of Shakespeare, and of music to the poet's lyrics; then an index to the editor's commentators and translators mentioned; and finally a chronological index to the Shakespeariana. But the mere rehearsal of these features of Mr. Allibone's article gives only a shadowy idea of the amount of labor which it must have cost him. He says: "Our 'Shakespeariana' alone numbers about one thousand and forty printed volumes and tracts; how many editions of Shakespeare's works, separate and collective in various languages, we have recorded we have not taken the trouble to compute. In typographical bulk this article on the great poet, philosopher, and sage would make a duodecimo volume of two hundred and thirty-eight pages. . . . The Alphabetical Index exhibits a brilliant succession of great names, the names of men who have distinguished themselves in every department of knowledge, and who, however diverse their pursuits and tastes, unite in paying a willing tribute to the illustrious intellect which has transcended them all."

The article on Milton is twenty-nine pages long, and is made up merely of critical matter, though there is an ample list of Miltoniana at the end. Spenser occupies six pages, and Pope twice as many; but this is more just than it appears, for Pope was a far more talked-of man, if less a poet. For the same reason the article on Swift is very full; on Scott there are fifteen abundant and satisfactory pages, but Keats has hardly three. Sir James Mackintosh has ten; Macaulay only six, Mr. Longfellow only seven, and Mrs. Stowe not quite two. But after all, this is an unfair way to judge Mr. Allibone's work, who must have given space according to the

amount of comment quite as much as according to merit; and even if this were not so, Fame does not finally make up her mind from tombstones or biographical dictionaries. It is natural that as he draws near our own time, Mr. Allibone should be less satisfactory; we think this is an error from which he ought to have guarded himself, and in some cases we think the tendency has resulted in unmeant injustice.

Yet one who had far more fault than we have to find with his performance might well be silenced by the great obligation which he has bestowed upon the literary world, and by the lustre which he has added to the national repute by a work destined to as much immortality as conscientious, intelligent, and tireless industry can ever achieve. It is something for us all to be proud of; and with the appearance of the third volume (on which the author has completed his labors), it will be something from which Mr. Allibone can rest as contentedly as it is in human nature to do.

The Seat of Empire. By CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN, "CARLETON." Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

THIS thoroughly practical book is the fruit of Mr. Coffin's observation in Minnesota and the Red River country, which, according to Mr. Seward (whose gift of prophecy was so much distinguished during the first year of the Rebellion), is destined one day to be "the ultimate last" centre of the Republic. Thither Mr. Coffin last summer accompanied a party which united business with pleasure, and explored all that promising wilderness beyond the Minnesota towns, and listened with a pleased sense to its brag, through climate, soil, and scattering inhabitant, concerning the great things it intends to do. Whereupon he has patted that shaggy wilderness on the back, and praised its prospective virtues so that we can scarcely think of Boston without a blush as a place that has miserably failed to do what the wilderness is going to do very shortly indeed. We suppose Mr.

Coffin is right, and that the great Northwest does offer the prizes of life now to courage and vigor. At any rate, we can commend his book to any one seeking knowledge of the region he has visited, for the like of whom indeed he declares it directly written, though it is not without pleasant, unpractical glimpses of life in the woods and stories of personal adventures, nor without such literary blemishes as have hitherto attended the author on his vast course of travel.

A Race for a Wife. A Novel. By HAWLEY SMART, Author of "Breeze Langton." D. Appleton & Co.

THE last Denison of Glinn is on his last legs, and the money-lender can foreclose upon him whenever he likes. The Denison has a lovely daughter, Maud; the money-lender has an unlovely son, Sam. "Let them marry," says Shylock, "and I call the score settled." Pyrotechnics on the part of Mr. Denison, in whom all the pride of his race flames up; tears on the part of Maud; rage and grief on the part of Grenville Rose, her cousin, who loves her; pitilessness on the party of the money-lenders. Maud and Sam engaged; old feudal deed fished up by Rose, which gives Denison the power to stop Sam from running his famous horse Coriander at the Derby; Rose runs him, and bets heavily upon him; Providence smiles upon the bet, and the lover wins money enough to marry Maud and be happy ever after.

The moral of this charming story is that money-lenders must not think of marrying above them. On the whole, the book is surprisingly decent; but it strikes us as rather odd that the blessing of Heaven is made to descend upon gambling. Yet we do not complain; matters might have been much worse; for we suspect from the slanginess of the style that Hawley Smart is a woman; and we all know how Englishwomen write nowadays, and have reason to be glad when they are merely vapid, silly, and inconsequent, as Hawley Smart is.